BRITANNIA and EVE

60

HANNEN SWAFFER

Lady DRUMMOND HAY

SHAW DESMOND

CHRISTINE JOPE SLADE

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

MARGARET JEPSON

EDWARD PERCY

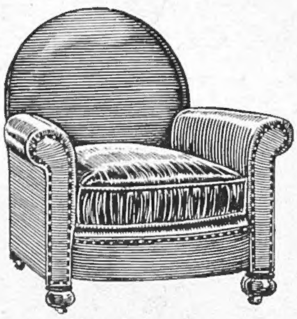
The EARL of CARDIGAN

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO"
Beginning a new Series
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

"ELIZABETH PEPYS-WIFE OF SAMUEL": A Story by
Elizabeth Chabot Forrest

JANUARY
1932
Vol. 4 No. 1

1/-



SPECIAL OFFER
OF———250

"Langton"

HIDE EASY CHAIRS

fitted with spring seat and feather-filled cushion covered in Brown Velveteen. Shaped front, giving extra depth to seat. Size: 2 ft. 6 in. wide, 2 ft. 6 in. deep, 2 ft. 6 in. high. Usual price £5 5 0. *Special price*

72/6

Part cost of packing for country orders, 2/6 extra.

ALL BRITISH
MANUFACTURE

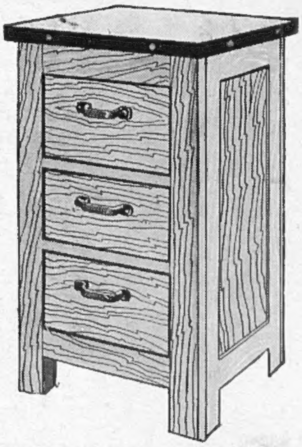
Part cost of packing for country orders, 7/6 extra.

The "Modern"

3-PIECE SUITE

covered in Tapestry and fitted with removal independent seats. There are 20 springs in chair seat, and 40 in settee, and the backs are well sprung. Double cane sides. Made in Oak, Weathered Oak or Jacobean . . . .

22
GUINEAS



METAL-TOP KITCHEN CHEST OF DRAWERS

made in deal with porcelain top. Size 2 ft. 6 in. high. The top 18 in. × 18 in.

21/-

Part cost of packing for country orders, 1/6 extra

WRITE FOR
CATALOGUE
IT WILL
SAVE YOU
POUNDS

WOLFE & HOLLANDER LTD.

251/256, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (Oxford St. end), LONDON, W.1
Open until 7 p.m. 'PHONE—MUSEUM 1850-1851.
And at 861/865, Fulham Road, S.W.6, and Thames Street and Clarence Street, Kingston-on-Thames.

ALL GOODS
CARRIAGE
PAID IN
ENGLAND
& WALES

In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

In tins at
2/1, 4/- and 7/6
of all Chemists

The 'Allenburys' DIET

EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

Send 3d. in stamps for ¼ lb. trial sample of the 'Allenburys' Diet.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

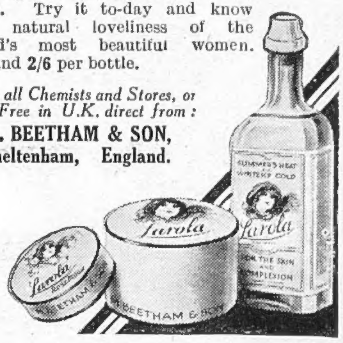
For Windburn and chaps use *Larola*

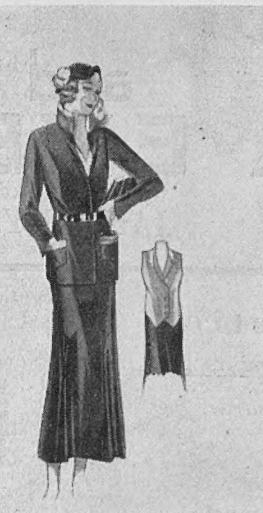
No matter where you go, or what the weather, you need have no fear for your complexion if you use Larola. For Larola is your safeguard . . . to protect your face and hands against the worst ravages of our climate. When your skin is tired . . . when, directly after washing, you have to face the winter winds, there is no risk of soreness or roughness if you use Larola. Used regularly, Larola imparts a natural beauty which does not require any make-up, and positively prevents chapping and chafing. Larola is a complete beauty treatment in itself. Try it to-day and know the natural loveliness of the world's most beautiful women. **1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.**

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham, England.

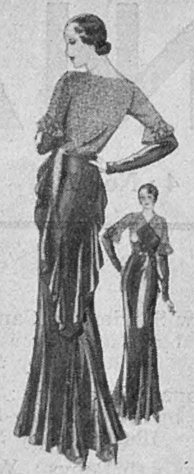
LAROLA ROSE BLOOM ROUGE, the Natural Tint, Sifter boxes with Puff 1/- and 2/6 each.

Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber, 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle.

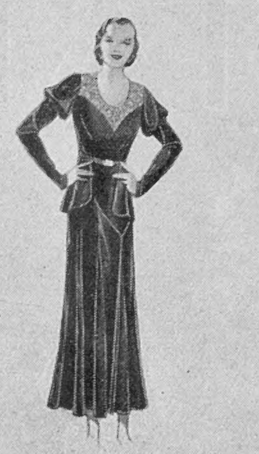




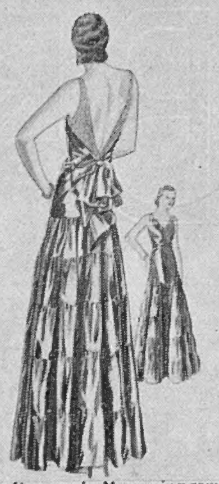
"grand prix." winter costume in velveteen with trimming of mink fur. the waistcoat blouse is in heavy cream washing satin. in black only. cash 7½ gns. **22/6** monthly



"l'affaire." informal dinner or evening gown in heavy morocain with yoke top of lace. in black or colours, lace in beige or flesh pink. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

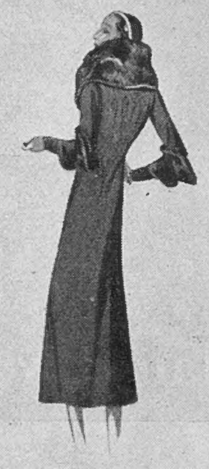


"du maurier." afternoon frock in period effect with uncommon puff sleeves. inset collar-yoke of lace over georgette. in black velvet only. cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly

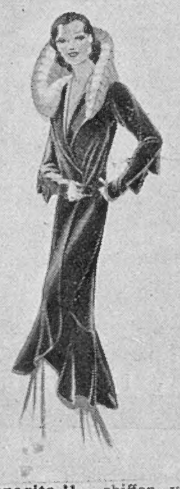


"rapsodie en noir." evening gown showing the victorian influence, is made in heavy black art. faille with trimming of beige lace. also one or two colours. cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly

corot models can be paid for by instalments !

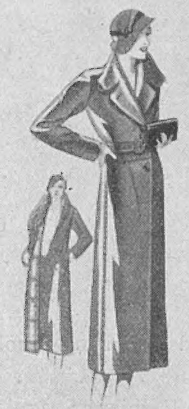


"milady visits." coat in wool diagonal coating with lavish trimming of good quality pony cloth. lined throughout. in black, and one or two colours. cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly

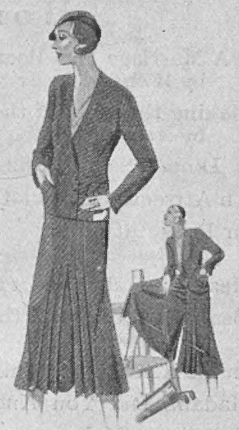


"la senorita." chiffon velvet evening coat in the new length with uneven hemline. in black, with collar of clipped lapin. lined throughout. cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly.

shop in bond street the practical way, open an instalment account with corot and pay for your new afternoon or evening gown, winter coat, ensemble or costume, by easy and convenient monthly payments without any extra charge, post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full details, or call personally at the showrooms and choose a corot model for yourself.



"burlington." perfectly cut chrome leather coat, with two capacious patch pockets and wide inside wrap. lined plaid fleece. in brown, green or red. cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly.



"plus two." new sports suit in cumberland tweed comprises cardigan jacket and a pleated trouser skirt that is almost indiscernible. obtainable in beige and brown mixtures. cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly.

corot

33 old bond street, london, w.1

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd. (department b 49),
33 old bond street,
london, w.1.

free *please send me the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars*

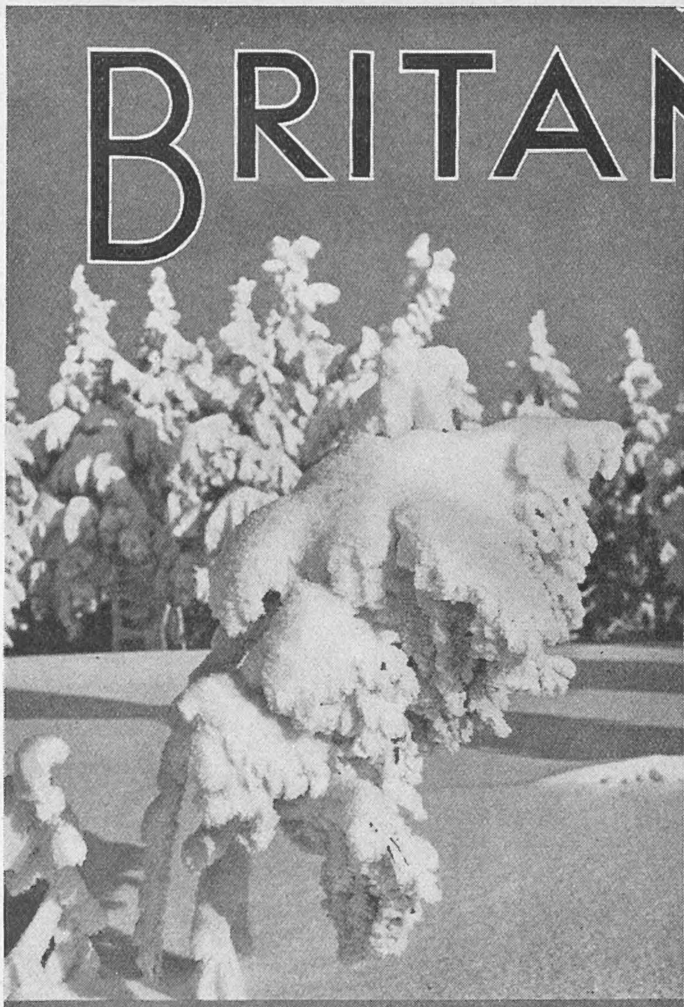
name ....

address ....

b.49

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 1 JANUARY, 1932



Contents for January

Cover Design *by* C. Bevan Petman

Fashions

Outfits for Moderate Purses . . . . 58 and 59

Paper Patterns . . . . . . 67 to 69

General

Editorial 5

Drama: Letters to the Would-be's of the Theatre: No. 1. The Dramatic Critic:
by *Hannen Swaffer* 40, 41
Illustrated by *Illingworth*

Films: Then it Can't be all Sex-Appeal
by *Sydney Tremayne* . . . 42, 43 and 106

Books:
Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* . . . 78, 79 and 108

Motoring:
Conducted by the *Earl of Cardigan* . . . 92, 93

Women's Golf:
Conducted by *Eleanor E. Helme* 100, 101

The Children's Salon:
Conducted by " *Levana* " . . . 118, 119, 120

Our Literary Competition Circle 120

Ranee's Character Delineations from Handwriting . 114

Fiction

How Sanderleys Came to Sampits:
by *Edward Percy* . . . . 8 to 13, 109 and 112
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*

Leopard in a Cage:
by *Mollie Panter-Downes* . . . . 25 to 27 and 90
Illustrated by *S. Tresilian*

Elizabeth Pepys: Wife of Samuel:
by *Elizabeth Chabot Forrest* . . . . 32 to 37 and 94
Illustrated by *C. Walter Hodges*

The Hag-minder:
by *Christine Jope-Slade* . . . . 74 to 77 and 116
Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks*

The Monkey Puzzle:
by *Margaret Jepson* . . . . . 80 to 83 and 114
Illustrated by *Geo. D. Alexander*

Articles

When Death Presses the Button:
by *Lady Drummond Hay* . . . . . 6, 7 and 88
Illustrated by *Eric Fraser*

Painted Ladies:
by *C. Patrick Thompson* . . . . 14 to 17 and 86

Mushroom Movie Towns:
by *Margaret Chute* . . . . . 18 to 20 and 84

"Wind-Jamming" the Horn: No. 1:
by *Shaw Desmond* . . . . . 28 to 31 and 84

George Sand:
by *William Leon Smyser* . . . . . 38, 39 and 102

Queer Tales of Long Ago: A New Series
Collected, Painted and Described by
F. Matania, R.I. . . . . 44 to 49

Photogravure

Ebb and Flow: the Tempo of To-day . . . 21 to 24
45 to 48, 57 to 60, 69 to 72

Home Section

"A Marriage Has Been Arranged. . .":
by *Winifred Lewis* . . . . . . 50 to 53

Making the Most of the Small House:
by *Antonia White* . . . . . . 54, 55 and 108

A Dinner Set of Unusual Design 56

An Attractive Tea-cloth and Napkins 57

In Praise of Toys:
by *Amabel Williams-Ellis* . . . . 60, 61 and 106

Health: Aches and Pains 62

Beauty: Beauty in the Making:
by " *Chrysis* " 63

In the Kitchen: Staining a Floor and Repairing Linoleum 64

Madam, Did You Know? 65

Exercises: Make your Form Fit the Fashions:
by *Antonia White* 66

What I Have Bought this Month 70, 71

Cookery Questionnaire:
by *A. H. Adair* 72, 73

* * *

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 122. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

HARVEY NICHOLS

Winter SALE

NOW PROCEEDING

This Sale presents economy-opportunities which cannot possibly be repeated for a considerable time to come. All the bargains offered are taken from Harvey Nichols' own high-class stock, and the prices, already at an extremely low level, have been sweepingly reduced. Buy now while prices are at the lowest ebb, before the inevitable rise.

Printed Chiffons and Ninons Outstanding Offer of about 7,500 yards in New and Exclusive Designs

These are silks of exceptional beauty, both in quality and design. Grounds are of chiffon, ninon, georgette, and mousseline; the prints include small patterns in two-colour effects and graceful flower-designs in rich multi-colours. 38-44 ins. wide.

Original Prices, 7/11, 9/11, 12/9, 15/9, 18/9

Sale Prices, per yard,

3/11½, 5/11 and 8/11

Printed Crêpes-de-Chine, Satins and Marocains About 5,000 yds. at Very Special Prices

Delightful new designs in the widest variety, including tiny sprigs and spots, tweed effects, and dainty flower and blossom prints. Many are hand-blocked; some Rodier novelties are available. In all colours, and black/white, navy/white, etc. 38 ins. wide.

Original Prices, 8/11—18/9

Sale Prices, per yard,

5/11 and 8/11

Patterns of the above post free.

Remnants and Oddments at Half-Price every Thursday

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

CONFIDENCE

Because warmth and comfort mean happiness and contentment in the children's world, "Pesco" Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Underwear is deservedly popular with mothers. The children's health is proof of its genuine protective properties and its durability is attested by innumerable wearers.

You can place full confidence in "Pesco" as the finest safeguard of the family health.

Pesco

UNSHRINKABLE "PESCO" FINISH

ASK FOR "PESCO"—
SCOTCH AND BEST.

Obtainable from leading Drapers and Hosiers, in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, also in knitted sports wear and hosiery. In case of difficulty enquire from the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

P.3.

PETER SCOTT & CO. (DEPT. No. 91), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

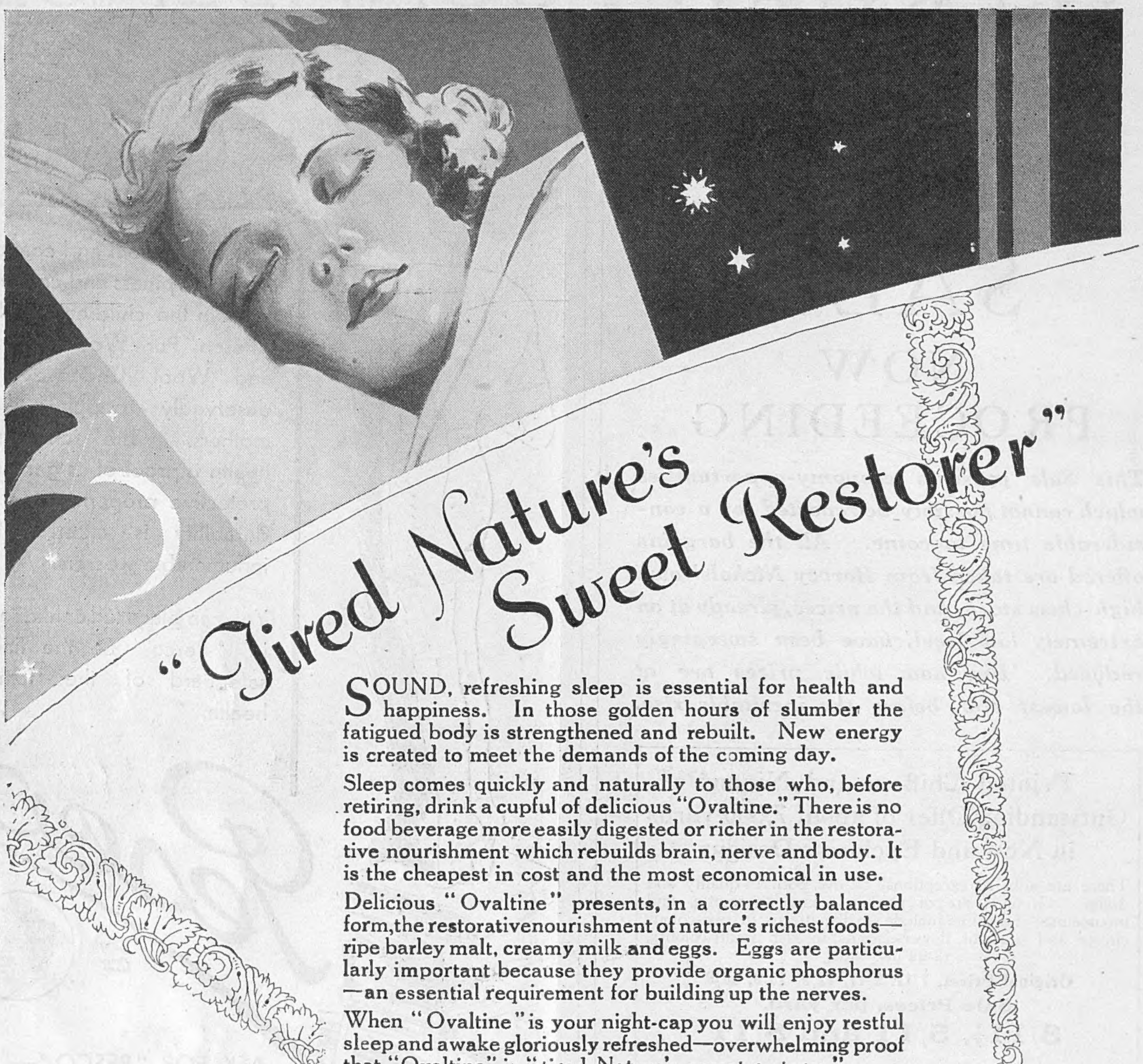
Here's how!

Here's how to keep your hair neat and smart—Anzora! Just two minutes in the morning with a brush, comb and Anzora, and there you are—fixed for the day.

Anzora Viola is for dry scalps and Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. They do not soil hat linings or cushions. In 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., London, N.W.6.



SOUND, refreshing sleep is essential for health and happiness. In those golden hours of slumber the fatigued body is strengthened and rebuilt. New energy is created to meet the demands of the coming day.

Sleep comes quickly and naturally to those who, before retiring, drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine." There is no food beverage more easily digested or richer in the restorative nourishment which rebuilds brain, nerve and body. It is the cheapest in cost and the most economical in use.

Delicious "Ovaltine" presents, in a correctly balanced form, the restorative nourishment of nature's richest foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs. Eggs are particularly important because they provide organic phosphorus—an essential requirement for building up the nerves.

When "Ovaltine" is your night-cap you will enjoy restful sleep and awake gloriously refreshed—overwhelming proof that "Ovaltine" is "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland: 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

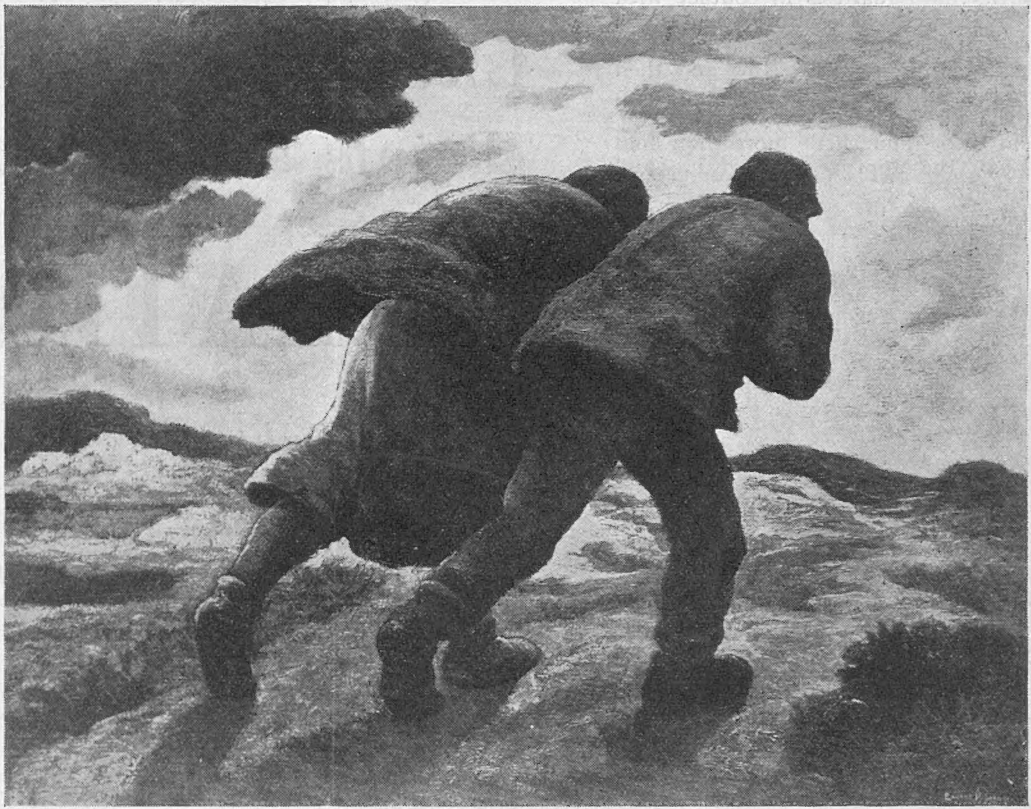
P.734

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 4: No. 1 January, 1932

Editorial

"THE BLACK CLOUD," a painting by Eugene Higgins, awarded the Altman prize at the National Academy of Design in New York



The New Year . . .

IT is not only Scotsmen who approach the New Year, and New Year's Day in particular, with that Monday morning feeling. A point, therefore, in favour of 1932 at the very outset is that remorse after past jollification does not figure so prominently as suspicion (instantly dismissed by good optimists) that there will be even less to celebrate in the days that are before us. That is, without paradox, asset number one. Expectation of a golden time is never realised, whereas if a leaden time is confidently predicted, there is more than a chance that it will be at least a silver one.

Cartoonists of the long ago were apt more often than not to depict the Old Year being kicked out ignominiously as a bringer of trouble above the ordinary. Such troubles seem puny indeed compared with those which attended 1931. That gloomy catalogue need not be enumerated; so much of its contents is still with us.

Yet here is asset number two; for there can hardly exist in the Powers That Be sufficiently diabolical ingenuity to make the New Year worse than its predecessor, and as nothing in this world is static, it follows that it must be better.

Let the Old Year be portrayed as a radiant, jovial figure and there is cause for apprehension. Rather, therefore, let us allot him the depressing virtue of having served as a test of the national grit, and thus snatch an asset number three in the thought that as we have survived that, we can survive anything. Montaigne has declared that prosperity is a good deal harder to bear than adversity. The very real prospect of such an ordeal can be accepted with equanimity. In that case let the wish be for an arduous as well as a happy New Year—and assets of a more tangible and not less comforting variety.

If easy times, luxurious ease, and an overflowing cornucopia tend to make a people soft, this England has been through a toughening twelve months. Our muscles are trained for the good times that are coming, and our appetite whetted. And if, through surfeit, the appetite may sicken and so die, the catastrophe will be but a minor one.

LADY DRUMMOND HAY
Paints a Breath-taking Picture

When DEATH presses

A Nightmare Vision—well founded
ment—of Annihilation, swift
Armageddon. . . . The
Wave, the Sound Ray and the

Illustrations by

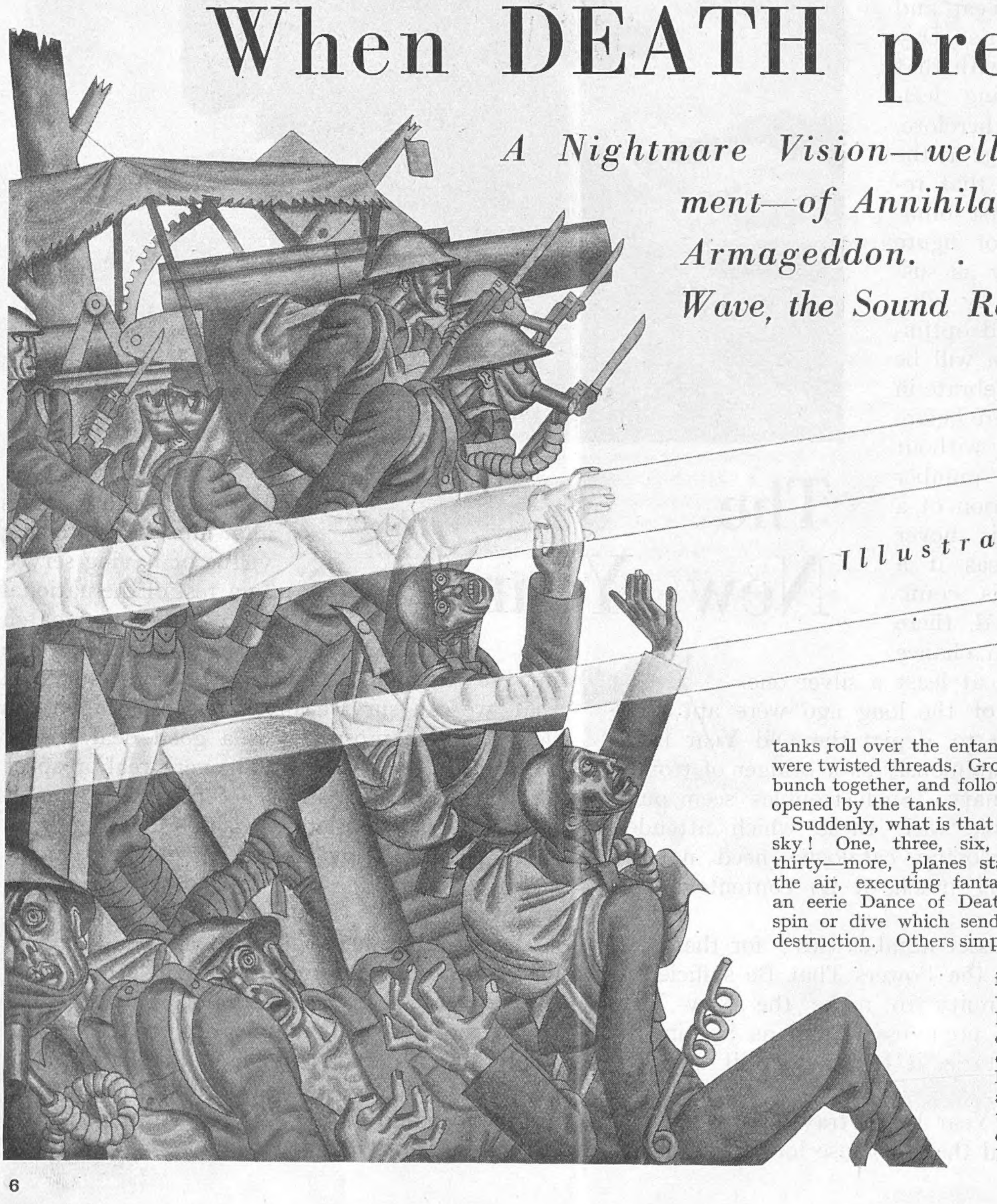
THE Army is under way. An attack has been ordered on a particularly important strategic sector where the enemy is blocking the advance. Battalions in long, undulating lines, open formation, are moving forward. Bayonets glitter on the rifles in the hands of alert infantrymen. From their necks hang grotesque, long-snouted, goggly gas-masks, ready to be snapped over face and head at the first warning of gas. Supporting the outspread skirmish lines, in some places ahead of the advancing infantry, in others directly behind them, several score of black, ugly tanks, lumbering along, toad-like and sinister, quick-firers and machine guns bristling from the turrets. The crunch of the heavy boots of the men marching, the creaking of their equipment, the rattle of the caterpillar wheels dragging the rumbling, groaning tanks. . . . A breeze from ahead carries the dust to the rear.

The enemy seems to be falling back. The advance-guard is in contact with his rear-guard. Desultory, spasmodic firing. Overhead, motor-roar of many squadrons of aircraft. Now and then the staccato rattle of machine guns high in the air. The enemy 'planes, too, seem to be doing little more than hold at bay the approaching fighting and scout craft.

The Commander-in-Chief is puzzled by his reports from the front that the enemy is not encountered in force. No concentrations to offer targets for his artillery. He orders a few batteries from the rear to concentrate on the wooded heights ahead. There is no reply. At the foot of the incline leading to the stretch of woods the advancing infantry comes upon dense barbed-wire entanglements. Apparently they have been abandoned. The work of cutting through begins. Strange that no shots fall from those wooded heights! Stranger that the open space is not swept by machine-gun fire!

It has already been commented, though it is not remarkable, that all the villages on the advancing front are depopulated to the very last soul and animal.

An uneasy feeling of suspense and expectancy vibrates in the air. The enemy did not act this way yesterday. The tanks roll over the entanglements as if they were twisted threads. Groups of infantrymen bunch together, and follow through the lanes opened by the tanks.



Suddenly, what is that! There! Up in the sky! One, three, six, ten—now twenty, thirty—more, 'planes stagger drunkenly in the air, executing fantastic aerobatics like an eerie Dance of Death, before the final spin or dive which sends them hurtling to destruction. Others simply fall to pieces. The wings break off in mid-air. Crashes with terrific impact, here and there loud explosions, as columns of fire shoot heavenward. It is afterwards recalled that the enemy aircraft, which had been numerous, sud-

of the Battlefield of To-morrow . . .

the BUTTON

on Scientific fact and Develop-
and invisible, in the next
Death Ray, the Death
Deadly Gas . . .

Eric Fraser

denly turned tail as if acknowledging a signal, making back on full throttle.

The lines of advancing infantry, which have become somewhat knotted by bunching up to penetrate the lanes through the wire entanglements flattened by the tanks, look up. Queer business. What is bringing those 'planes down in wholesale numbers? There is no artillery fire from ahead, scarcely any enemy aircraft in sight now.

"D—— funny, what can that be?" more than one soldier says apprehensively. Battalion and company commanders notice that their men are becoming nervous. Tense, gruff orders to get through the entanglements, and spread out again.

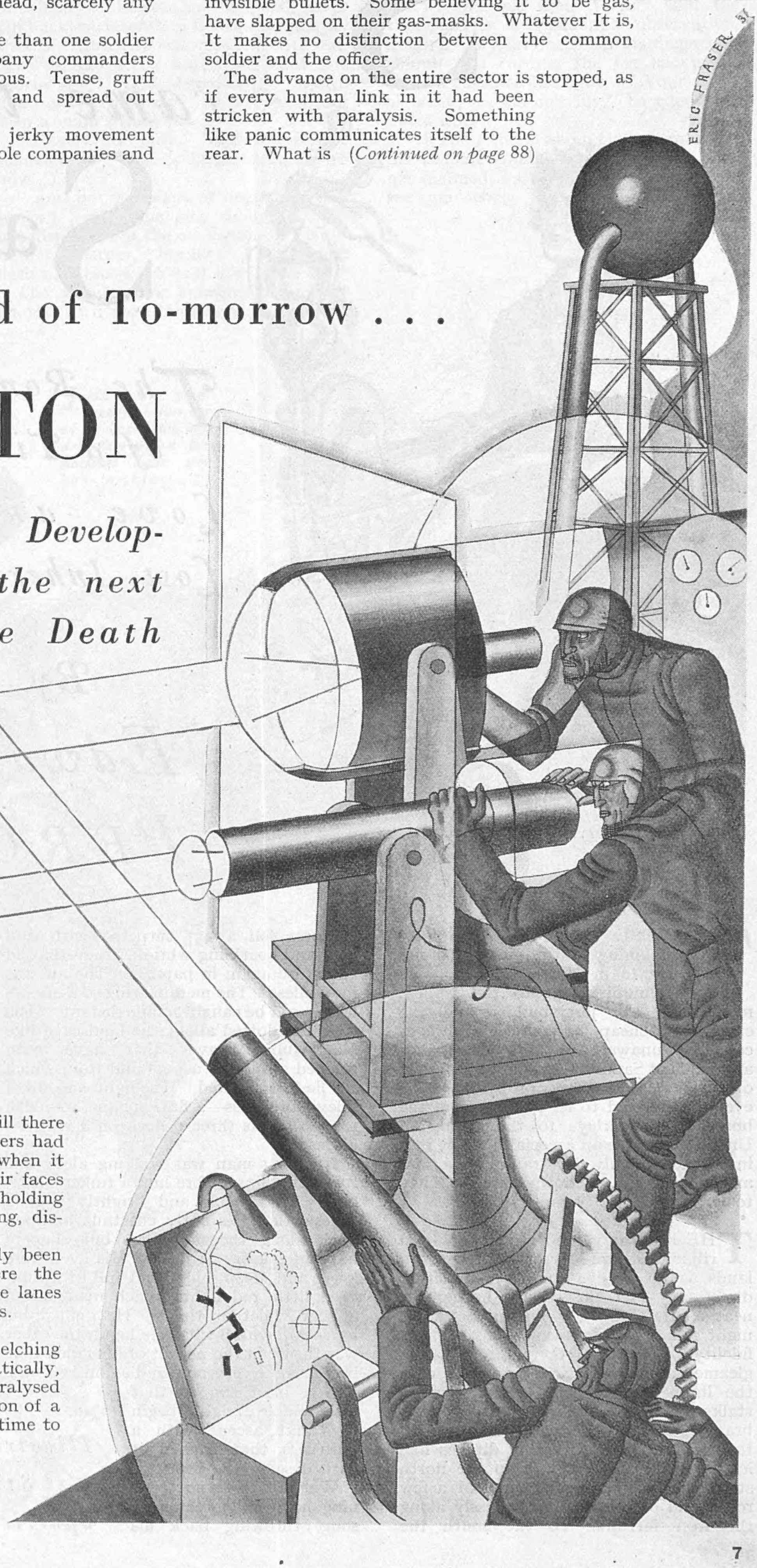
Then it comes. A spasmodic start, a jerky movement runs along the lines. Hundreds of men, whole companies and battalions, fall as if struck by lightning. Still there is no sound from ahead. Hundreds of soldiers had one foot lifted to put forward in walking, when it strikes them. Unbalanced, they fall on their faces as if seeking cover. Many, too, have been holding their rifles in readiness, cocked, and in falling, discharge their weapons.

It is as if an invisible scythe has suddenly been swung along that advancing line. Where the soldiers are still bunched to pass through the lanes in the wire entanglements, they fall in clumps.

THE ugly, toad-like tanks run amok, squelching the fallen. They plunge and lumber on erratically, as if the hands at the wheel are suddenly paralysed or dead. Dead hands. Dead in that fraction of a second when the Thing hit, and there is not time to close the throttle or apply the brakes. Other tanks suddenly stop. Oaths and curses echo from their insides. Silent, too, are most of the tanks which have suddenly come to a standstill. Drivers have fallen over the wheel, gun crews are crumpled up. Yet not a shot has been fired. None of the scientific detectors has registered gas.

A thousand yards behind those undulating lines, but a few seconds ago, pulsating with life, now stark in death, men singly and in groups have dropped dead as if struck by invisible bullets. Some believing it to be gas, have slapped on their gas-masks. Whatever It is, It makes no distinction between the common soldier and the officer.

The advance on the entire sector is stopped, as if every human link in it had been stricken with paralysis. Something like panic communicates itself to the rear. What is (*Continued on page* 88)

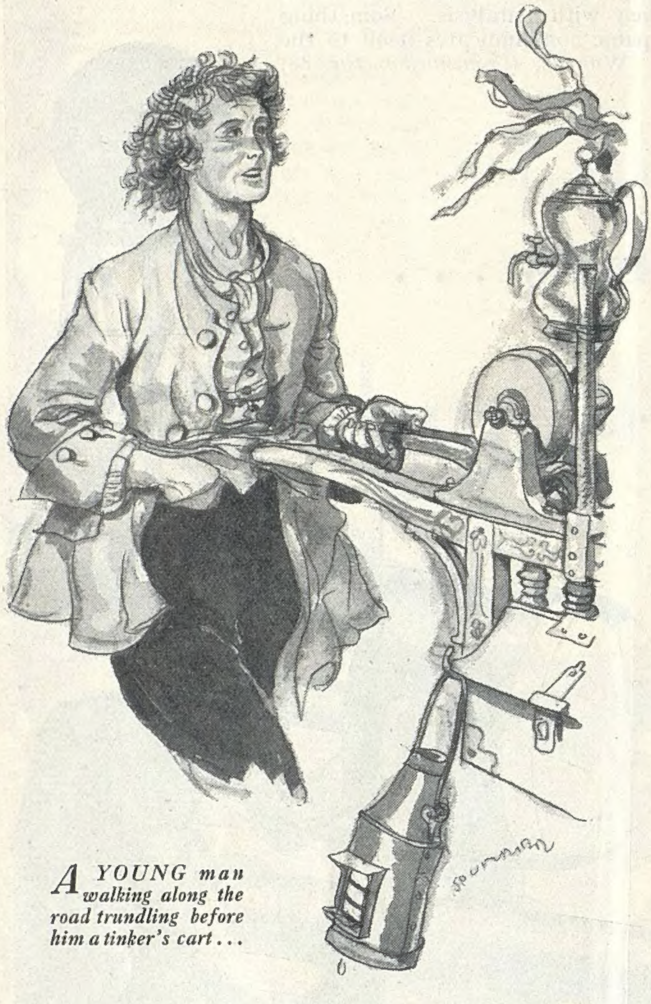


How Sanderleys came to Sampits

The Romance of a Tinker's Love and a Lost Inheritance

By Edward Percy

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



A YOUNG man walking along the road trundling before him a tinker's cart . . .

THOSE who deplore the partitioning of the great Sampits estate in North Kent and its relinquishment to the wolfish mercies of the jerry-builder and the erector of cheap bungalows are, conceivably, unaware of how the manor and lands of Sanderleys came to be a part of that once smaller property. The events which led to its passing from the house of Sanderleys to the family of Underdown have an especial flavour, rare in such commonly dry transactions, and are accordingly set down herein. They took place in the years 1760–61.

THE hard grey road stretched like a ribbon of flint over the frozen uplands as far as eye could see in either direction. The closely cut hedgerows, neat as the Parson's chin on Saturday night, followed its course with monotonous fidelity. Here and there the hoarfrost gleamed among the stones rounded with the lumbering country traffic. Brittle stalks of yellow and of red—remembrancers of the coloured autumn—stood to attention in the freezing ditches like ice-bound sentries. Away to the north stretched ploughed field after field, a few rooks and crows hopping listlessly along the iron furrows. To the south the pastures fell away, carpeted with dull gold and sparkling white as they thawed and froze again in patches. The air was motionless. The metallic ring of a horse's hoof could be caught a mile distant. The trees lay dotted about the landscape like black-ribbed leaves that have been steeped an age in a pool and from which the flesh has rotted. The light was full of a level greyness—a flat, opaque, monkish tone. It was three o'clock on a winter's afternoon.

A young man was walking along the road trundling before him a tinker's cart, gay with ribbons and brightly rubbed brasswork. His curly chestnut hair fell back along the muscular, but shapely nape of his brown neck. His eyes were keen and deep blue, and full of a hundred little red lights which made them appear violet at times. He guided his barrow downhill with one hand, the other was thrust in the pocket of his faded blue breeches. Every now and again he broke into a brief run so that his vehicle might begin the next ascent with a swiftness that carried it with ease to the top.

When he was not running he would break into song, throwing back his head and shaking his curls in a manner perfectly bewitching to a woman had any been there to behold.

"A ship there was of the
No-orth Co-ountree,
And the name of that ship
was the Golden Vanitie,"

sang the youth, with just enough of a rustic accent to lend homeliness to a voice full and good to hear.

"And they feared she might
be taken by the Turkish
enemie
As she sailed upon the
lowland, lo-o-owland—
As she sailed upon the
lowland sea!"

Every time he reached the second "lowland" of the refrain his throat resounded like the small F bell in a double bob-major, and he brought to its delivery a drawn-out wistfulness which was clearly a perversion of the old tune, though none the less fetching for that.

Gradually, the hammer-beat of an overtaking horse became mingled with his singing, and finally threw it out of all harmony. The young man swung round and glanced in the direction from which it came. Trotting behind him was a bright bay mare, its rider a young woman wholly unattended, an unusual sight in those days. The wayfarer noted that she was dark and flushed from exertion, that her eyes were of that sloe black which is never true black, but is in some lights a vandyke brown, and in others an austere purple.

"Good arternoon, mistress," cried the tinker as she drew abreast of him.

She turned in the saddle and glanced down at the speaker. Her eyes glowed as she beheld his clean features, his jovial eyes, his small, strong, unbruised hands. Then she leaned forward and ran her light whip through his curls with a bonny laugh. The tinker laughed back, no whit embarrassed, and the girl rode on. He watched her pass over the brow of the next incline and disappear.

When he reached the same curve in the land he saw the bay mare standing almost ashamedly at the roadside half down the shallow hill, and her rider sitting on the grass disentangling herself from a heap of brambles, of which there were small piles at regular intervals along the trimmed hedge.

The tinker left his cart on the brow and ran to the lady.

"Be ye hurt, mistress?" he cried.

"I'm a bit torn," was the cheerful answer. "Mariamne came down on that frozen puddle. Tie her up, will you? That's right."

The tinker did as he was bidden. Then he returned to the mare's mistress.

"Can I do aught for 'ee?" he said diffidently.

"You can!" cried the girl laughing. "If you're not too modest. Look!"

She rose from the ground and, with a swift movement, gathered up her velvet riding habit, which in her fall had loosened and billowed around her. The thorny penetrating arms of the dead blackberry had pushed their way beneath her skirts and torn her stockings (for she was wearing, not the high riding boots of the period, but a pair of thick-soled shoes of soft brown leather fastened with silver gilt buckles), lacerating her skin so sharply that the white silk was speckled with red.

"Pull down my hose and pinch the thorns out!" she demanded. "Lord, don't wince so, man! Have you never seen a maid's flesh before?"

"Never, my lady," said the tinker, reddening. "I be a virgin man up to now."

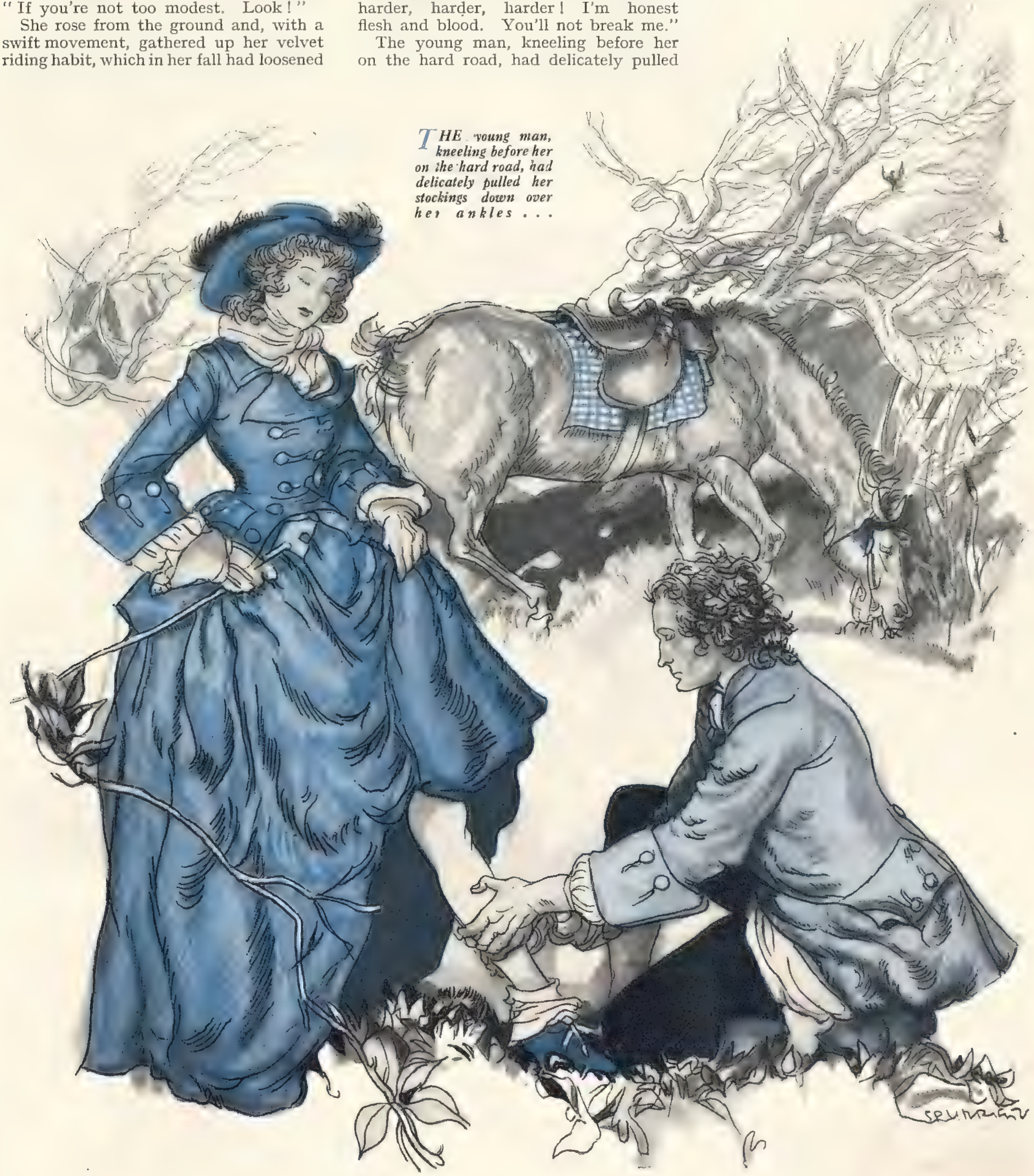
"And not for want of opportunity, I wager!" cried the girl, though plainly not displeased at the confession. "No—harder, harder, harder! I'm honest flesh and blood. You'll not break me."

The young man, kneeling before her on the hard road, had delicately pulled her stockings down over her ankles and, by the pressure of his two thumbs, had forced out three deeply set thorns from the flesh of one comely leg.

"Now the other!" ordered the girl imperiously.

"I can't see none there," said the tinker after a moment's observation, holding her ankle between his finger and thumb and turning the leg backwards and forwards to the light. "Your skin's as sound as—as any lily," he concluded awkwardly.

"I knew there weren't any," returned his patient coolly. "But, having seen me maimed, I thought you might as well see me whole. Now," she went on,



THE young man, kneeling before her on the hard road, had delicately pulled her stockings down over her ankles . . .

' garter me again ! The Almighty meant you for a maid, my friend, when He gave you those light fingers."

" Then He got sadly out o' His reckoning," retorted the youth, hot-faced and half-angry. " I'm no more a maid than your ladyship's a—strumpet."

" Oho ! " laughed the girl. " And don't be too sure about that ! "

" Yes," said the tinker, rising to his feet and facing her. " Not with them eyes. I'd go to jail on it."

" Well, you may be right," returned the lady, a little abashed. Then her frolic mood reasserted itself and she added archly : " And you may be not ! Thank you for your trouble," she went on, drawing some small coins from her purse.

" I don't take money wages for a friendly act, mistress, thank 'ee," said the tinker drawing back.

" Not *money* wages ? " She endorsed the adjective with a roguish emphasis. " Would you refuse a kiss—in lieu ? "

She leaned forward and offered him her lips.

" Fair's fair," said the youth. " I dare say."

And he stepped up to her and kissed her soundly.

" Might I be so bold as to ask who that honey might belong to ? " he said, his eyes shining.

" Well, by rights—to Master Richard Underdown of Sampits, old Squire Underdown's nephew," replied the girl.

" *What !* " cried the tinker. " Be you Mistress Sanderleys o' the great house ? Sir Justin Sanderleys' daughter ? Lord ha' mercy ! You be that cold an' mighty, yet you kiss hot and homely as any Jenny ! "

"Thank you for your—compliment," said the girl. " Yes, I'm Mistress Sanderleys. You may call me Mistress Daphne—like all my friends. T'other has too many *esses* for my ear. Put your hand out for my foot, boy," she went on, unhitching Mariamne and preparing to mount.

He stooped and tendered his firm palm; she placed her foot upon it, but withheld the pressure of her body for one moment. " And what do they call you ? " she asked.

" Mervyn," he answered. " Mervyn Wilmshurst—of Charing village, hard by Ashford market."

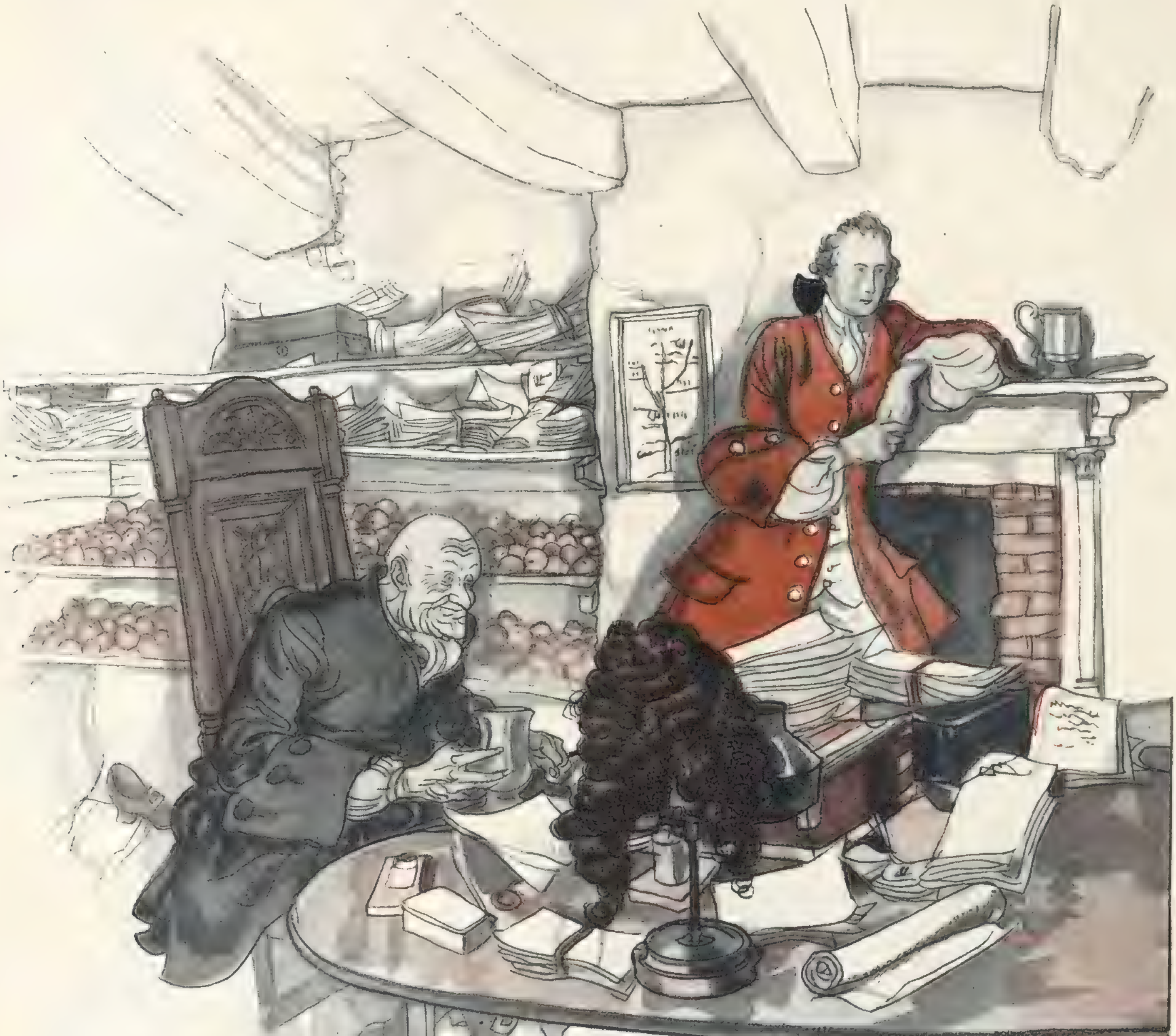
" A maid's name—or almost ! I knew it ! I guessed right. Fare thee well, Master Wilmshurst."

" Fare you well, my lady."

" I'll not say goodbye, Mervyn. For I'm often on these roads alone."

" I, too, mistress."

She flicked the mare with her whip and trotted quickly out of his sight. When she had disappeared, and not before, the tinker turned upon the road and strode back to his barrow like a man who is not sure whether he is sober or drunk, being, in point of fact, midway betwixt the two.



THE ditches—along the lower roads at least—were powdered with celandine. High upon the bleak banks of moss and lichen wound the trail of primroses and violets growing visibly thicker with each new draught of sun. Elm and ash were heavy with bud. The earth was soft, the air mild and balmy and the sky faintly mottled with cloud markings like a piece of turquoise matrix.

The tinker's barrow was pulled into the roadside. The brasses shot back the light in sharp beams and angles. The tinker himself was seated beneath the hedge, blowing his little furnace into a blaze with a pair of leather bellows. Above the hedge appeared the outline of a saddle with pommels on a bay mare's back. The soft noise of young grass being cropped and munched came through to the road. Lying at full length beside the tinker, her face resting in her hands and her elbows digging into the springy turf, was Mistress Daphne Sanderleys. Her gaze fell happily upon Mervyn's laughing eyes, his shapely hands and brown neck and arms. It was their ninth encounter.

"Mervyn," began the girl and stopped.

The young man looked up from his toil. "Well, mistress?" said he.

"In three months I shall be a married woman."

"Ay, I suppose you will."

"I shall be a great lady, Mervyn, and—with Sampits and Sanderleys joined together—mistress of the largest estate in Kent. Fancy that!" But her exclamation was one of wistfulness rather than of that joyous wonderment which her words implied.

"So you will—to be sure," returned the stolid tinker, without flickering an eyelid.

"And I shall have a fine, grave husband, made out of whalebone and propriety! Amn't I a fortunate woman, Mervyn?"

"Very, mistress."

"Especially in the getting of such a deal of whalebone and such a mountain of propriety. Mervyn, I think, when I'm wed, that I'll have you for mine own private and particular tinker—to tinker me whatsoever I choose!" She laughed a little tremblingly. "You shall be furnished with a lodging in the stables at Sanderleys. My own private and particular tinker! 'Twill start a fashion."

The man laid down his bellows, knelt back on his heels, and stared very directly into those provocative eyes which were so disconcertingly near to his own.

"I think not," said he, slowly.

"Why not?"

"For one thing, because I don't choose," he replied with a smile in his eyes if not on his lips. "For another, because I'd rayther not. For a third, because I'm unwilling; and for a fourth, because I won't. Such as I am, I be a man, and not a King Charles's spannel-dog. And I'm a master-man, too. You think I be a beggarly, tramping tinker. I know I be a free man, beholden to none. Lookye, there's nothen I can't do wi' metals. If I had money, d'you know what I'd be? Why, an iron-founder! I'd buy my ore, smelt it and smithy it. D'ye know, I b'lieve metals are goen to be used more and more? Up to now folks have been content wi' woods and brick and stone. It's my belief the future lies wi' metals. As the world gets bigger there won't be trees to go round. There won't be men's hands to go round neither. Folks 'll turn to machines, and machines mean metals. I heard a young fellow—name of Arkwright, come from the north a-selling hair—talking in the parlour of the Bull Inn at Maidstone last Saturday night. He would have it that there'll be contrivances devised whereby one man 'll do the work o' ten. He said he could foresee a time when carriages, houses—ay, and even ships!—'ud be built out o' metal. I tell you, there's money in iron, mistress, money and great glory. And I mean to make it give me both—or I'm a Dutchman!"

The girl looked earnestly for a moment at his eager face and his eyes that were glowing with determination and with vision. Then she spoke quietly and suddenly.

"Mervyn, will you marry me?"

The young tinker gazed at her for a moment with open mouth, then, picking up his bellows, busied himself extraordinarily with his fire.

"Mervyn, will you?"

"No, I won't," was the surly answer.

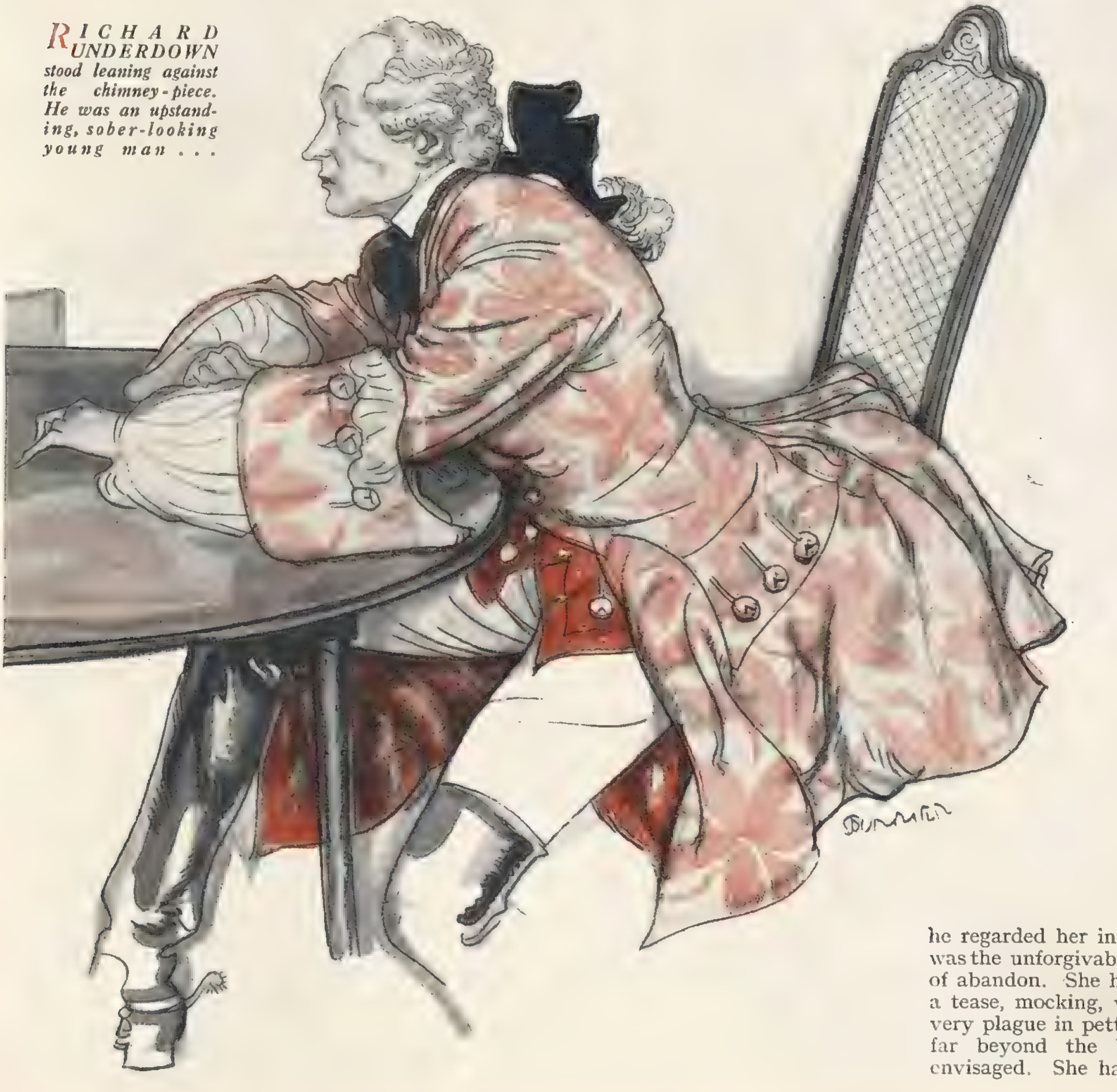
"I wouldn't be too hasty, if I were you . . . Mervyn," said the girl with a slow smile.

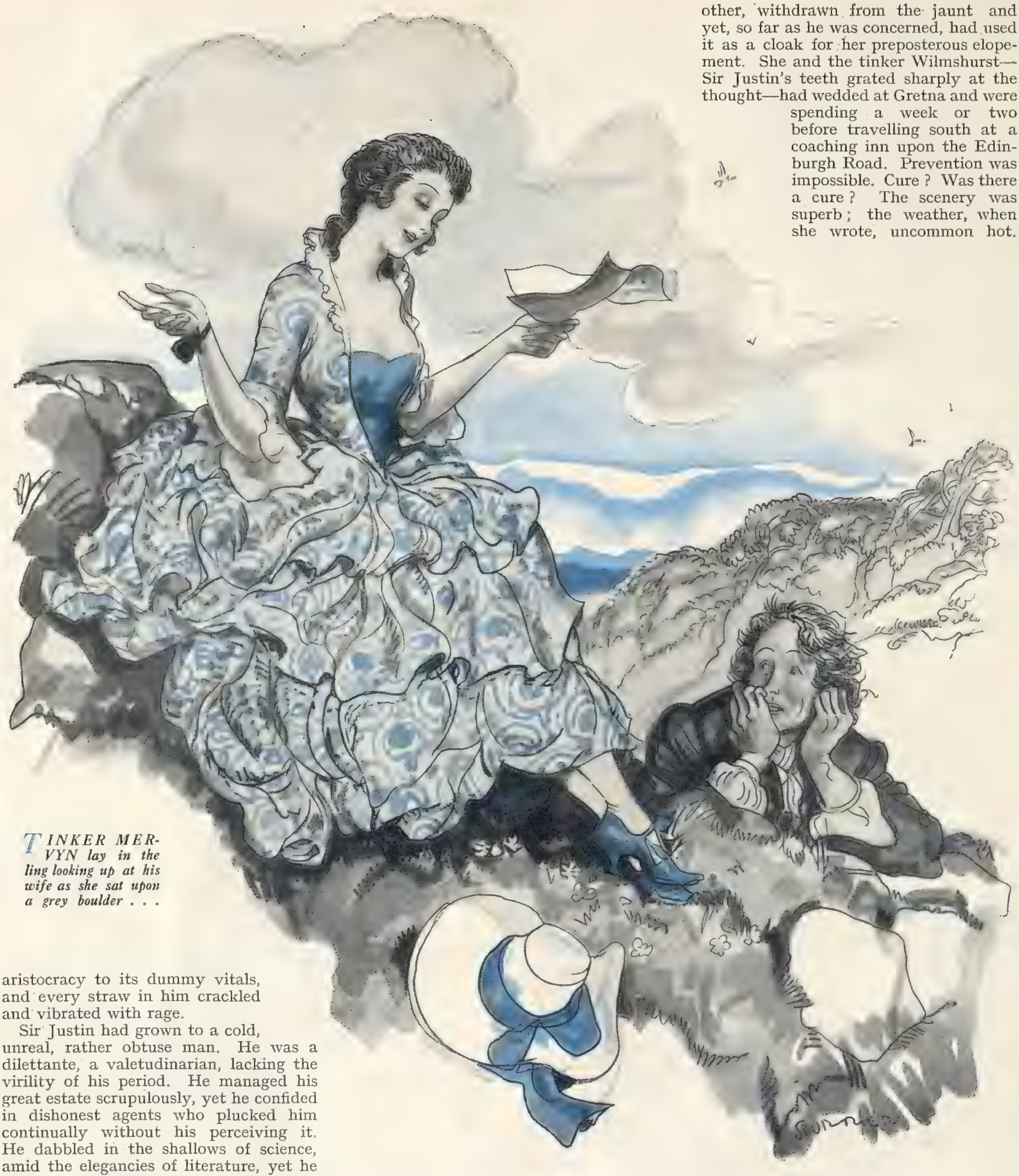
AGAIN they met; and again—until, one wet June day, Sir Justin came to stand at the great ogival window in the hall at Sanderleys with a thin strip of watered paper trembling in his sensitive fingers.

His thin, white face had grown suddenly whiter and thinner. His deep yet narrow grey eyes had narrowed and deepened till they seemed to be black, sparkling dots and no more. He peered out at the rough weather beating upon the white roses clustering round the stone framework of the window without observing it. For now his daughter — his motherless, difficult Daphne — had left him to make, as she here confessed, a base and unashamed alliance with some bawdy fellow whom he recalled as trundling a tinker's cart along the miry roads. Her note—the despatch of which had been, as he could detect, purposely delayed—told him as much, and with a curt frankness that was like the toss of its writer's head.

He was intolerably angry. His love for Daphne had been always perfunctory; but there was nothing perfunctory about the hate with which he regarded her in her final folly. This was the unforgivable sin—the apotheosis of abandon. She had been vixenish and a tease, mocking, vexing, headstrong—a very plague in petticoats!—but this was far beyond the black worst he had envisaged. She had stabbed his stuffed

RICHARD UNDERDOWN stood leaning against the chimney-piece. He was an upstanding, sober-looking young man . . .





TINKER MERVYN lay in the ling looking up at his wife as she sat upon a grey boulder . . .

aristocracy to its dummy vitals, and every straw in him crackled and vibrated with rage.

Sir Justin had grown to a cold, unreal, rather obtuse man. He was a dilettante, a valetudinarian, lacking the virility of his period. He managed his great estate scrupulously, yet he confided in dishonest agents who plucked him continually without his perceiving it. He dabbled in the shallows of science, amid the elegancies of literature, yet he lacked both discernment and discreetness. He was the quintessence of good behaviour and poor company. He affected the grand manner without having the grand heart. He was, in fine, a formality of a man, too starched for vice, too spineless for virtue. Yet, as is often the case with such a nature, he could throw the whole of his energy and personality into the exploitation of some fixed idea—a grievance, a law-suit or, as now, a wrong definitely done to him. His resentment against his daughter raced like fire through the dryness of his being. He was consumed with a wrath which, for all its raging, was a cold thing and a pitiless.

His love for Daphne had been perfunctory—true; but the worldly duties he owed to her, as her widowed father, had been scrupulously performed. Her interests (which, seeing that she was his only child, were his own immediate interests, too) had absorbed his lonely life. He had planned, worked and built always for her and for her children, upon whom the continuance of the Sanderleys blood must depend.

His first thought was of the possibility of preventing the catastrophe. But that was clearly out of the question. Daphne was supposed to have gone upon a visit to her mother's sister at Canterbury. He had seen her aunt's letter of invitation. He now realised that Daphne had, at the last moment, upon some artful excuse or other, withdrawn from the jaunt and yet, so far as he was concerned, had used it as a cloak for her preposterous elopement. She and the tinker Wilmshurst—Sir Justin's teeth grated sharply at the thought—had wedded at Gretna and were spending a week or two before travelling south at a coaching inn upon the Edinburgh Road. Prevention was impossible. Cure? Was there a cure? The scenery was superb; the weather, when she wrote, uncommon hot. In twelve lines of scrawled, ill-spelt prose she had exploded a mine under his life's work.

What should he say to the Underdowns of Sampits? What *could* he say? The welding of the two estates by Daphne's marriage with Richard Underdown, old Enoch's nephew, had been a stroke of policy of which—though he disliked certain aspects of it, notably old Enoch himself—he had, he felt, every cause to be proud.

Old Squire Underdown and he had certain territorial rights which, here and there, conflicted; certain disputes, certain uncharted boundaries and a certain mutual litigiousness which made for bad blood between the two estates and frittered away the time, money and energy of the two protagonists. These difficulties had been incapable of adjustment hitherto because Sir Justin fancied himself as an amateur in the law, and old Enoch was, very definitely, a lawyer in retirement. But latterly—with this marriage in view—a sort of tolerance, though hardly a friendship, had sprung up between the two families, and—a fact which tickled hugely Sir Justin's vanity—Squire Underdown had, on point after point in debate, given way and allowed Sir Justin's claims and pretensions to the full. Sir Justin felt that he had won a personal triumph over the Underdowns; that the lesser kind had been made, as was most fit, to abase themselves before the greater. As for old Enoch, he never scrupled as to his posture—provided he landed his fish.

There was nothing for it. He must ride at once to Sampits to explain, to eat humble pie and—he trusted!—to be worthily advised.

THE old house of Sampits presented an appearance altogether different from the trim manor of Sanderleys. The drive into which Sir Justin turned his mare was mossed and bright with strident clumps of couch grass. The trees and shrubs leaned out over the pathway and had been crudely pruned with a billhook to permit of entrance and egress, for lines of lopped twigs and branches lay, dead and discoloured, on either side as they had fallen. A sense of weariness, neglect and decay hovered about the approach. Sampits itself—a many-gabled Elizabethan structure—stood embowered and buried in a grove of elms which reared up around its windows, darkening and enfolding the crazy, ancient house. It was a queer, sinister dwelling, the fitting abode for a miser; and miser, by popular report, old Enoch Underdown was. He was the possessor, too, of a queer, tortuous and sinister personality, so that his house, in every particular, precisely fitted him.

Sir Justin felt a whit daunted as he hitched his mare to the post by the crumbling mounting-block, dismounted and strode up the dirty stone steps, seared with a network of cracks, to the great oak door in which the iron studs were redly rusting. He beat with the haft of his riding whip upon it and waited. Almost at once it opened slily and a bloated, spirituous face, surmounted by a nimbus of thin, wiry, black hair, slid through the aperture and surveyed him curiously. This was Jerry Coalsham, old Enoch's body servant, a morose rascal from the marsh country whom, until the truce between the families, Sir Justin had regarded with especial disfavour.

Upon recognising the visitor, Coalsham twisted his features into a smile of welcome and straightway led him to his master. They traversed the dark, uncarpeted hall and ascended a wide flight of worm-eaten stairs to the first floor. There, in a low, black-beamed room, they came upon old Enoch, and, closeted with him, Richard Underdown, his nephew, Sir Justin's son-in-law that was to be.

Old Enoch was in face like an albino raven or rook. His nose stood out starkly from below his bald head. His eyes were of a whitish blue, lashless and red with chronic rheum. His mouth was set some half-inch below his nose, overshadowed, acquisitive, ascetic. His only means of displaying excitement or emotion seemed to be a ripple of wrinkles which would start at his hairless eyebrows and run backwards over his grimed and veinous cranium like a wave, losing itself at last in the straggling white locks which hung upon his lean neck. He was infinitely old. On the table before him, swinging on a candlestick, was a greasy brown George wig. A litter of inkhorns, quills, sand-boxes, papers and accounts cluttered the space before him. The shelves about the room were piled with mildewed law-books, bound in calf, parchments, docketed and taped, heavy with dust, and rows of apples, the harvest of last autumn's gales, rotting and pungent. The old man held a tankard of stale beer between gnarled fingers that might have belonged to some effigy of Guido Fawkes, so thrust awry were they with the gout—a malady which, in his case, was inherited, one would suppose, rather than earned! Richard Underdown stood leaning against the chimneypiece. He was an upstanding, sober-looking young man—perhaps a touch too grave, a thought too stolid, but with a sensible, attentive face. Both uncle and nephew welcomed Sir Justin with what, for the Underdowns, was unwonted and profuse cordiality.

"Fetch up a chair for Sir Justin, Dickon," he cried to his nephew. "Na, na. Dust it first, man!" he added, tossing across his own frayed and tattered red handkerchief for the purpose.

"Now, sit ye down, Sir Justin," said he. "You snuff, I believe?" And he produced and laid upon the table a huge, battered snuff-box of pewter containing a minute quantity of rappee. Sir Justin was constrained to take a pinch.

"A pot of ale, Sir Justin? No? Well, a—an apple, then? No?" Old Enoch looked curiously about the room as though he were seeking a particularly tempting piece of parchment or docket of deeds with which to tickle his neighbour's whimsical appetite; and then, perceiving none, pursed his loose mouth together in order the more expansively to leer, the next moment, across the table.

"And how is the exquisite Miss?" he went on. "Still at Canterbury, is she not?" Then, putting his bony fingers to his bloodless lips, he blew a kiss to the smoky ceiling, looking like a woodcut of Death ogling Life, after Durer.

Sir Justin bowed his head and clasped his hands before him upon the dirty table. His was the very extremity of shame. Haltingly, awkwardly, the proud man told of his disgrace, wincing in expectation of the outburst of scorn which, he conceived, was the only possible reception that such a tale, coming from the house of Sanderleys, could elicit from the family of Underdown.

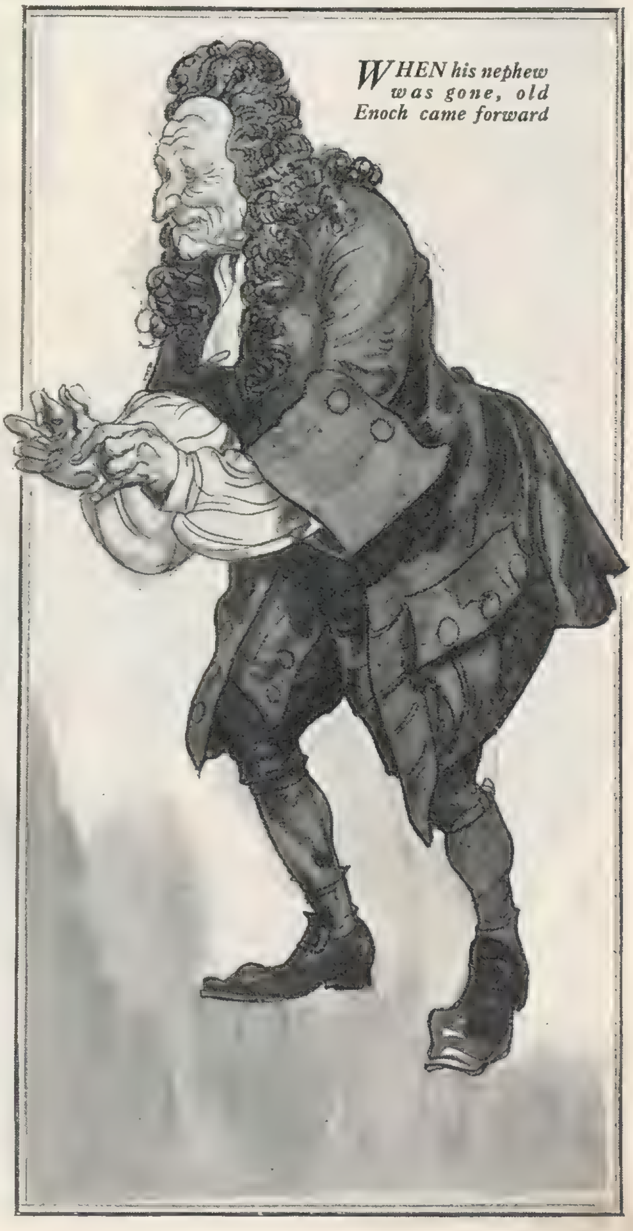
If he could have raised his eyes he would have been astonished to observe how stoically (in outward appearance, at any rate) his host received the news. Twice, perhaps three times, during its recital an agitated ripple of wrinkles had swept from front to back of the old lawyer's skull. Twice at least he had cast his commanding eye upon Richard Underdown, who, with a countenance of dull red and dumb rage, had listened to the crashing of his hopes, though, with that commanding eye in mind, had remained mute and mumchance, sitting there beside his seniors.

At length Sir Justin looked up. His deep-set eyes were full of tears.

"I've told you—everything," said he. "For God's sake, what am I to do?"

Old Enoch half-closed his eyes.

"This is a sad tale," he said, shaking his head. "A ve-ry sad tale. But," he went on, rather more lightly, "in the hotness and foolishness of youth, it's not the first time such a thing has happened. You're not the first father, my poor friend, whose daughter's made a fool of herself. Nor, I wager, will ye be the last. Difficulties were made to be got over. And lawyers were made to get over difficulties," he added slyly. "I must think awhile. There must be a way out—even if it's not plain to us at the moment. Don't (*Continued on page* 109)



WHEN his nephew was gone, old Enoch came forward

PAINTED

Beauty becomes a

"HULLO . . . painted lady," I said.

"Hul-*lo*!" said she, not at all offended. "Nice of you to notice it."

Bond Street at 12.30 a.m. was undoubtedly her right, her apt, setting. A most attractive figure—that is, if you appreciate the ultra-modern line and effect: borzois, skyscrapers, long low-swung sports cars, elongated limbs, German films, glass and steel furniture, aluminium cocktail bars, all that sort of thing.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Extremely effective," I conceded.

She had intensified the effect of her dark-rimmed eyes by pigmenting the sockets in the Arab manner (a fashion set, I believe, by Miss Nancy Cunard, possibly after a visit to Algiers or the Folies Bergères). Her thin, exquisite mouth was, of course, stained bright scarlet. Rouge? Well, maybe. But it's so difficult to

By C. PATRICK

Extreme left

PERMANENTLY pink lips and cheeks can now be obtained by the aid of tattooing the pigment into the skin

Centre:

THE sea-shell wave, the result of an all-British method of permanent waving, is the latest fashion in hairdressing

Right:

REJUVENATION is no longer a myth but is obtainable by all those willing to undergo the rigours of plastic surgery

UNDERGOING electric massage in a Mayfair beauty parlour

LADIES

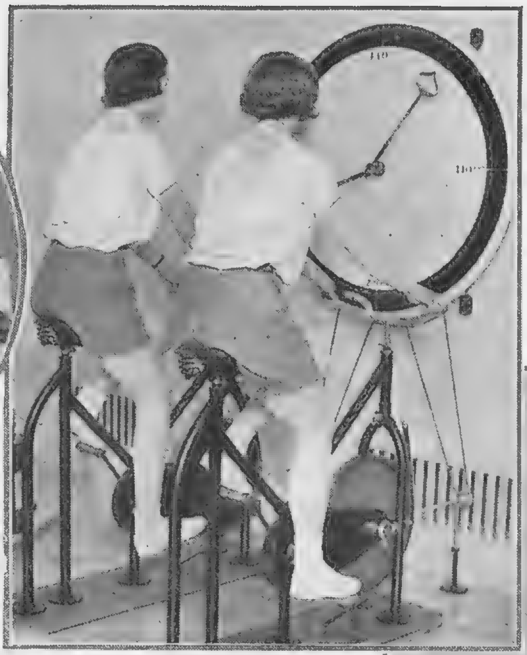
big Business

tell. In the streets of New York the women use rouge like lipstick, and don't care a darn. It's part of the facial adornment, naked and unashamed. But our women still associate blatantly rouged cheeks with chorus girls and cocottes, and are very careful. However, the plucked eyebrows had received a subtle pencilling, and there was a suspicion of blue shadowing under the lower eyelid (in the Casa Maury manner) to add depth and significance to the painted eyes. Under their white kid sheath her fingernails, I knew, were dyed scarlet; and, having seen her often at the Eden Roc last August, I was aware that if you divested them of their covering of silk and thin patent leather you would find that her toenails were enamelled black.

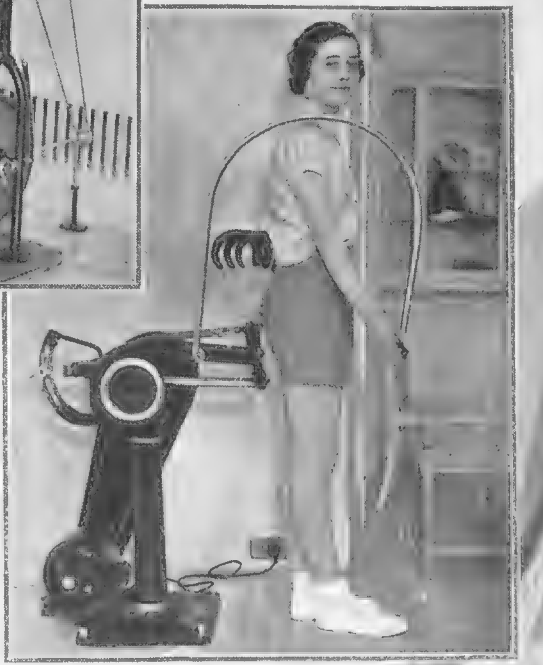
She had had a facial. I know that taut, fresh, healthy look. Two things impart it, and two only—an exercise

THOMPSON

A FOAM massage. A new method used to reduce a double chin and cleansing the skin



EXERCISE as an aid to beauty. Pedal cycles which record the distance travelled are installed in the wonderful beauty parlour of the Dorchester Hotel



THE mechanical masseuse. This electrical device is fitted with three rubber hammers which pummel at a speed regulated by the operator. An appliance installed at the Dorchester Hotel beauty parlour

sweat and a brisk rub-down, and the attentions of the masseuse. Knowing this girl, I knew it was massage.

I stress the word "girl." This was not a pretty lady in the Bennettesque sense of the term. On the contrary, a débutante of last season: Paris-finished, advantage of a mama who is a pillar of the ultra-smarts, allowed to acquire sophistication and poise before her official time; but, all the same, not yet nineteen.

We turned into the Embassy, and she gave me a cocktail downstairs, because, she said, it was so nice of me to notice immediately her latest embellishment. I wondered how long it would be before she took to building out her eyelashes with mascara, and hoped it would be a very long time.

I FURTHER reflected that that day's news story from New York, of a prominent broker who had got a divorce from his wife on the ground that her inordinate expenditure on cosmetics was ruining him, was after all not so fantastic, and might indeed be the herald of a common cause of marital discord in England in days to come. And I told myself that I was beginning to understand why the Dorchester people had sunk £80,000 in the construction and equipment of a beauty salon staffed by skilled girls in peach-coloured pyjamas; why the manufacture of compacts and pocket mirrors has grown into a business as important as the milling of flour, why cold cream is creeping up on the consumption of butter, and lipsticks have forged ahead of toothbrush sales; how London women can spend £1,000,000 a week and American women more than that a day on beautifying; and why the beauty business is the fastest-growing of all the world's businesses, accounting in America for an annual expenditure of £400,000,000 (which is a hundred millions more than this hard-drinking island spends on its alcoholic liquor), and in the world for an annual expenditure of £1,000,000,000, which is equal to the total armament bill of all the nations of the planet.

Odd to think that the term "painted lady" had once a shameful significance. To-day it connotes simply a lady of fashion. The *demi-monde* indeed have had their noses put out of joint so decisively by the *haut monde* that for some time past the very smartest and most *soignée* members of the former have discarded colour and reverted to naturalism. They are responsible for the pale and unpainted vogue which a few of the more advanced young women of the smart world are copying assiduously to-day. Anything to be different.

Powder, rouge and lipstick are the crudest and most obvious aids to beauty that my lady now uses. The expensive woman, who does the thing thoroughly, will spend hundreds a year on creams and powders, on massages, on having her eyebrows trained, her eyelashes curled, her hands kept white and her lips and cheeks pink. She will have an exclusive perfume created especially for her and instilled into all her essences, extracts, lotions, salves, shampoos, soaps and other essential preparations. Even the moderately well-off woman, who doesn't attend beauty salons and have a tame hair artist, a retained masseuse, and a favourite perfumer, runs up bills under the general heading of "beautifying" which would have made the beauties of past days gasp.

GILDING the lily has indeed reached such a pitch that no woman now bothers to conceal the process. She is pleased rather than outraged if people recognise that faint flush of health as a triumph in the use of a new brand of rouge.

Conceivably we err in calling this the Scientific Age. A round-shouldered, shorter-sighted, bigger-brained race of the future may laugh at our claims and dub us the Unscientific People. We should be on safer ground with the Age of Beauty; safer still with the Cosmetic Age. We may come round to this apter title when we can see our age more detachedly; for it is always difficult to realise momentous change when one is still in the very midst of it. We are now accustomed to chemical and mechanical phenomena. The electric generator, the automobile, the radio, the talkie machine, have been with us for some time. But the facial, the platinum blonding process, the violet-ray tanning lamp, beauty parlours, and all the *nuances* of latter-day beauty culture and of advanced beauty surgery, these things are new, so new that the newspapers still include them in the field of news.

And yet they have already metamorphosized Western womankind. They have not only effected mass changes of faces and figures; they have revolutionized habits and, it may be, profoundly affected our outlook on life and the future of the race. The influence upon the sex instinct may be questioned, the economic consequences cannot be—they have been measured, reduced to statistics.

THE crux of the matter is that at some point in the last decade beauty ceased to be an esoteric art cultivated by the few, and became a business catering for the many. It is now Big Business, elbowing food and motor-cars for pride of place as the main source of advertising revenue in publications of all sorts on both sides of the Atlantic.

The growth in England may be gauged from the rise in annual expenditure in London from an estimated £7,000,000 in 1913 to £60,000,000 in 1930. The scope for further expansion may be measured from trans-Atlantic experience. In seven years over there the business shows a 500 per cent. increase. The National Association of Boards of Beauty Culture, which keeps close check on these things, estimates that every year the average American woman spends £2 6s. on beautifying, and £9 a year on hair trims, waves and what-nots. They now have 50,000 beauty parlours, taking over their counters about £1,000,000 a day.

Continuation schools in Chicago have courses in the art of make-up. In Berlin, the municipal authorities, always alert for business opportunities, have recently established an advisory bureau of social cosmetics, the German idea being to teach the plain Fraulein how to make the most of herself, so as to attract instead of repulse the dominant male she approaches for a job.

Several of the American states have legislated to put cosmetic therapy on a regular basis and out of the reach of snake doctors and quacks. Cosmeticians and beauticians have to take courses varying from 500 to 1,000 hours, and spread over from three months to a year, before they can set up in practice or attend a beauty "shoppe" to advise a client on treatment for her hair, the cream best suited to her skin, and the powder best calculated to transform her nose from a mere protuberance into one of the most alluring points of her physiognomy. They have credentials in the shape of a state permit testifying to their knowledge and skill. In order to get this permit they have had to emerge with honours from an examination sprinkled with such questions as: "What causes (1) dandruff? (2) freckles? (3) crow's feet?" "What are finger-nails made of?" "Describe the structure of the skin." "Name the muscles of the neck." "Describe the bone structure of the nose." "What is electrolysis?"

I MET a practitioner of one of these new professions quite recently. It was at a cocktail party given by a pretty actress. She had a bright auburn head when I first met her at a supper party in the spring of 1930. Red heads were then the rage. Why, I don't know; or if I did know, I have forgotten. Why did bowler hats for women come in? Or blood-red finger-nails? These things belong to the same order of natural phenomena which puzzle us in connection with the mass migrations of seals or the shoaling of herring.

Then red heads became rather too common to be elegant, and, meeting her again some months later, I was not surprised to observe that her hair had turned a most attractive shade of brown. I confess I had forgotten about this metamorphosis when I went along to the cocktail party aforesaid. But as I shook hands with my hostess, I remembered. Her hair reminded me. For it was now a platinum blonde, a marvellous and arresting tint. I now remarked upon it.

"But don't you know?" she demanded.

"Know what?"

"It's just been done. This is to celebrate. Don't you think it's a success?" She pirouetted to display all facets of the sleek new blond head.

I said that I thought it perfectly marvellous.

"*He* did it," she said, and presented a clean-shaven gentleman whose intent eye, magnified by (*Continued on page* 86)

MEDICAL mud as a beautifier. A woman undergoing the unpleasant operation of having a mud pack

AN electrical hood hair drier. This method is an advance on the hot air pistol apparatus

A TRIO of beauty treatments. Plucking the eyebrows, a necessary operation to the woman who claims to be well groomed. Improving the muscles of the neck by the aid of electrical massage. Tinting the cheeks and lips to a permanent redness by the aid of the tattooist's needle

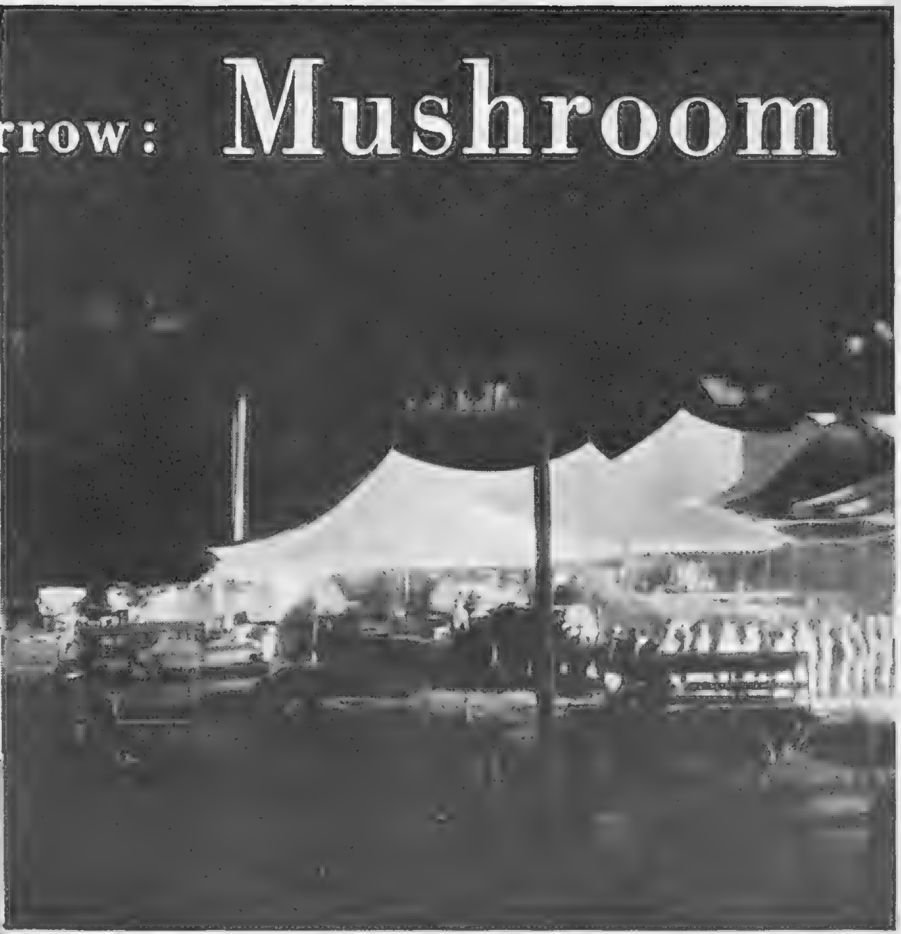
Here To-day—Gone To-morrow: Mushroom

TO order the construction, and subsequent destruction, of an entire town, solely for the purposes of making a moving picture play, is quite a trifle in the lives of the magnates of filmland.

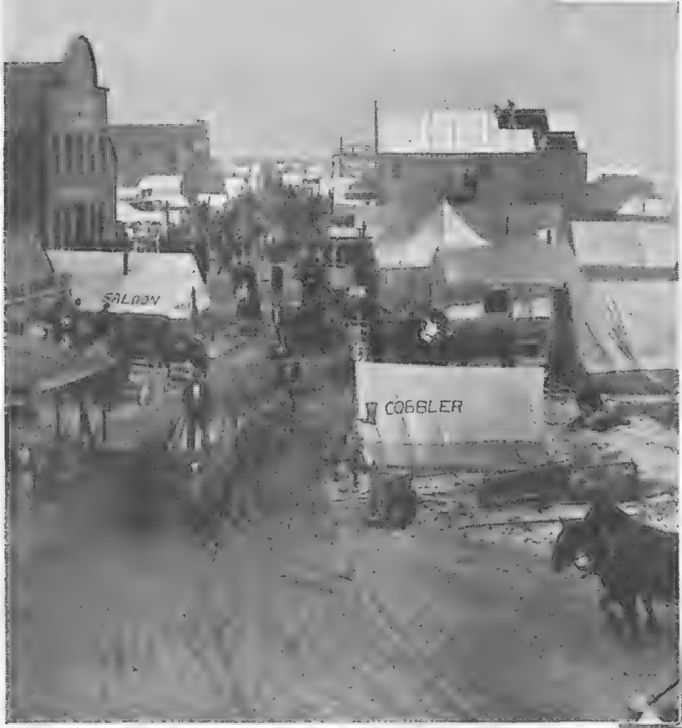
That the movie-goers of the world may be suitably entertained, towns must be built, lived in for a few frenzied weeks, and then turned over to the house-breakers' pick. Hundreds of men and women must be fed, cleansed, housed; space must be made for the comfortable disposal of thousands of horses and heads of cattle uncountable, also for the ubiquitous lorry and camera truck in platoons and squadrons.

And all for the sake of a play in picture form. When a mushroom movie town is to be constructed for its hectic existence of three, four or five weeks, scores of workers of all types are employed for two or three months beforehand. Architects, builders, plumbers, house furnishers, caterers, garage experts—all these have their work cut out. Very swift work, too, for the planning of these curious cities, built for intensive but brief use, is something that must proceed at racing speed.

By Margaret Chute

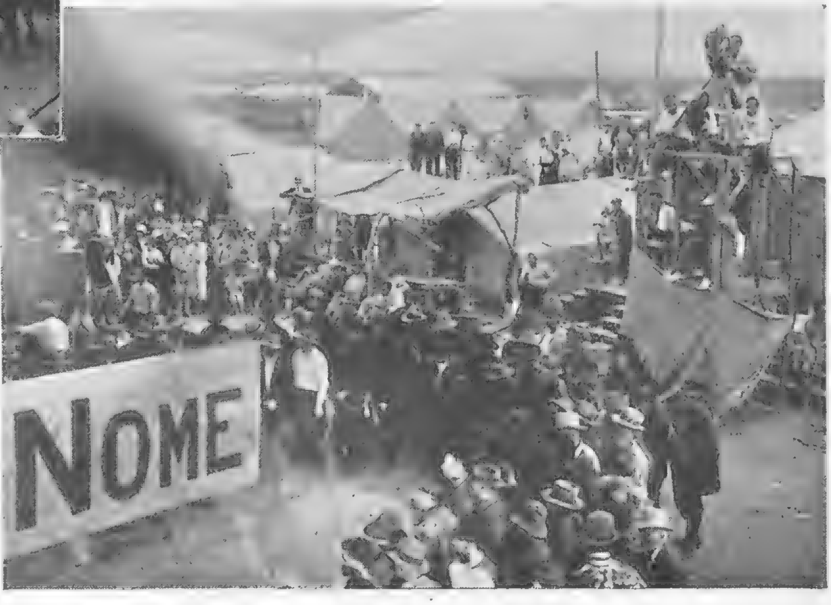


TAKING shots at night in the built at Bakersfield, near Hollywood,



Above:

A REPLICA of Nome, Alaska, built by Paramount at Point Hueneme for the filming of "The Spoilers"



Right:

FILMING the fight scene from "The Spoilers." Here are seen the extras and visitors as they watch the preparations for the thrilling scene

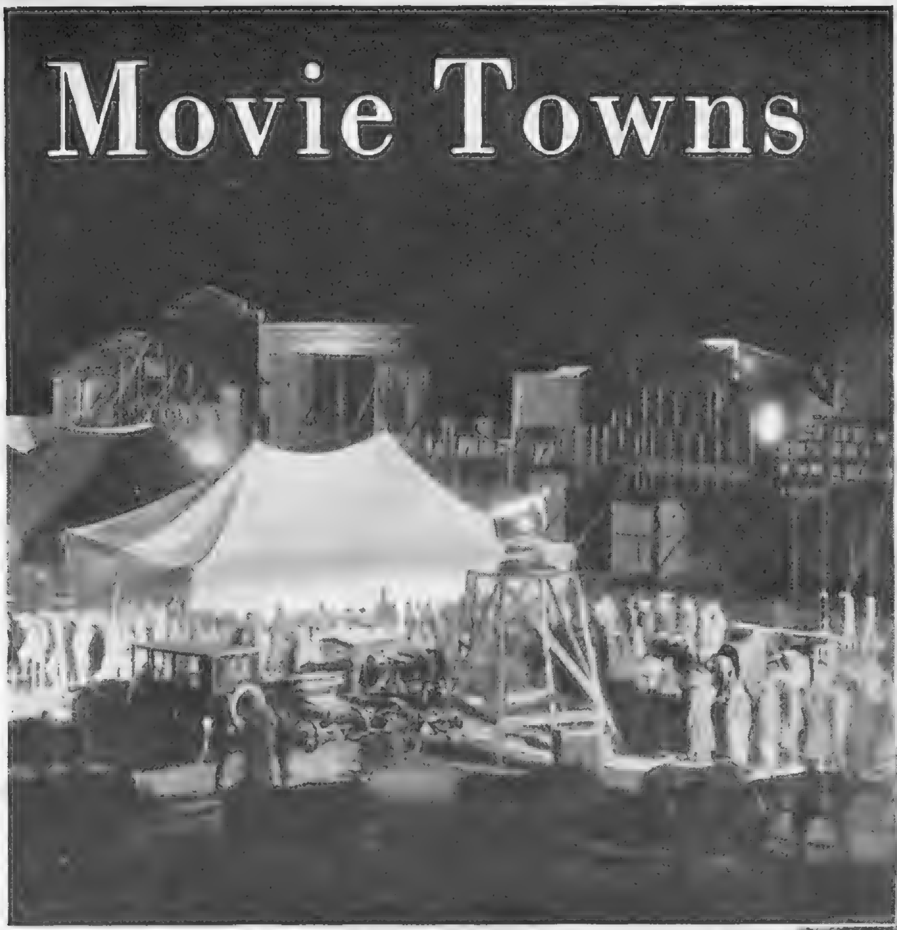
It is all so colossal. Everything is done on such a gigantic scale. If tents are to be put up, they must be the most modern thing of their kind. The beds must BE beds; there must be running water and electric light and a smooth wooden floor. All these amenities must be present, even though the newly made town is in the sun-baked, sandy heart of some desolate desert—which it very often is!

"If we do the thing at all, let us do it thoroughly!" seems to be the war cry of the movie magnates. So they dig deeply into their pockets; and when their company returns from five weeks spent "on location," there is not only a deep shade of tan on their faces, but a deep feeling of contentment in their hearts—at least, that is the movie magnates' sincere hope.

For have they not slept on soft beds, with many warm blankets to shelter them from the icy cold of desert winds, after the blaze of the day? Have they not eaten three good meals daily? Meals as good as anything they could hope to get at home—possibly a good deal better. Have they not had all the scalding hot shower baths they could desire? Have they not been entertained by wireless concerts when the stress of the day is over, concerts that are considered admirable entertainment by the

Movie Towns

A Story of the Way Film Companies work and live "On Location"



temporary town of Osage, which was for the filming of "Cimarron"

entire nation? And have they not been given an opportunity to see, not only the previous day's "rushes" of their own film, but also much that is brand new in the films made by other stars, thrown on the screen for their amusement, nightly, in the specially built theatre in their own little mushroom town?

Yes, indeed. The players and staff sent "on location" have not much cause to grumble. They may miss their tennis and their weekly boxing matches at the Hollywood Stadium; their skins may blister (unless plentifully sprinkled with oil) or their eyes may ache with the blinding glare of sun on miles of snow. But, taking it all round, they do not have to put up with so very much when they are sent "on location."

BEFORE I went to Hollywood I regret to confess that I was rather sceptical concerning the marvellous cities that were built just for a few film actors and electricians and cameramen. I felt so sure that half one read and heard about these weird places was the vivid creation of a Press Agent's brain. But since I have been there, I know the whole thing is true. I have met a mushroom movie town at first hand. I have been one member of a large collection of people sent on at least six locations.

And I have seen these towns for myself. Incredible they are—incredible in their completeness and in their illustration of the fact that nothing is impossible—if there is enough money to pay for it!

A few weeks after I arrived in Hollywood on my first visit to that astounding city, I was bidden to the first location I had ever encountered. Ronald Colman was making a film called "The Winning of Barbara Worth"; and in order that this film might be real, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn had caused to be constructed a fine city in the heart of the Nevada Desert.

Winnemucca was the nearest town—a tiny desert place, with a few houses, a railway station, and that was about all. One hundred carpenters descended on Winnemucca, treked thence by car many miles into the desert, and so the town of "Barbara Worth" came to life. Water—alway

Above:
THE luncheon break. Monte Blue, starring in "Southern Skies," with the director, W. S. Van Dyke, and entire company, on the beautiful island of Tahiti, where the picture was filmed

Left:
ANOTHER view of the temporary town of Osage, built for the filming of "Cimarron." The company lived in some of the houses and also in a huge camp

such a problem to the location manager—was laid on in huge pipes from two of the nearest towns, and enormous tank cars were brought daily on the railway to the special side-track that was laid, right up to the movie town, on purpose for the film.

From Hollywood I did the over-night journey by train; arrived, about five in the morning, to find a car waiting and to be bumped across twelve miles of desert road towards the faintly twinkling lights that marked the new town. There I found everyone in bed, or on the verge of getting up, for reveille was at six every day. I was given Mr. Goldwyn's own tent, where I found a real bed, a carpeted floor, electric light, and running water.

Meals were served in a big marquee; fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, fresh chickens, brought there daily by special train. Ice cream, salads, bread newly baked by one of the eight cooks taken on location from Hollywood. For twelve weeks the company lived there, and in another small movie town, a few miles farther on, Vilma Banky, that lovely Hungarian girl, was the only woman in the cast; Clyde Cook, from Australia, played a comedy rôle and taught Ronald Colman comic falls after business hours. And there was a tall, silent boy, with blue eyes and black hair, who was said to be giving a fine performance in a small part. His name was Gary Cooper.

Less than a year later I went on another big location trip to Utah, and that time Gary Cooper was the star of the company, which made a Paramount film called "Nevada." That was the famous location on which one local cowboy murdered another in cold blood at eight o'clock one sunny morning—shot him, at close range, as they were galloping past the cameras for a scene. None of us will ever forget that day. The inquest, out on the prairie; the arrival of the dead boy's parents; the ghastly scream his mother gave when she saw him lying dead. That was one of the less pleasant aspects of a location trip. And rare, thank heaven!

AMONG the important films for which mushroom towns have been built must be included "The Trail of '98," "White Shadows of the South Seas," "Trader Horn," "Fighting Caravans," "The Spoilers," "Redskin," "Cimarron" and "The Silver Horde." Of all film stars, I suppose Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Jack Holt, Ronald Colman, and Monte Blue have done the most location work. Again and again they have lived in a temporary town, grown to love it and know it well, and returned to the spot where it stood, a few weeks later, to find every trace of it gone.

Richard Dix did his first starring location work in "The Vanishing American," when a town to accommodate twelve hundred people was built near the Painted Desert, used for two months, and then pulled down. Later, he made "Redskin," for which the company was sent to a specially constructed village near Gallup, New Mexico, in the heart of the Indian territory.

Then came "Cimarron," and with it the lightning creation of the town of "Osage" for the camera's eye. The spot chosen for the building of this town, and for the famous "Land Rush" that preceded it, was near Bakersfield, about 70 miles north of Hollywood. The town was built almost overnight. Some of it consisted of solid buildings, which were used by many of the people employed on the location as sleeping and residential quarters, and figured also in scenes in the film.

The rest was a vast camp of 1,000 tents, including a hospital, a property room, a mess tent, a bath house with twenty hot and cold showers in neat rows. Before the principal players arrived over 5,000 extra players started their existence in this new city, with assistant directors and technicians of all kinds to drill them in the work they had to do later. The Land Rush in "Cimarron" is the greatest moving picture scene ever staged, and the producers of this large-scale talkie were determined that nothing should be left undone to ensure its success.

Less than a mile from the town of "Osage" was the camp in which horses, mules, and other livestock needed in the film were quartered. It covered 40 acres of ground and had dozens of mangers, water troughs and corrals. The line that carried water to this camp and the temporary town, for the use of men, women, children, and animals employed in the picture, travelled over 15 miles of rough country.

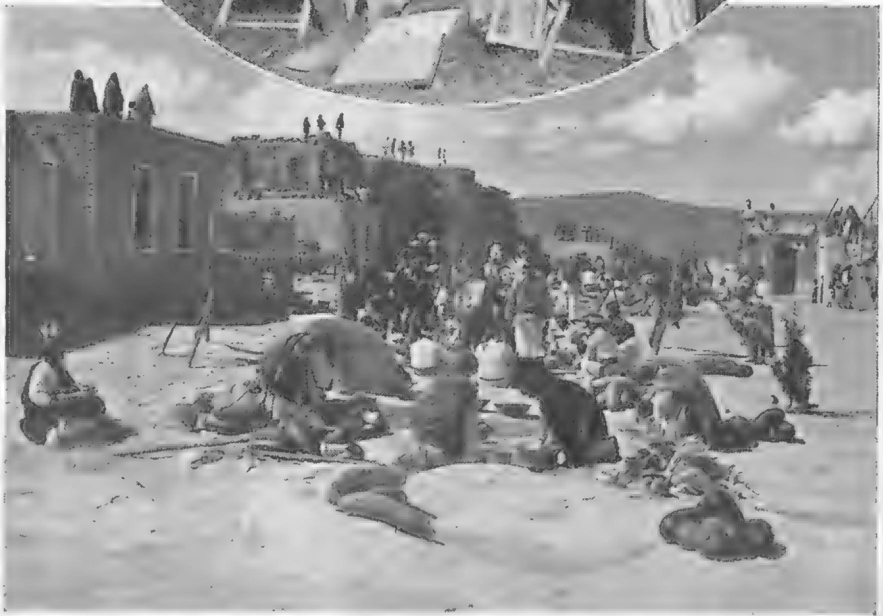
Just as an indication of the immense amount of preparation needed for a task of this kind, 4,000 railway cars were used to transport all the building material,

Top:

DURING part of the filming of "The Trail of '98," Clarence Brown and his company lived and fed in a railway train

Centre:

MAKING-UP in the open of the Canadian Rockies. Camilla Horn and Mona Rico being made up for the picture "Eternal Love"



A TEMPORARY town built near Gallup, New Mexico, for the filming of "Redskin," starring Richard Dix. The company lived and worked here for over four weeks

(*Continued on page* 84)

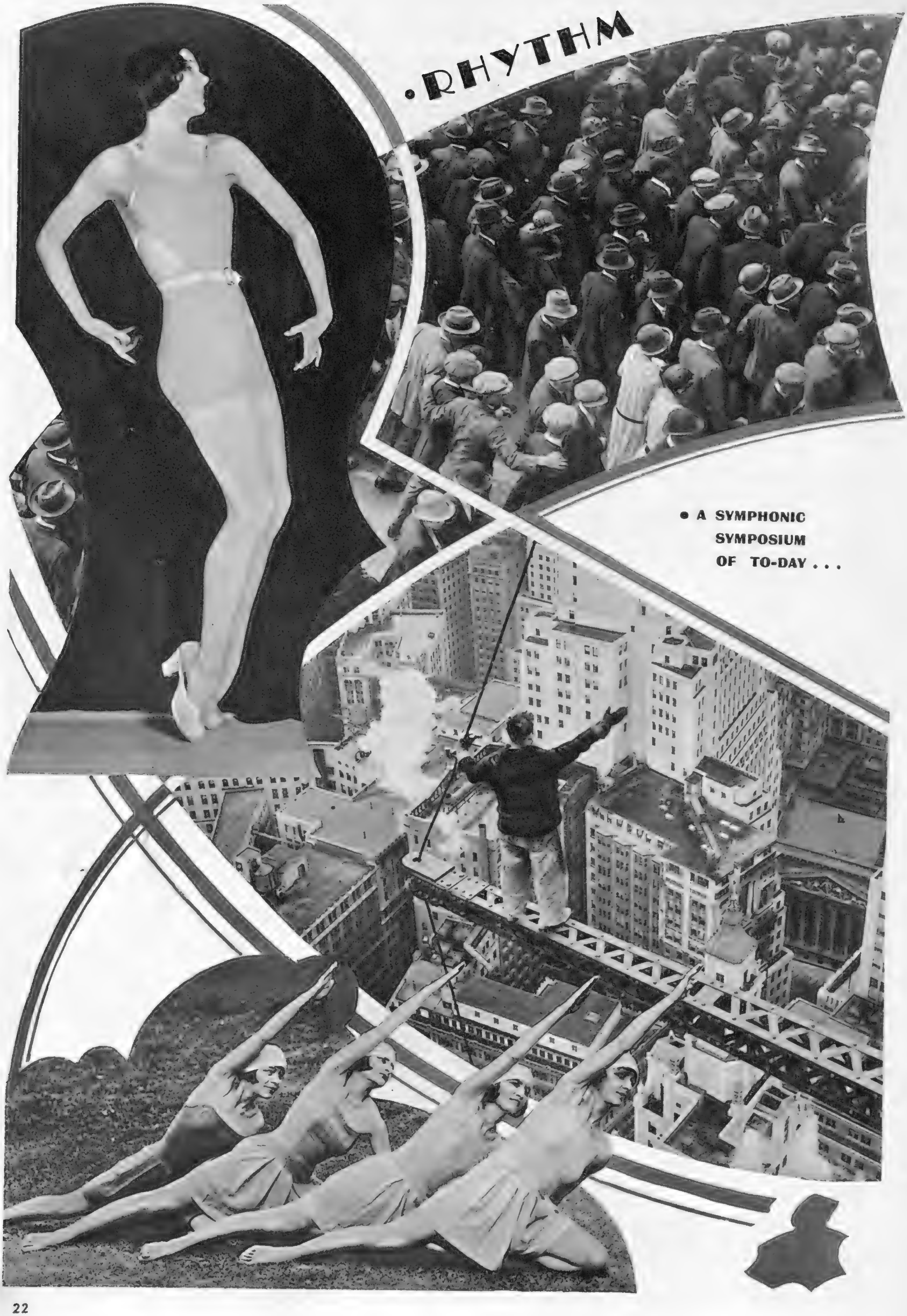
• EBB AND FLOW: THE TEMPO OF TO-DAY

CAME
THE
NEW
YEAR . . .

WHITHER . . . ?

A Portrait of Miss Eve Drury, the dancer

• RHYTHM



• A SYMPHONIC SYMPOSIUM OF TO-DAY . . .

• JAZZ
• "TWENTIETH
CENTURY
BLUES . . ."

BEYOND THESE VOICES . . .

•THE WOMAN'S PLACE—

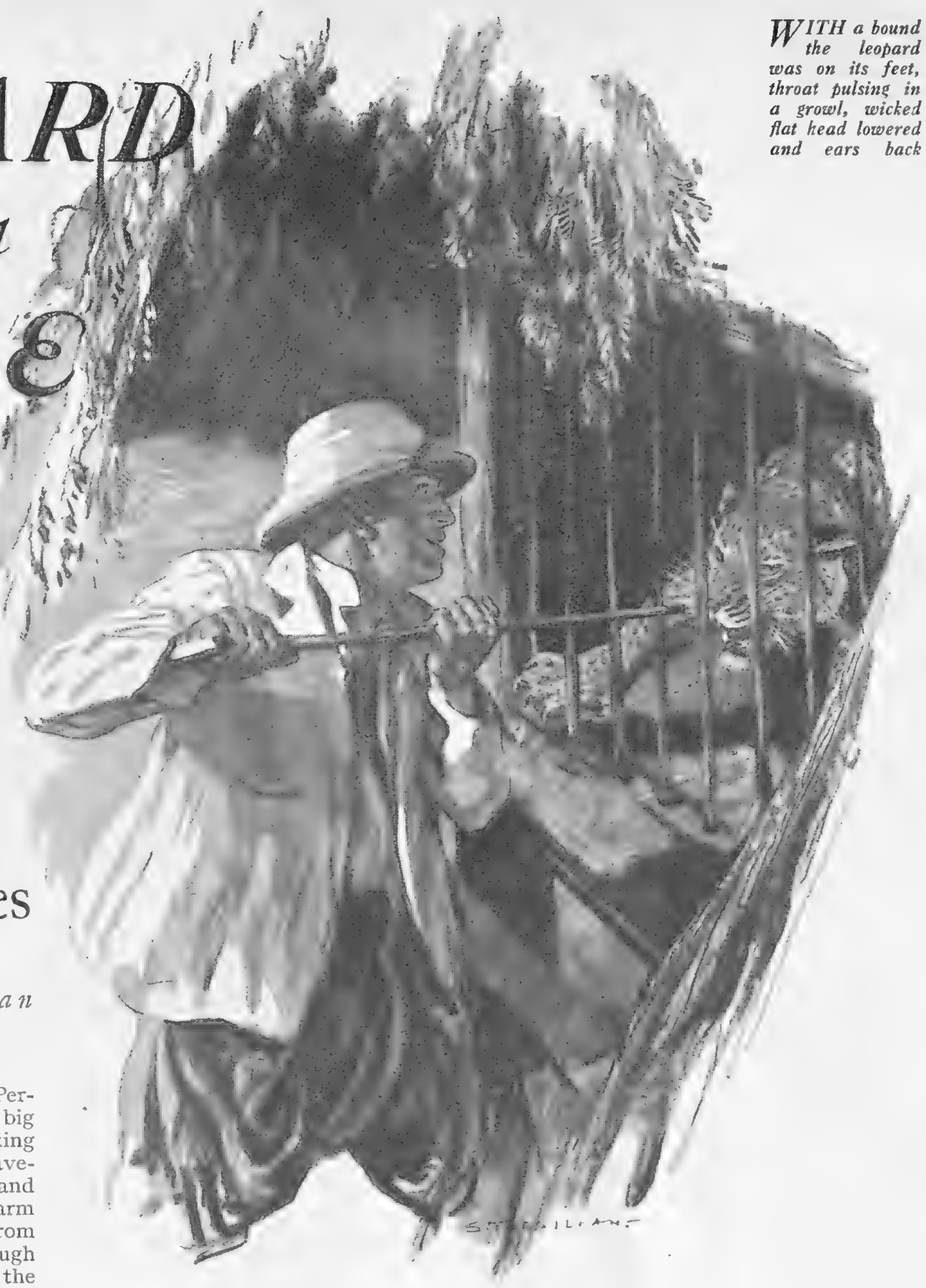
—IS IN THE HOME!

LEOPARD in a CAGE

A Drama of Indo-China

By Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



WITH a bound the leopard was on its feet, throat pulsing in a growl, wicked flat head lowered and ears back

DO you know Indo-China? Perhaps you may have got off a big liner at Saigon and sat drinking your *apéritif* in one of the pavement cafés, watching the cars pass and repass silently through the soft, warm darkness. Perhaps you may have gone from Saigon to Angkor and wandered through the crumbling, bat-haunted ruins of the lost Khmer's grandeur. But it is not until you have left these places behind and have travelled for many long, weary days over bad roads and in blazing heat that you will begin to feel that you are seeing into the enigmatical heart of Indo-China. For then you will be in the jungle, and it is in the jungle that strange things happen to the white men and women who get trapped like flies in its sticky green treacle. You will hear many curious stories . . .

Here is the story that they told me of Maurice Duclos. Need I add that the name was not Duclos, and that the place where these things happened was not called Quai-long?

Maurice Duclos was a Frenchman, and his job was forestry; that job had kept him for the last eighteen months in Quai-long, and he was sick of the place. It was exactly like a hundred other villages in Indo-China. A long, dusty street of crazy wattle huts and dark little native shops, smelling to heaven of strange spices and cooking food, and of the goats and chickens that wandered among the garbage. The white walls of the two or three foreign bungalows and of *le Bungalow*, where travellers sometimes stopped the night on their way to somewhere more important. Flamboyant trees splashed their obscene scarlet everywhere, cruelly bright in the midday glare; in the twilight they burnt smokily, like doused torches. That was Quai-long.

For a few kilometres on either side of the village there was civilisation of a sort—terraced rice fields where water buffaloes heaved and plodded shoulder deep in mud; banana plantations; strips of maize and vegetables. Then, with dramatic abruptness, the jungle leapt in on all sides. Slam! You were looking at a solid green wall. And a wall that was hundreds of miles thick, that held the hot, dusty little circle of Quai-long in a vice-like grip. Sometimes Maurice Duclos, looking at that wall, would find himself seized with a senseless fury of desire to batter it down; to tear and tear at the creepers that hung like a fibrous curtain from the matted trees; to take an axe and hack until his arms were tired.

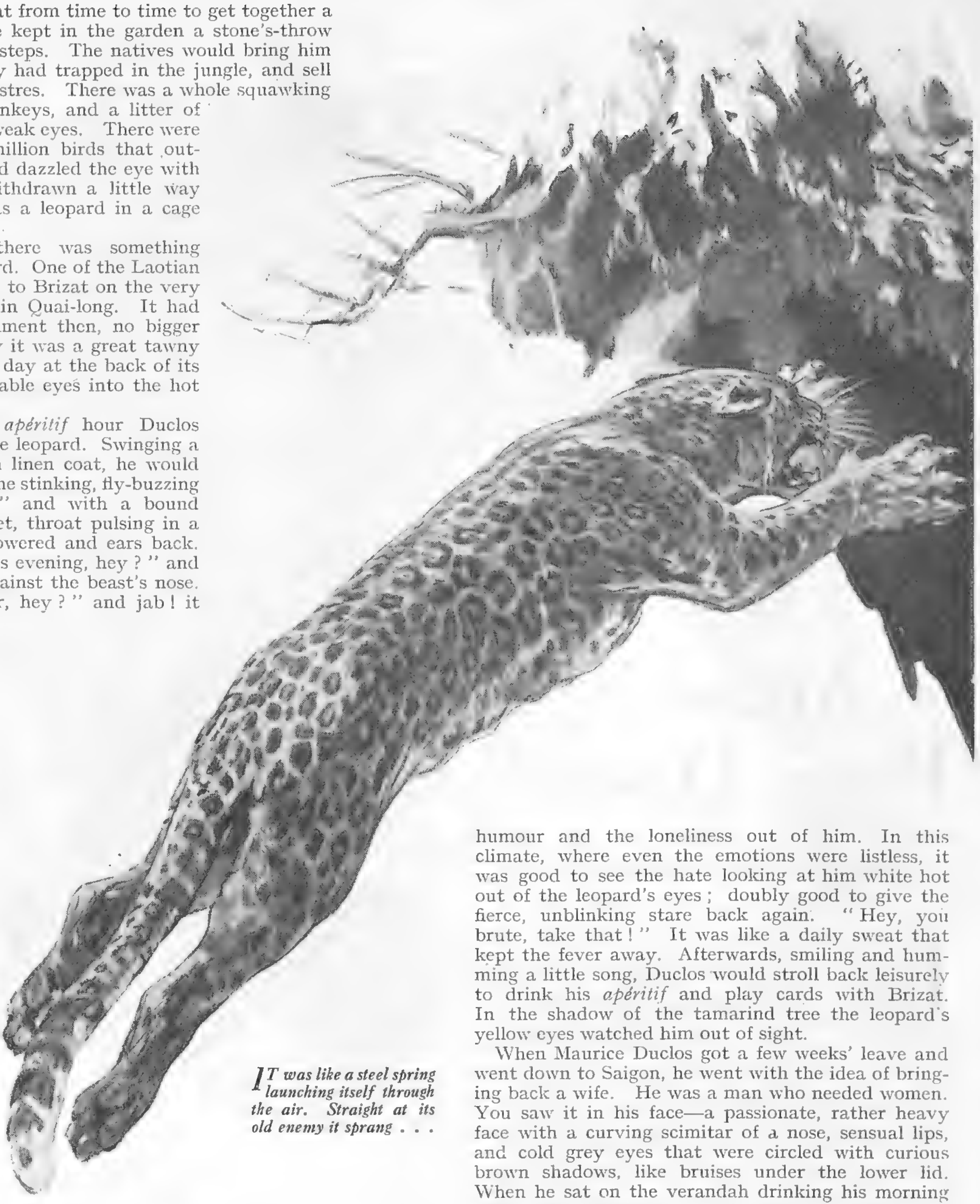
HE was in a bad way, that Duclos. Normally he was a great, strong brute of a man, but he had been too long in Quai-long and places like Quai-long. The nights got on his nerves worst of all. There were only five other French people in the place, and he had quarrelled with four of them. The fifth was old Brizat, the proprietor of *le Bungalow*, a stout, enormously moustachioed individual who sat about all day in shirt sleeves and carpet slippers. When the sun went down there was nothing to do but change into fresh linen and stroll along to *le Bungalow*, where one could take a long time over an *apéritif* with old Brizat, and a still longer time over the eating of tough chickens and salads and muddy river fish. Afterwards, there were back numbers of *Le Matin* and *Le Rire*, coffee and cognac on the stifling verandah, with soft laughter and drum beats floating out of the darkness. Occasionally a couple of dusty travellers or a sweating old curé would get off the mail bus, and then there would be someone new to talk to, a fresh face to look at. That was all.

Or nearly all.

It had pleased old Brizat from time to time to get together a little menagerie, which he kept in the garden a stone's-throw away from the verandah steps. The natives would bring him young animals which they had trapped in the jungle, and sell them to him for a few piastres. There was a whole squawking cageful of small grey monkeys, and a litter of tiny wolf cubs with pale, weak eyes. There were beautiful green and vermillion birds that outscreamed the monkeys and dazzled the eye with their flashings. And, withdrawn a little way from the others, there was a leopard in a cage under a tamarind tree.

To Maurice Duclos there was something personal about that leopard. One of the Laotian boys had brought the cub to Brizat on the very day that Duclos arrived in Quai-long. It had been a tiny ball of devilment then, no bigger than a large cat, and now it was a great tawny beast that lay sullenly all day at the back of its cage, staring with inscrutable eyes into the hot compound.

Every evening at the *apéritif* hour Duclos strolled over to look at the leopard. Swinging a cane, immaculate in fresh linen coat, he would bend down and peer into the stinking, fly-buzzing cage. "Halloa, there!" and with a bound the leopard was on its feet, throat pulsing in a growl, wicked, flat head lowered and ears back. "So we're in a temper this evening, hey?" and thwack! went the cane against the beast's nose. "We're in a bad humour, hey?" and jab! it would go against that tawny flank. Again the leopard would snarl, flashing out a great pad that could have felled Duclos to the ground, and crouching close to the bars, its eyes a fierce opaque white and its whiskers standing out like wires. And Duclos, moving with wonderful agility for so large a man, would run round to the back of the cage and stick his cane through a hole in the floor so suddenly that the baited animal spun round and roared again.



It was like a steel spring launching itself through the air. Straight at its old enemy it sprang . . .

THE natives, watching from the cook-house steps, would laugh softly. They thought it very funny to see the big Frenchman in his linen coat and red *sampot* looped up from his bare ankles, skipping round the cage shouting "Hey!" and then running back to jab his cane against the leopard's snarling nose. They sat there, beautiful and indolent, spitting scarlet splashes of betel and making game of Duclos in their soft, quick tongue. Sometimes Brizat would stroll out to watch. And Brizat, leaning against the verandah post with his hands in the pockets of his dirty white trousers, would shake like a great jelly. "Ha, ha, ha! *Tiens!* that is good! Ha, ha, ha!"

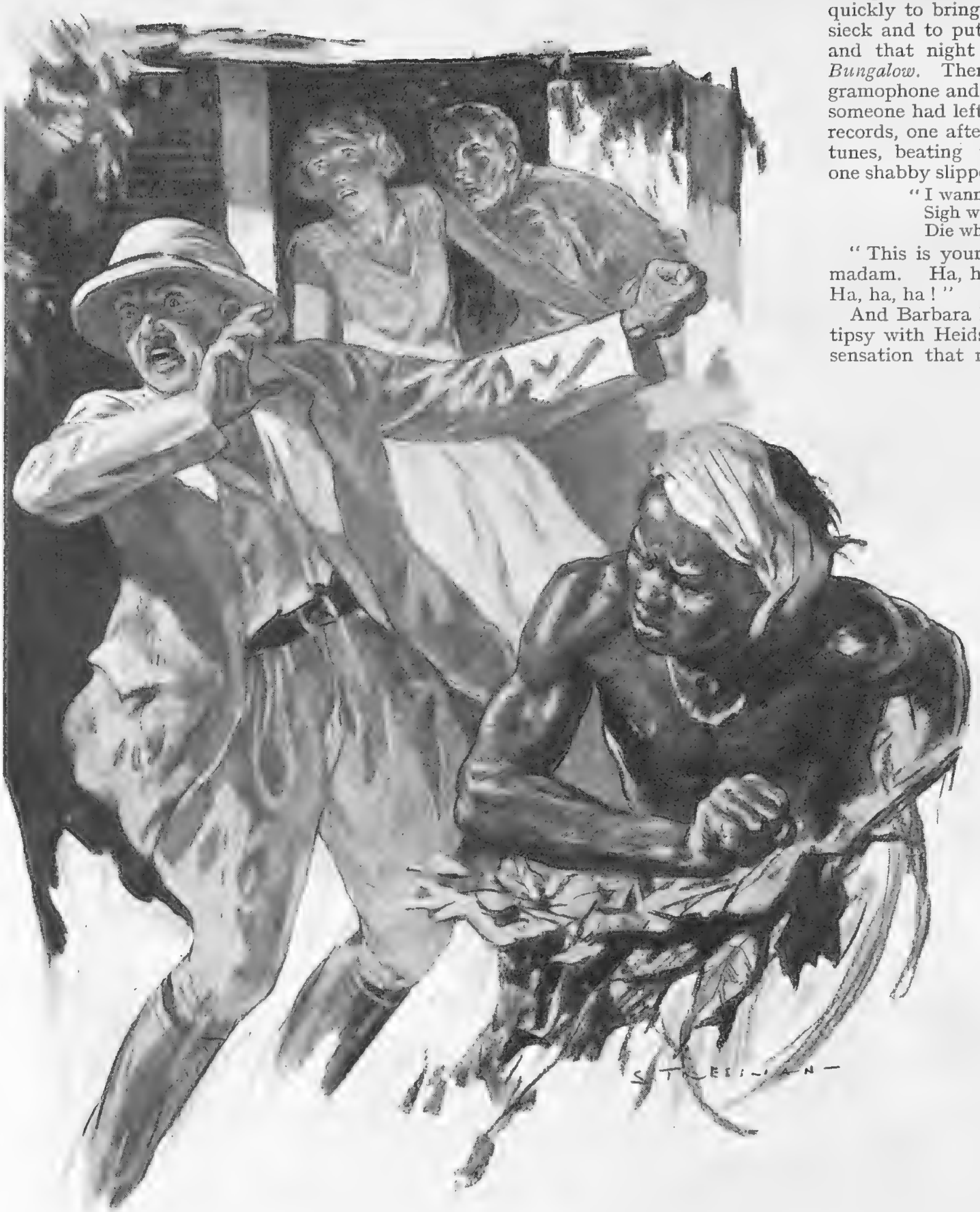
The leopard hated Duclos, and Duclos hated the leopard. Like the jungle, it roused him to a strange, senseless fury. It reminded him of the jungle—wild, cruel, and beautiful—and yet in some curious way it seemed to him also that the leopard was like himself. There they both were, helpless prisoners of ironic circumstance. Duclos came from a small provincial French town; by nature he was a town dweller, fond of cafés, of talk and people. Yet the towns had refused him a living, and for the last twenty years he had been in places like Quai-long, with no prospect of being able to go home permanently for many years to come. Here he was—here they both were, he and the leopard, eating their sick hearts out behind their respective bars.

In some mysterious way the daily rite of baiting the leopard kept Duclos sane. It was as though every jab of his cane against that wrinkled, snarling nose eased some of the savage humour and the loneliness out of him. In this climate, where even the emotions were listless, it was good to see the hate looking at him white hot out of the leopard's eyes; doubly good to give the fierce, unblinking stare back again. "Hey, you brute, take that!" It was like a daily sweat that kept the fever away. Afterwards, smiling and humming a little song, Duclos would stroll back leisurely to drink his *apéritif* and play cards with Brizat. In the shadow of the tamarind tree the leopard's yellow eyes watched him out of sight.

When Maurice Duclos got a few weeks' leave and went down to Saigon, he went with the idea of bringing back a wife. He was a man who needed women. You saw it in his face—a passionate, rather heavy face with a curving scimitar of a nose, sensual lips, and cold grey eyes that were circled with curious brown shadows, like bruises under the lower lid. When he sat on the verandah drinking his morning coffee, naked except for a native *sampot* twisted round his waist, the sweat glistened in the thick dark hair that covered his great chest and arms. But the hair on his head was already grey. He was a man of about forty-five or six, rather distinguished looking in his way. There was something coarse about him, something a little brutal that would appeal to women.

He went to Saigon with the idea of looking about for a wife. The Laotian girls, slim brown creatures with betel blackened teeth, were all right in their way, but he was hungry for the companionship of a woman—a European woman There were only two Frenchwomen in Quai-long, and one, Madame Gerard, was enormously fat and ugly with eternal crescents of perspiration staining the bodices of her dresses, while the other, Madame Le Gros, was sallow and dried up as an old prune. *Merci bien!* Even the Laotian girls were better than that. At least, their bodies were firm and supple, however much they might smell. But, apart from that, it would be good to have someone to go home with when at last the time came to settle down somewhere in France, to have children . . .

MAURICE DUCLOS went to Saigon and came back with a wife. She was not a Frenchwoman. She was a young English girl who had come out to Indo-China as governess to the family of some French people with whom Duclos was acquainted. Her name was Barbara Stanning.



Almost at once she was terribly attracted to Duclos, his looks, his voice, his manner. It was all so strange and fascinating, and this, the East, was strange and fascinating too. She loved the East, she told Duclos, lips parted and eyes shining. (Duclos smiled a shade ironically at that, and looked down at her parted lips.) When she heard that Quai-long was in the jungle, that seemed to her more than ever romantic. The jungle! Were there orchids there? And tigers? Here in Saigon one might be in France, except for the heat. They sold the latest Jean Patou perfume in the shops. Imagine!

She babbled on in her flat, hopelessly "English" French, and Duclos lounged beside her, smiling, his big body relaxed. All sorts of thoughts were twisting and turning in his head. She was young and fresh; the heat would not dry her up as it did most women. She would like to leave Saigon. The screaming Durand brats were beginning, just a little, to drain the colour out of her cheeks and the serenity from her voice. That was part of her charm—her beautiful, stupid, English serenity. And she was sweet. A-ah—his breath came sharply as he looked at her. She was sweet! She had small breasts and long, slim legs, short reddish hair and a short upper lip that was always moist with heat. . . . Suddenly she was in his arms, crushed against his great breast, and his lips were closing savagely on hers.

Old Brizat opened his eyes very wide when Maurice Duclos brought Madame home. But he shuffled off quickly to bring out the last bottle of Heidsieck and to put on a clean pair of trousers, and that night they were quite gay at *le Bungalow.* There was a very old "Victor" gramophone and a pile of ancient records that someone had left there. Brizat put on all the records, one after the other, and whistled the tunes, beating time with a toothpick and one shabby slippered foot.

"I wanna cry when you cry,
Sigh when you sigh,
Die when you die . . ."

"This is your wedding march, you know, madam. Ha, ha, ha! That is good, hein? Ha, ha, ha!"

And Barbara laughed, too, flushed, a little tipsy with Heidsieck and the sweet, tingling sensation that ran through her body every time she felt Duclos' heavy grey eyes upon her. Presently another kind of music floated through the darkness. A group of natives with scented temple flowers behind their ears had strolled up to watch, and were squatting on their brown haunches outside the verandah, twanging some stringed instrument. A new moon was sailing high above the tamarind trees. Duclos' bungalow was full of flowers—great tawny things freckled and lipped with scarlet, spires of clotted purple, creamy water lilies without perfume . . .

As they were leaving *le Bungalow,* Barbara started and shrank against her husband's shoulder.

"What's that? Oh! There it is again! What is it, Maurice?"

"It's only the leopard—you'll see it in the morning. Lie down, you brute!" Duclos shouted.

But she still clung to his arm; its warmth and solidity were reassuring. Suddenly the whole place had seemed unreal, a fantastic dream; Brizat a leering old satyr in the flickering lamplight; the jungle another crouching beast, invisible and menacing in the darkness. When they got home to the bungalow even the flowers seemed menacing. As she looked at them they became alive and writhed towards her, curling human fingers splashed horribly with blood.

SO far as the leopard was concerned, the coming of young Madame Duclos had made very little difference. The daily baiting of the brute went on, although Barbara protested.

"I think it's cruel, Maurice! Why do you do it?"

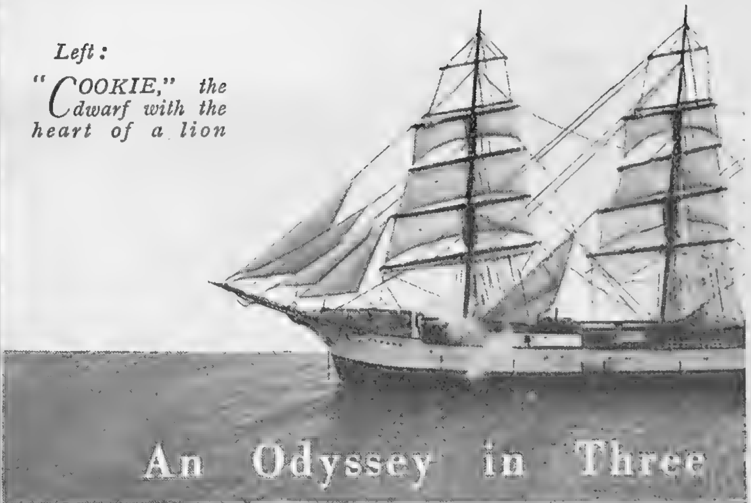
Duclos shouted with laughter.

"He doesn't mind, do you, *mon vieux*? Here, take this and put your wicked teeth into it!" and with the point of his dandified cane he pushed a lump of raw meat into the cage, laughing still more as the leopard tore the mass of bleeding flesh apart with snarls of pleasure.

In time Barbara, too, came to feel that there was something personal about the leopard. When she paused by its cage it took no notice of her. It would continue to lie stretched out, immobile, its great pale eyes staring beyond her, beyond the dusty garden and the flamboyant trees. There was infinite sadness in those eyes and in that coil of steely body, inactive among a cloud of flies. Barbara fancied that there was some bond of sympathy between them, herself and the wild beast. They were both prisoners.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Left:
"COOKIE," the dwarf with the heart of a lion



An Odyssey in Three

"WIND-JAMMING"

"NOBODY would sail on a Cape Horner who could think!"

The speaker was the second mate of my ship. The place—near the Horn, with a sea running like hell broken loose, the blast howling through our rigging, and some of us waiting to kiss ourselves good-night and waiting for the moment when a thousand tons of green water would fall on us to "poop" us.

"Of course, dear Mr. Desmond, you have arranged to go back the same way you came," she warbled. The speaker was a lady in a South African drawing-room who apparently did not agree with our second.

"I suppose you were always exchanging greetings with ships," said another old "windjammer" (*and* I don't refer to a ship).

Well, I never saw ship or land for nearly five months, save for old Devil Horn himself, who is seen only every score of voyages or so. Five months without condenser, refrigerator or wireless. Five months drinking the same water, with never a spot of whiskey to kill the insects, of which there is in these ships sometimes an inch or two in the tanks. Five months of bully beef that bellows at you, and of a soup served in a tin basin that would make Escoffier blush. Five months' hard labour.

If you think of taking a little trip of hell and hurricane round the Horn, and you will have to be quick about it, for there are almost no Cape Horners left, only three things are requisite:

A brass stomach. A head of ice. And a loving wife.

Then there is also the insurance policy and that little indemnity to the owner which your wife has to sign, indemnifying him against and in respect of "personal injury, death, or burial expenses."

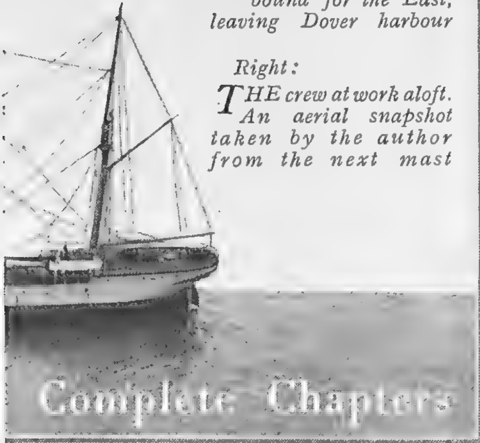
THE author going over the port mizzen futtocks in a gale. This mast is 160 feet high and the yards 90 feet long

A "He-Adventure"

By SHAW

Left:
A WINDJAMMER bound for the East, leaving Dover harbour

Right:
THE crew at work aloft. An aerial snapshot taken by the author from the next mast



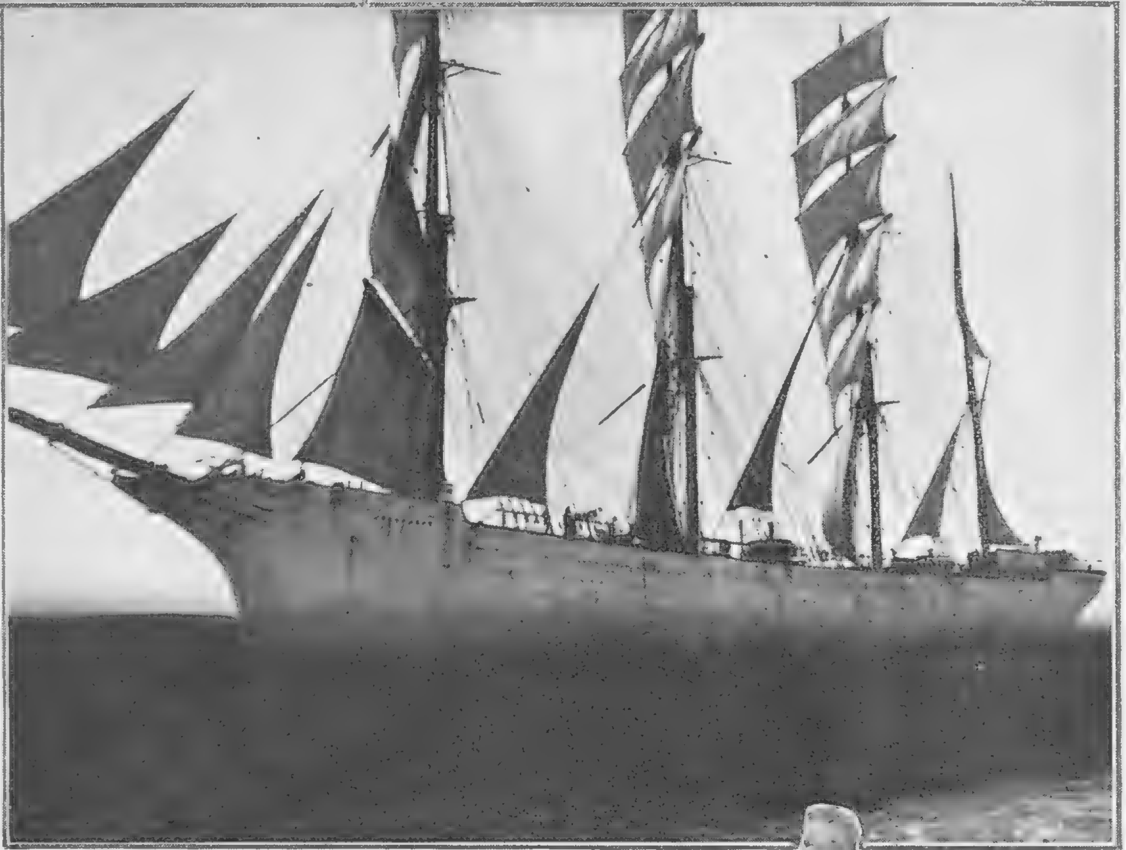
Complete Chapters

THE HORN

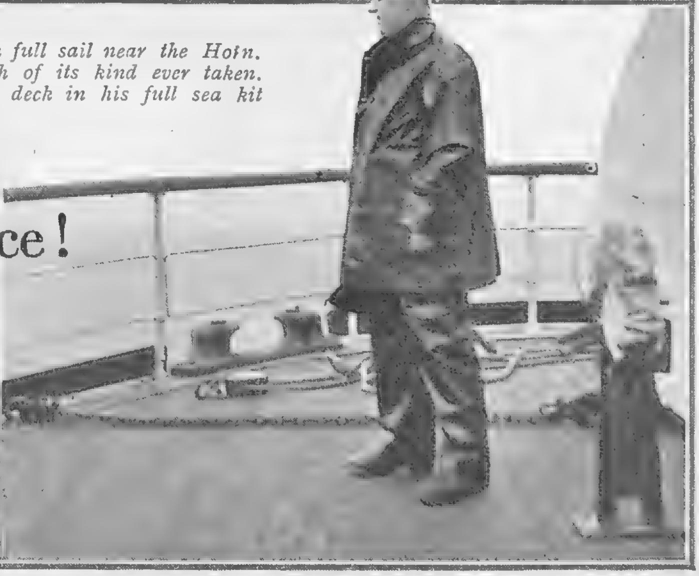
When I told my wife I was going, she just said with the disastrous *insouciance* of the sex: "*When* are you going, darling?" Like Poe's Raven—just that and nothing more.

Even now I don't know what she meant. For the two years I tried to get on a Cape Horner, my very much better "three-quarters" asked that question. I was turned down again and again. I was warned by a German firm, almost the last of the windjammer owners, that the passage to a landsman was impossible.

Then I made a pleasant little discovery to hearten me up. That some years ago two passengers had been taken on one of these ships, one of whom had died from heart-failure from fright in the seas around the Horn, and the other, preferring the seas overside to the life inside his Cape Horner, and

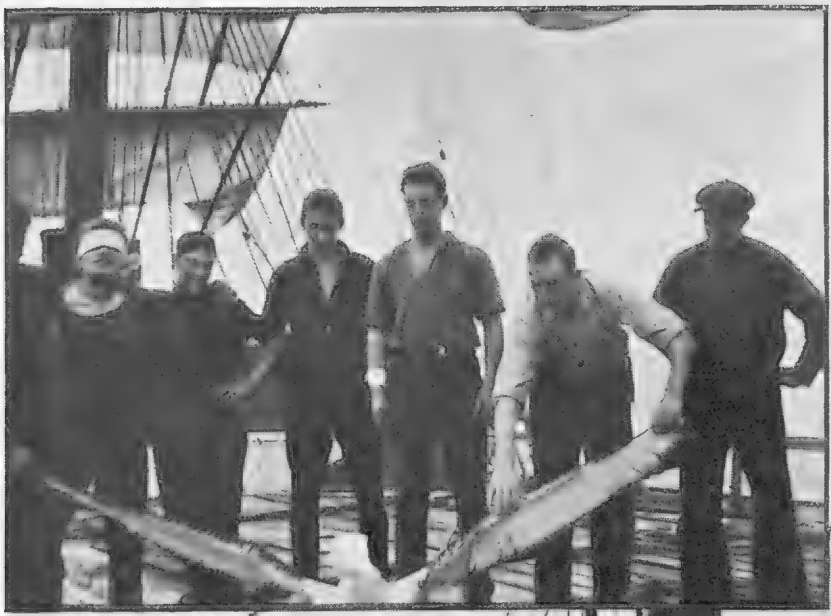


THE author's windjammer in full sail near the Horn. Probably the only photograph of its kind ever taken. Below: Shaw Desmond on deck in his full sea kit



Man" goes in search of and finds it—with a vengeance!

DESMOND: Part One



A GIANT Albatross caught by the author. Three of these huge birds were caught during the voyage. Note the man blinded from sun

Above:

AN aerial snap, taken by the author from adjoining mast, of the upper rigging

Right:

OUT over the sea. A snapshot of the author standing on the jibboom foot-ropes

Below:

THE pets of the ship. Peter and Paul, the ship's kittens

going comfortably mad, had jumped out of the ship and out of life. A first mate I heard had also done the same. Seems to be a sort of habit on these argosies of ease.

"Ship - madness" they call it, coming from loneliness and malnutrition through bad food.

Personally, my advice to those of my readers who lust to go round the Horn, is that of *Punch* to those about to marry—"DON'T!"

THERE are many ways of looking at the Horn.

There is the way of modern youth. It *doesn't!*

Take, for instance, my young friend Adolphus, known as "Snooky," at a little "farewell dinner" before I sailed. Snooky, who had just returned from a Monte Carlo "rip" ("rip's" the very latest thing in "tears" to rhyme with "tares"), just says: "Wouldn't do it for five thousand pounds, old Never Was." He shudders slightly in his belt corset.

MY God! Look at 'em. Look at 'em, my God! Moss-chested, shell-backed hearts of oak? Not on your life.

I am going aboard my ship, fighting with a pair of seven league seaboots, two suits of oilskins, a portable typewriter, and about 25 lb. of peppermints and chocolates. I am gazing awe-struck upon my shipmates to be.

Romantic long-haired poets. Fair-haired, blue-eyed boys. Mother's accidental hopes.

And each of them, bless their little hearts! with a ten-inch knife stuck in his belt, a fag drooping negligent between his Cupid's bow, an Adolphe Menjou smile, and hell in the eye.

What they might have in their hearts, this deponent, not then knowing, sayeth not—but there was no doubt about that *hell.* One of them with that schoolgirl complexion, luxuriates in auburn locks to the shoulders and what appears to be a permanent wave. And how often have I not longed for a "permanent" wave on my Cape Horner when she was dancing a hornpipe on her tail!

I have been told to bring the mints and chocs. to appease what I understand is the unappeasable—that is, the Hornsman's appetite for sweeties. Oh shades of Drake!

That mother's darling with the

Above:

A NEARLY extinct art . . . sailmaking. This shellback is perhaps as fine a needleman as ever drove steel through topsail

Left:

"BEAUTY BOY," the youngest member of the crew, at the wheel

Below:

FIGHTING the hurricane. Taking in the topgallants. The men's feet are in the air as they claw down at the sail

auburn locks I am one day to see, stripped to the waist, with dynamite locked under each bunch of shoulder muscles, literally "explode" a harpoon into a "springer"—a giant fish with a flesh like beef, much beloved of sailormen fed up on fungoid potatoes and pork.

The genuine shellback by his side on the deckhouse is the last of the sailmakers. He is perhaps as fine a needleman as ever drove steel through topsail, and he is one day to show me how to drive steel through flesh, when he demonstrates the deadly Finnish belly-thrust with the knife.

He always looks as if he were the leader of a Dorcas meeting; seems about to burst into psalms or prayer on any provocation; and, when he runs wild ashore, is quite capable of making things interesting for anything up to half a town. But you can't help loving him.

"Finland's saviours," as my Finnish friends call their ten-inch ticklers, against the attentions of which I have been taking lessons at my *jiu-jutsu* school for the previous three months, are apt to relieve the monotony of shipboard. Only a day or two after I get into Durban, after my voyage, I read of how one active gent on one of these ships some time ago disposed of half a dozen other slightly more immobile friends.

But my captain tells me our little lot are specially quiet, God bless them! (Well, *you* know what I mean.)

Now take "Shirty" Sam over there, crouching away from the others near the fo'c'sle break. He is one of the oldest men aboard, and he is called that for two reasons (I make free translation of his Finnish designation): first, neither I nor anyone else ever saw him with all his shirt completely enclosed within his nethers; and secondly, he can boil over on any or no provocation.

He is a black magician, like so many of his countrymen; believes in hobgoblins and demons; and keeps his own private particular Jehovah-juju locked up within the little black book which he studies at midnight. He is the terror of the younger poets, and even that reckless dare-devil "Eric—or Little by Little," as I call him, who has helped me with my kit and wants to know if I have any razor-blades, tooth paste, or soap I don't want, trembles in his trousers when "Shirty" gets after him.

Eric, I might say, came aboard with only a pair of manilla bags on his legs and a small polo waistcoat to cover his sinewy young body. That, and nothing more. He gravely hands me his visiting card! And he is the world's Perfect Beggar.

Amongst the other trifles we have with us are a champion Græco - Roman wrestler, who one day is to make my ribs crack; a young gentleman from a Finnish university, who looks as if

(*Contd. on p.* 84)

THE author indulges in a spell of sweet idleness

A Story—and more—about

Elizabeth Pepys—Wife of Samuel

SHE was only a poor little orphan girl—but she had a will of her own

By Elizabeth Chabot Forrest

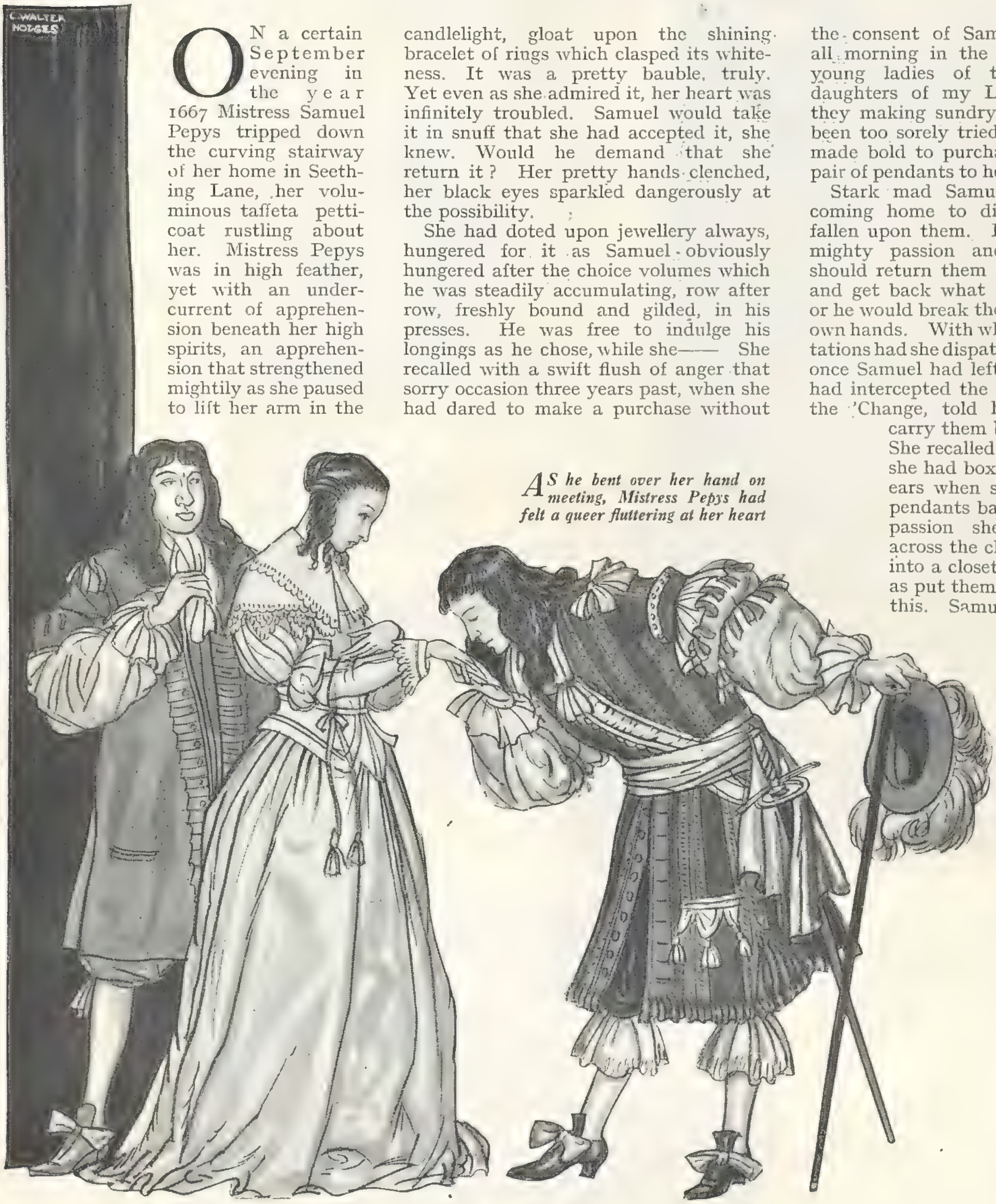
Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges

ON a certain September evening in the year 1667 Mistress Samuel Pepys tripped down the curving stairway of her home in Seething Lane, her voluminous taffeta petticoat rustling about her. Mistress Pepys was in high feather, yet with an undercurrent of apprehension beneath her high spirits, an apprehension that strengthened mightily as she paused to lift her arm in the candlelight, gloat upon the shining bracelet of rings which clasped its whiteness. It was a pretty bauble, truly. Yet even as she admired it, her heart was infinitely troubled. Samuel would take it in snuff that she had accepted it, she knew. Would he demand that she return it? Her pretty hands clenched, her black eyes sparkled dangerously at the possibility.

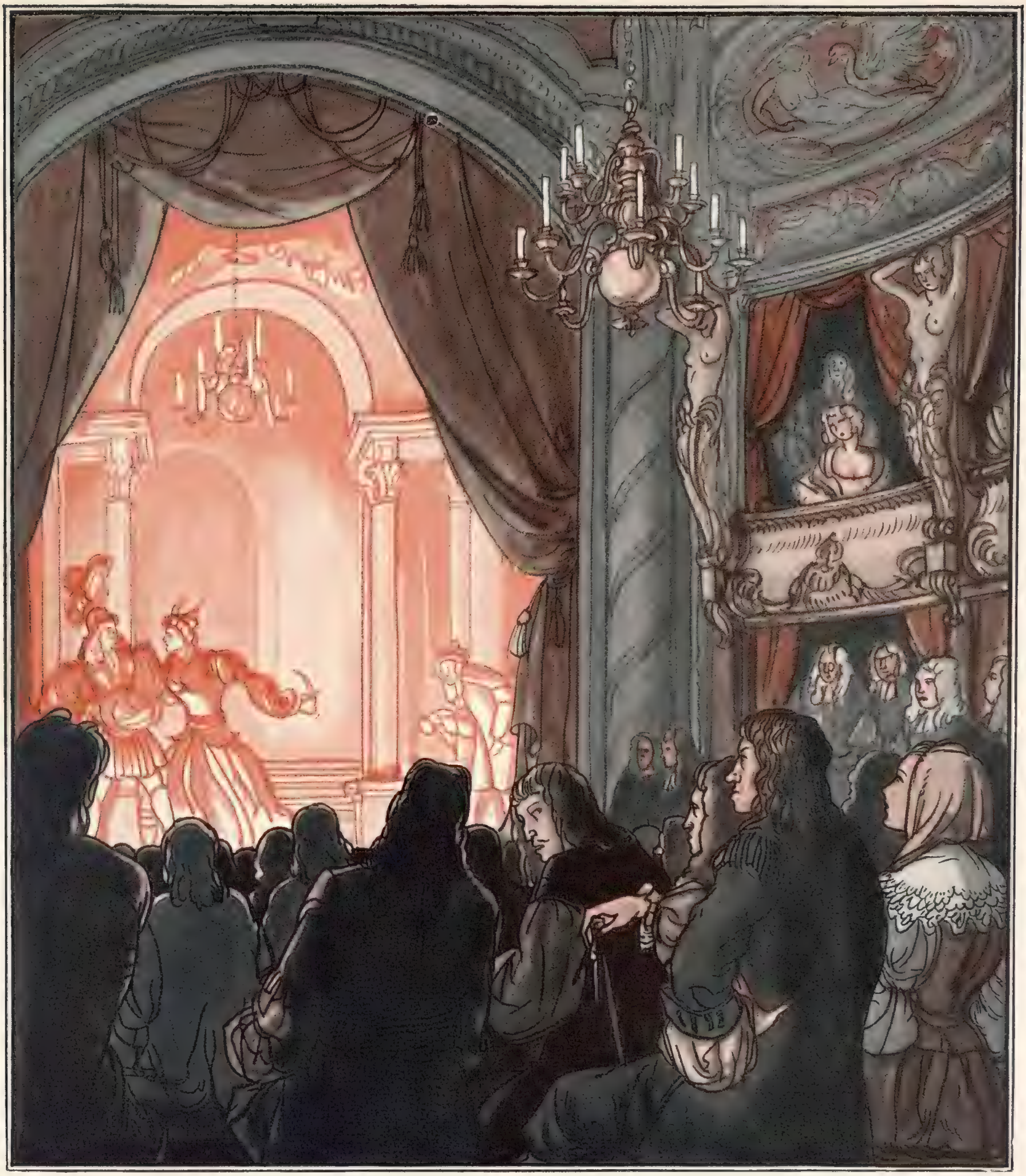
She had doted upon jewellery always, hungered for it as Samuel obviously hungered after the choice volumes which he was steadily accumulating, row after row, freshly bound and gilded, in his presses. He was free to indulge his longings as he chose, while she—— She recalled with a swift flush of anger that sorry occasion three years past, when she had dared to make a purchase without the consent of Samuel. Being abroad all morning in the Exchange with the young ladies of the Wardrobe, the daughters of my Lord Sandwich, and they making sundry purchases, she had been too sorely tried, and had at length made bold to purchase a mighty pretty pair of pendants to her ears.

Stark mad Samuel had gone when, coming home to dinner, his eyes had fallen upon them. He had flown into a mighty passion and vowed that she should return them at once to the shop and get back what she could for them, or he would break them to pieces with his own hands. With what tears and lamentations had she dispatched Bess with them, once Samuel had left the house. But he had intercepted the maid on her way to the 'Change, told her that she might carry them back to her mistress. She recalled the fury with which she had boxed the poor wretch's ears when she had brought the pendants back to her, in what a passion she had flung them across the chamber, thrust them into a closet, and never so much as put them on from that day to this. Samuel might triumph over her, that she could not prevent, but he should never see her wear the symbols of his triumph.

The outcome of the fiery scenes following this episode, Elizabeth mused with a complacent smile, had been the necklace which Samuel had given her leave to choose for herself, the lovely triple strands of pearls upon which he had brought himself to lay out £80. But that was five years ago. Months of pleading and railing had won him to the purchase of a watch such as



AS he bent over her hand on meeting, Mistress Pepys had felt a queer fluttering at her heart



my Lady Batten and all the other ladies of her acquaintance carried. True, it had been a mighty fine one which he had at last ordered to be made for her, one upon which he had laid out £12, and which had elicited many admiring exclamations from their friends, remarks which Samuel had accepted with visible pride. But its jewelled and enamelled beauty had been almost spoiled for her by the months of nagging to which she had been forced to resort in order to secure it. And she had had few new jewels since. What wonder that she had exclaimed so delightedly over the many lovely baubles the Exchange had displayed to-day as she and Margaret Penn loitered at their shopping!

THERE was the night at the Duke's Playhouse that W. Hewer and Talbot had been overheard to remark that Mistress Pepys was a far greater beauty than either of the King's mistresses . . . sitting before them in the boxes

It was quite by chance that Henry Sheres had joined them there, she told herself stoutly. True, she had casually let fall in his hearing upon the previous day, that she was going to the 'Change upon the morrow to assist Margaret Penn in the selecting of a new suit of lute-string. But it had been with well-simulated surprise, a genuine flush of pleasure, that she had found him suddenly at her side as she had stood fondling a tray of lovely ornaments. And when he had insisted upon purchasing "a trifling ornament for arms the perfection and milky whiteness of which put all ornaments to shame," as he had fondly whispered, she had not found the heart to refuse him.

Now that she had the bracelet, she was resolved to wear it. She knew a thing or two concerning Samuel and his Mistress Knipp of the King's playhouse that would stumble Samuel if he proved too difficult. Yet, as she moved on slowly down the polished stairway, the buckles of her tiny satin slippers flashing in the reflected candlelight of the great glass chandelier in the broad hallway, her heart was full of misgivings. It was not, this time, just a matter of brazening it out with Samuel, regardless of wrenched nose or wrist or blackened eye. She wanted to make sure that H. Sheres did not fall foul of her husband's ready jealousy.

She recalled, despondently, Samuel's smouldering anger, his sullen humour upon the previous evening, at the handsome dinner she had prepared against the coming of Mr. Sheres. True, as he had pointed out later, the fine venison pasty, brace of capons, and cheese tart would have been sufficient without the lark pie. And, as he had irately told her that night, after retiring, she frequently thought a leg of mutton sufficient for *his* dinner. Perhaps, as he had insisted, it did put a slight upon him to have such a handsome dinner prepared for one who was nothing to them. But was he, after all, nothing to them? That thought gave her pause.

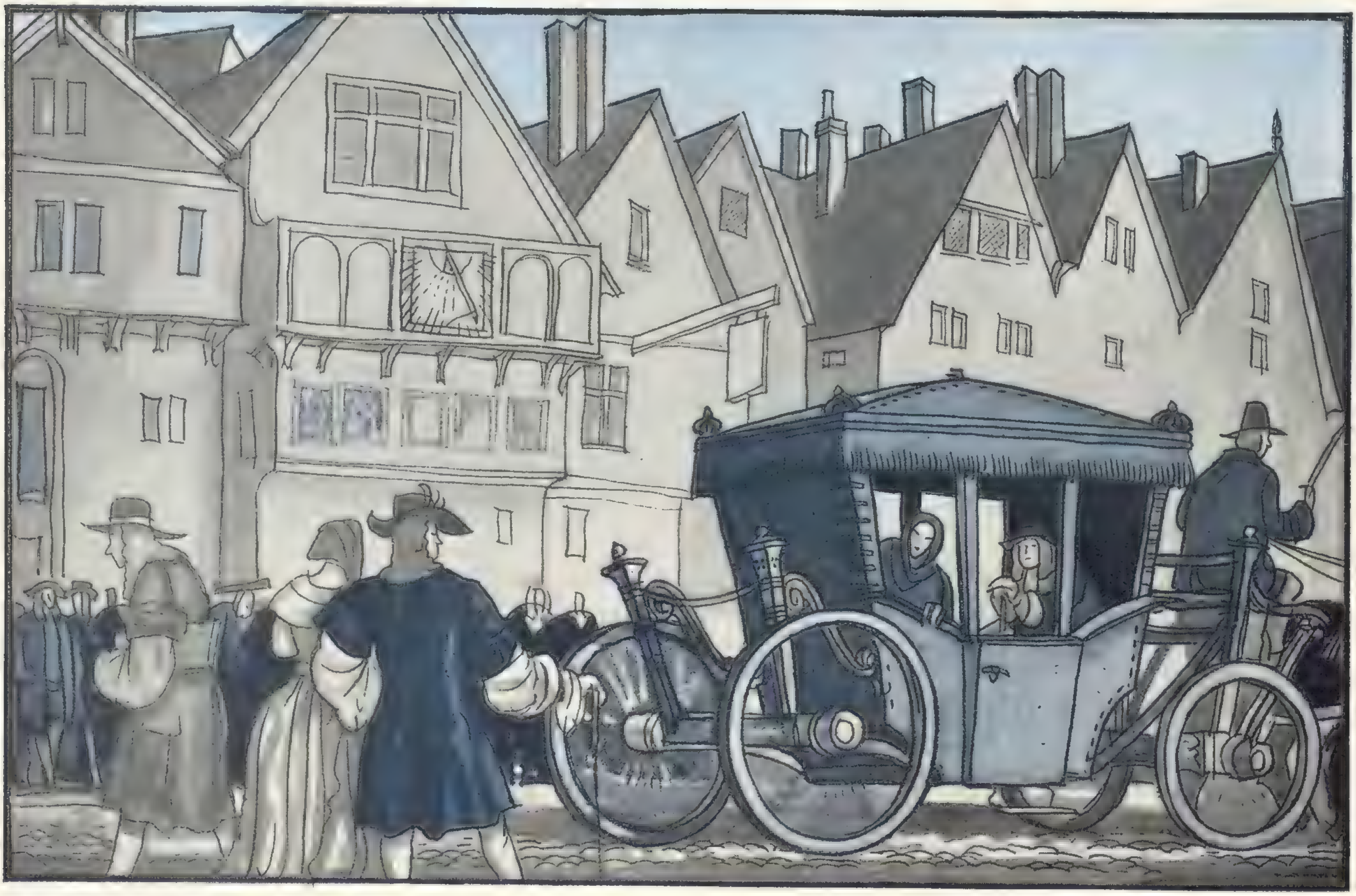
HER mind ran lightly over the days before Henry Sheres's coming—dull days for the most part, driving in Hyde Park with Samuel, boating of an evening on the Thames, taking their supper with them and singing on the water, playing at gleek or lou with friends at home, or having the fiddlers in for a few hours of dancing, a good enough life in its way, truly a very admirable one when contrasted with those first early days in their one room at my Lord's, where she had been forced to wash Samuel's foul clothes with her own hands and prepare their meals herself upon a charcoal fire. But her life had lacked something, something that she caught glimpses of on every hand, in the theatre, in the park, upon the water, something which had come into her life with the arrival of Henry Sheres.

Only two days since she had laid eyes upon him for the first time. He was but newly come out of Spain and had presented himself to them, bearing an express from my Lord, of whose suite he had been a member. And as he had bent low above Elizabeth's hand on meeting, had straightened to look her squarely in the eyes, his own clear blue eyes openly admiring, Elizabeth Pepys had felt a queer fluttering at her heart. A worthy member of my Lord's suite, she had decided, her eyes sweeping his handsome erect figure from the soft curls hanging to his shoulders to the silver buckles of his varnished shoes, a figure handsomely set off by his fine black velvet suit laced in silver, the blue silk hose that clad his shapely legs. It was that one deep look of his, a few courteous words of greeting, that had emboldened her to venture Samuel's wrath in the matter of the handsome dinner upon the succeeding evening.

There had been little romance in her life since her marriage at fifteen, just out of a French convent, to Samuel Pepys. There had been a few brief episodes, 'tis true. But what with Samuel's suspicious and inflammable nature, his violent tempers and furious jealousy, these episodes had been very brief and very fiery indeed. Up to this time most of the romance in her life had been of a vicarious nature, supplied by the tales of Mlle de Scudéry. Yet Samuel had begrudged her even that.

SHE recalled the evening in the coach when he had summarily checked her before Mrs. Pierce as she was in the midst of recounting a long tale out of *Grand Cyrus*. How furious she had been at the insulting rebuke! Coax as they might, she had stubbornly refused to open her mouth again all the way home from Islington to Mrs. Pierce's door. *Mrs. Pierce*. How she loathed the woman! She was well content that Samuel had turned against her now that she had taken to painting her face, declared that he hated her with the red paint upon her cheeks. Yet Knipp, painted as she was, set him all of a-twitter. Strange the vagaries of men. Both Knipp and Mrs. Pierce wore their hair whitened. But the first time that he came home and found hers so, into what a passion he had flown! One by one she had won concessions, not without much weeping and many hot and violent scenes. But the end had justified the means.

There was the night at the Duke's playhouse that W. Hewer and Talbot, sitting just before them, had been overheard to remark that Mistress Pepys was a far greater beauty than either of the king's mistresses, and that with both Mrs. Stewart and my Lady Castlemaine sitting there before them in the boxes, challenging comparison. She had not been blind, though she had seemed so, to the way her husband turned to stare at her in surprise, to gaze at the king's ladies and back again to her, then settled back in his seat, swelling a little with visible pride. It had taken such remarks



Let their enemies envy and criticise their rich attire and their as this, added to the courtesies of my Lord Sandwich, the Duke's prodigious stares, the gallantries of Captain Holmes, to make him appreciate the beauty of which she herself had always been fully cognizant.

She moved on to the kitchen to have an eye to the preparations for dinner, a good hog's harslet, a dish of which Samuel was mighty fond. She hoped that it would put him in a good humour before he spied her bracelet. He was always peevish until he had dined, she mused with a resigned sigh. In the kitchen she gave a final word of direction to the new cook-maid. Somehow there was always a new cook-maid, she pondered, turning back to the dining-room—a succession of them as, during the past years, there had been of maids and personal companions for herself.

Ashwell, Mercer, Willett, Jane. One after another Samuel had discovered admirable qualities in them which endeared them too much to the heart of their master for the liking of their mistress. Her anger started even now, recalling how from the very first day he had begun to teach Ashwell to sing and play the triangle; how solicitous he had been of Willett at the table, neglecting his own wife to cut for the newcomer; how night after night he had sung to Mercer's playing or played to Mercer's dancing; how Willett had had the boldness to sit cheek by jowl with him at the theatre. A long and bitter struggle she had had to win her husband's consent to her keeping of a woman, and now she could not keep one.

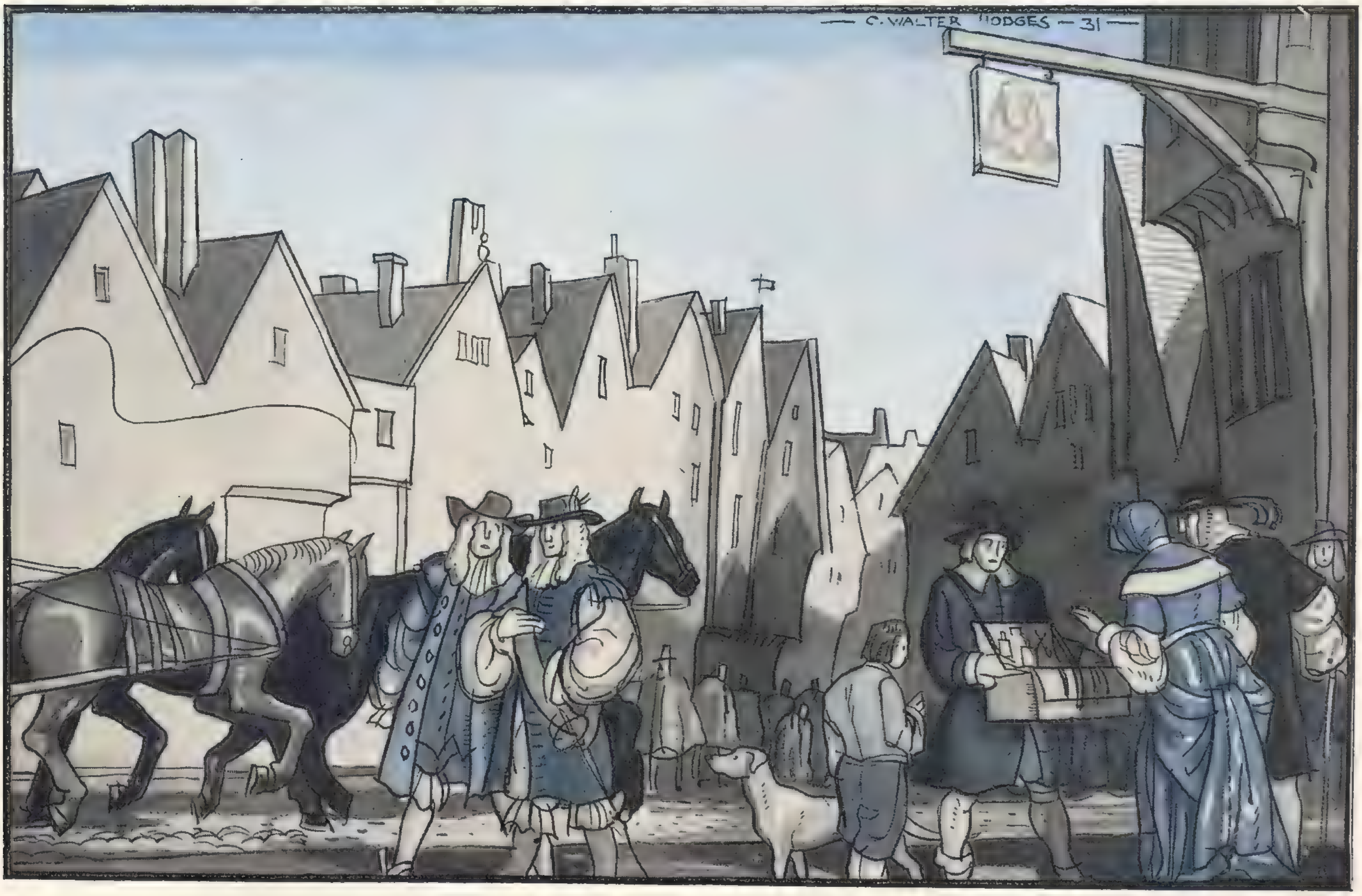
But though she could lay the frequent change of maids to Samuel, she could not hold him to blame for the succession of cook-maids. In choosing these, she always took care to choose mighty ugly ones, and he seldom interfered in the kitchen, only when some dish was not properly prepared, carboned, or underdone, when the drunkenness of some maid put him in fear of fire, or the dirt and disorder of the kitchen roused his anger. No, the new cook-maid continually occupying their kitchen was due, she knew, to her own outbursts of temper. She was too apt to strike out when angered by some impudent retort, real or fancied.

HER thoughts went back to the time that she had beaten the little girl Susan, until her cries roused the whole neighbourhood, then had shut her down a cellar for the night, where her wails and sobs had given them a sleepless night of it. But that she had done at Samuel's orders. And all because Will from the office had been loitering at the house when Susan should have been washing. Back of that episode, Elizabeth knew, lay her husband's jealousy of Will and herself which he dared vent in no other way. He was too dependent upon the services of Will Hewer at the Office, at home, and abroad, to let a fit of jealousy drive him into an open breach with his clerk, and so was driven to vent his spleen in other channels.

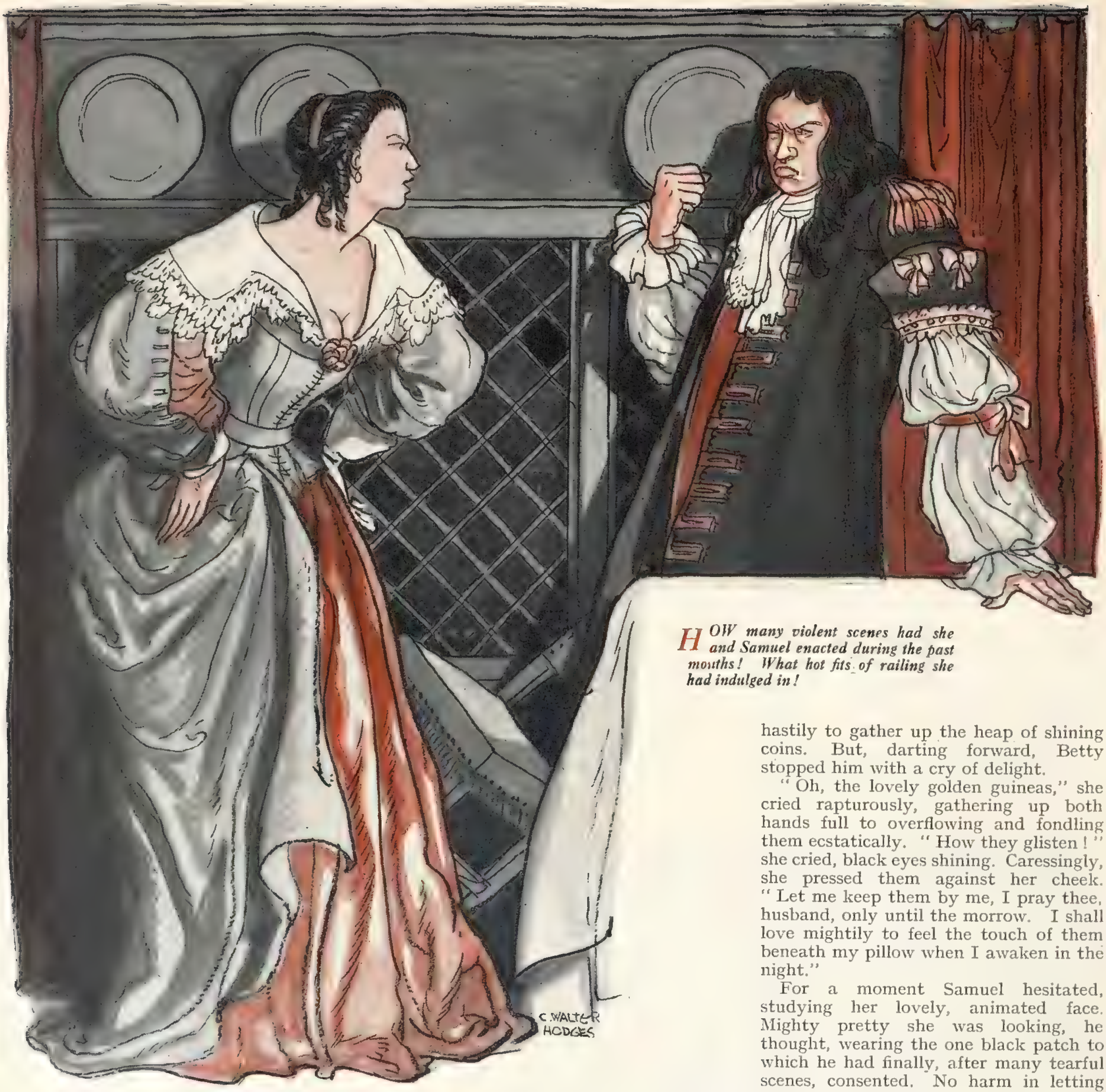
But, because Samuel was the master, the servants took things from him that they would not endure from her. More than once he had taken his salt eel and beaten the boy until his arm was lame for days after, and once in boxing the boy's ears had sprained his thumb so severely that he could not use it for a week. And yet the boy apparently felt no resentment afterwards. And there was the time he had kicked Luce in the entryway because he had found the hatch and door open upon his return home, and had aimed a violent blow at her which she had nimbly dodged! How vexed to the heart he had been because Sir William Penn's footboy, appearing in the doorway at that moment, had seen the act and would report it, Samuel knew, to his master. Yet Luce had not quit their service on that account. But let Elizabeth herself knock a cook-maid down but once and she gave notice on the spot. Musing on the perversities of human nature in general and cook-maids in particular, she moved about the dining-room, contemplating with pride its new green serge hangings and gilt leather, its handsome plate, the fine pictures on the wall.

Before Savill's portrait of herself she paused to smile approval. It was exceedingly well done, and her little black dog on her lap looked as though about to bark at her. Though it was now six years since the day of the final sitting, she recollected it clearly—how she had held the little dog upon her lap to have his picture drawn, how Samuel had stood beside her to give the painter some last instructions, their excessive merriment and pride that their condition was now such that they could afford to have their pictures made.

As she stood there the street door opened and Samuel bustled in, looking extraordinarily fine, thought his wife, in the coat with the gold lace all along the seams which had laced her wedding petticoat. She started forward to greet him, but even as he was in the act of removing his handsome new beaver hat, there came a rap at the door behind



handsome coach, resplendent in its new coat of varnish



HOW many violent scenes had she and Samuel enacted during the past months! What hot fits of railing she had indulged in!

him. Someone had evidently been following at his very heels.

Moved by an impulse of curiosity, Mistress Pepys shrank back out of sight, watching avidly while her husband opened the door to admit a boy with a missive in his hand. Some fond message from his dear Knipp or Mrs. Pierce, she thought fiercely. She would not stomach such effrontery longer, she decided hotly, and moved quietly to a better point of advantage, watching keenly as Samuel took a packet from the messenger, slipped a coin into his hand, and closed the door behind him. He turned, then, to glance swiftly about him, something secret and surreptitious in his manner that held the watcher hidden motionless in her corner from whence every look and gesture of her husband were clearly portrayed in the great hall mirror before which he stood.

Then she saw a curious sight. Her husband weighed the missive appraisingly in his hand. Then he tore it open and, turning his back to the little carven and inlaid table before which he stood, reached behind him and poured a shower of clinking golden crowns out upon the table's top. Still without so much as glancing behind him he now lifted the envelope, peered carefully within, drew forth a single sheet of paper and scanned it briefly.

"Ah, Mr. Bland writes to thank me for my kind service in his business of the Tangier Merchant," he murmured aloud. "He sends no other enclosure so far as I observe," he added, peering once more searchingly into the now empty container.

The watcher could not suppress a smile of maternal tolerance. Samuel salving his conscience again, she mused, as for many years in many ways she had seen and heard him do. However, so that he obtained the guineas, it mattered not to her how he came by them. And with much rustling she bustled forward as though just entering from the kitchen. At her appearance, her husband started guiltily, and began hastily to gather up the heap of shining coins. But, darting forward, Betty stopped him with a cry of delight.

"Oh, the lovely golden guineas," she cried rapturously, gathering up both hands full to overflowing and fondling them ecstatically. "How they glisten!" she cried, black eyes shining. Caressingly, she pressed them against her cheek. "Let me keep them by me, I pray thee, husband, only until the morrow. I shall love mightily to feel the touch of them beneath my pillow when I awaken in the night."

For a moment Samuel hesitated, studying her lovely, animated face. Mighty pretty she was looking, he thought, wearing the one black patch to which he had finally, after many tearful scenes, consented. No harm in letting the poor wretch keep the coins by her through the night, he mused, since obviously she meant no harm—was moved by a simple love of them. But instantly his better judgment interposed. He shook his head. "It is best not," he told her firmly but kindly, and put out his hand for them. And, as he did so, his eyes fell upon the sparkling bracelet on her arm. His countenance changed abruptly, hardened.

"Wench, how came you by that?" he demanded harshly, roughly grasping her wrist and jerking the object close for inspection. "You have been flinging away my substance again——"

"No, it was a gift," she interrupted quickly, controlling with a prodigious effort the wrath which flared up at his tone and manner.

"A gift! Ah, and may I inquire from whom? Hath Pendleton, the dancing master, given it you, or mayhap Mr. Somerset, out of France, with his fine feathered footman, Will Hewer perchance, or your companion of the coach, Mr. Coleman, or is it some more recent admirer?" he sneered, furiously.

"No admirer," she denied coolly, "naught but a grateful guest. As Margaret Penn and I were hovering over some jewels at the 'Change to-day, who should come upon us but our late guest, Mr. Sheres. And nothing would do but that he must purchase some trifle in appreciation of your kindness to him and of the best dinner of which he has partaken since his coming out of Spain, as he declared to me." What he had also declared concerning his charming hostess, Mistress Pepys wisely kept to herself.

The angry red receded from her husband's countenance and he dropped her wrist. "He makes very bold, methinks, upon such brief acquaintance," he grumbled. "I am of half a mind to make you return the gift to him."

"As you wish," murmured Elizabeth with affected indifference—and held her breath, awaiting his final verdict.

"Let it pass," he decided reluctantly. "'Tis no great matter, if he has not some further design abrewing. But, mark you," he ordered sharply, fixing suspicious eyes upon her, "see that this sudden acquaintance comes to nothing further."

"To one who hath an evil mind, the most trifling events point to dark designs," his wife flung back tartly.

"Silence!" thundered Samuel with the righteous indignation of those who are flicked by the lash of truth, and was turning away when fresh cause for censure caught his eye. "Why are you in such a pickle?" he demanded irately, scanning with a jaundiced eye her costume, a blue silk petticoat uppermost and a white waistcoat. "You shame me, appearing in that silly gown."

"My black taffeta is at Unthanke's, being new laced," she informed him acidly. "Had I more than one suitable gown I would not be forced to appear in this. Moreover, I have nothing but taffeta, while all the world, at this season, wears moire."

"You break my brains with your incessant prattle of more gowns," cried Samuel hotly. "I have laid out more of late upon your wardrobe than ever I thought to have done."

"Were you to lay out upon my gowns but a trifle of what you lay out upon your books you might have just cause for complaint," she retorted. "'Twas but yesterday that you brought home that book of verse, *Hudibras*, from the Temple——"

"And sold it to-day to Mr. Townsend for the same price I paid for it, finding it but a silly thing after all, despite all the praise I hear of it."

For a moment she was nonplussed, then: "And again to-night you bring home another," she exclaimed triumphantly, spying the handsomely bound volume which lay upon the table beside him.

"Nay, 'tis for your closet," he protested, holding it out to her. "Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' I purchased at St. Paul's Churchyard for you, to add to the French volumes I brought you on Monday last."

"I should have been better pleased with a new hanker and pinner or a fresh friske," pouted Elizabeth.

"You impudent jade," shouted Samuel angrily. "Meseems you show a mighty proud spirit of late for one so recently little better than a beggar."

"Again you taunt me with the dowerless condition in which I came to you. Hardly a month passes that you do not make occasion to fling it in my teeth. Am I to blame that you would have a dowerless bride, that my poor father had been persecuted out of France for his religion, leaving him penniless? Better blood flows in my veins than you shall ever find in yours."

"Silence!" Samuel roared again, advancing threateningly upon her. "That I will not endure, that you cast aspersions upon my father and his honourable trade. I cannot stomach it, that you talk so, when your father lives in so ill-looking a place there in Long Acre, among the brothels, that I am put to shame at seeing you go thither, in such a hovel, that I must needs set you down at a distance, since you will not have me see it."

"More shame to you," she flung back, "that you will suffer my father to dwell in such distress without attempting to relieve it. Your brother Tom must be provided for and a suitable marriage arranged for him; I must needs endure your sister, Pal, under the same roof and bestir myself to see her settled handsomely; I must pay my duty to your father for a month at least each year at Brampton. But for my own flesh and blood I must do nothing."

"If your father were not so easily gulled——" began Samuel uncomfortably, wondering how he had been so imprudent as to allow the argument to take this tack.

"He does his best," Elizabeth interrupted. "That last venture, his patent for the curing of smoky chimneys, promised well."

"Not to me," Samuel protested.

"You might have helped him to success with it," his wife accused. "Had you taken half the interest in his venture that you do in every pretty face——"

"Nay, spouse," he protested, "it ill becomes you to rail because I have a weakness for a pretty face. What, but that, secured you the title you now bear?"

"If 'tis the title Mistress Pepys you mean, the title is but a hollow mockery. For of what, pray, am I mistress? Of your affections? Every comely wench in town or country may share them if she but so much as smile upon you. Am I, then, mistress of your fortune? Not so much as a paltry shilling may I lay out without you are complaisant. Nay, I am not even mistress of myself—the choosing of my gloves and laces, the hangings of my closet, the very gown in which I shall attire myself you must direct and order. Mistress Pepys! A sorry title indeed. In very truth, I was mistress of more as the daughter of a doting though penniless parent than as the wife of a distinguished member of the Navy Board."

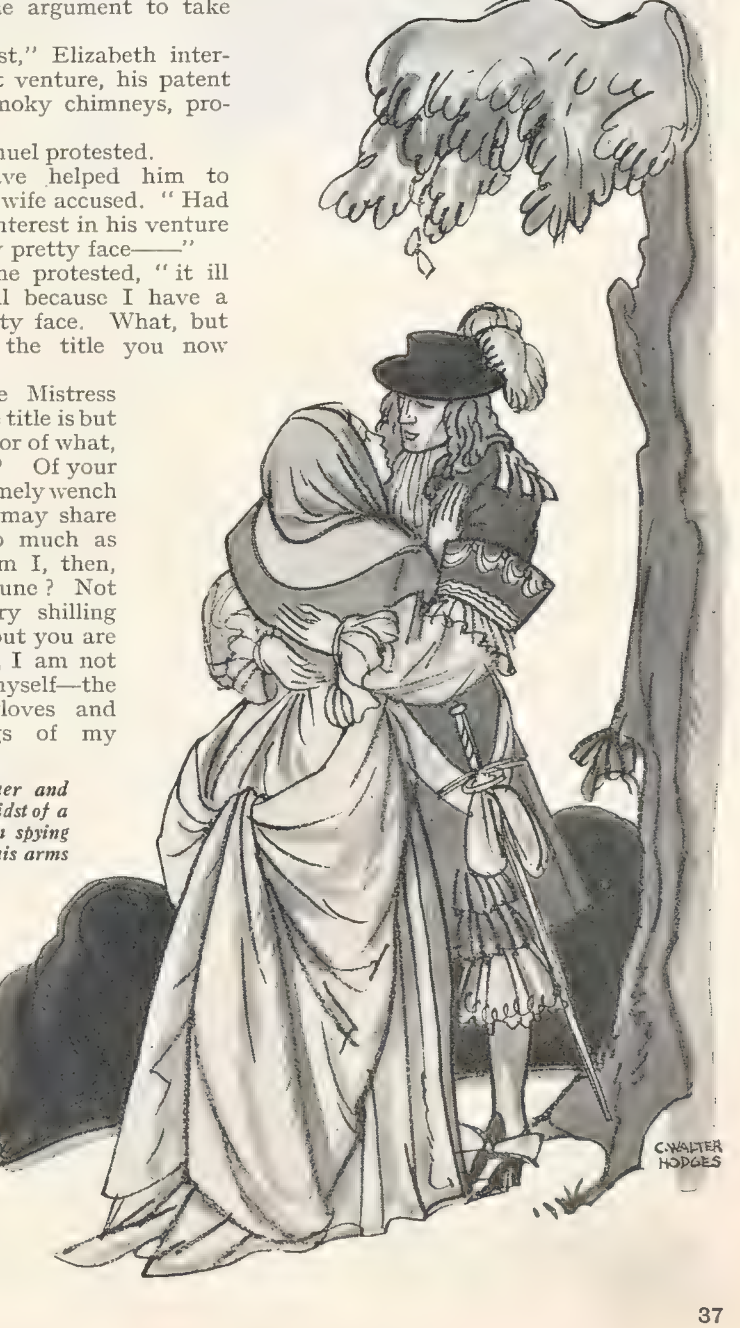
"Poor wretch, there is much truth in what she says," Pepys admitted to himself, but aloud he abruptly changed the subject. "I am much offended at a proud trick my man, Will, hath got, to keep his hat on in the house," he told his wife. "I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness."

"I, too, have been much vexed to-day by having my people grumble at eating Suffolk cheese," Elizabeth responded quickly, welcoming an excuse to drop the argument and come off in good form. "Servants are become so high and mighty there is no living with them."

"The bold culls, the impudent hussies," Samuel agreed hotly. "What are we coming to, what with their grumbling at good food and running off, as did our last girl, just after being cleansed of lice and good new clothes put on her back."

"Let us pass to pleasanter matters," suggested Mistress Pepys. "There is a good hog's harslet now ready, awaiting our disposal." And together they moved, most amicably,

(*Continued on page 94*)



A FEW steps further and they were in the midst of a thicket, concealed from spying eyes, and she was in his arms

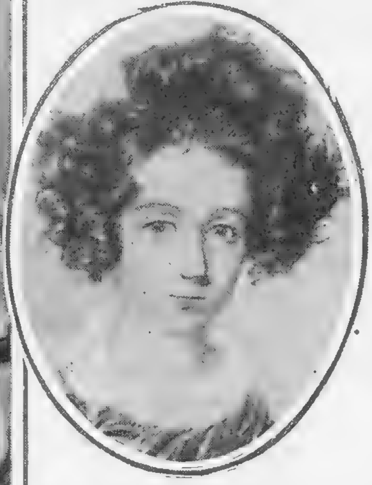
Runaway Wife—Novelist—

George Sand

The *First* Exponent of Women's *Freedom* was *none* the less *a* Slave *to* Love

By William Leon Smyser

A PORTRAIT of George Sand reproduced from a photograph taken during the latter part of her life



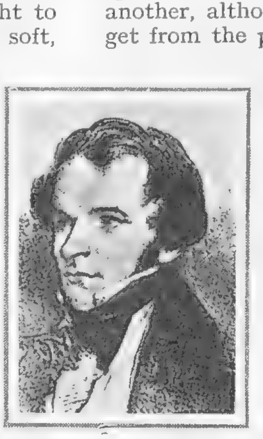
GEORGE SAND at the time of her marriage. Reproduced from the water-colour drawing by Blaize

IN the year 1831, the Baroness Aurore Dupin Dudevant left her husband. While arranging his desk she had opened, with excusable curiosity, a paper marked "Not to be read until after my death," and she had found it crammed with abuse, a veritable testament of injuries. The written word had always had a singular effect upon her. In spite of her husband's ill temper, his habits of drink, and his propensity for falling in love with their servants, she could have pardoned everything had it not been for this scrap of poorly phrased malice. Clearly he was but a typical sporting squire, with no more instruction in manners and morality than he might have learned from his stallions. She found a tutor for her children and took the diligence to Paris.

Like all runaway wives, the Baroness wished to develop her personality. For eight years she had watched a man cut down her favourite trees, debauch her dining-room, dictate her coiffure and her dresses, and sleep while she played the piano. Now it was her turn. She had been a faithful wife, but how much she had missed! She must find admiration, sympathy, freedom. What distinguished this particular runaway wife is that she really did find them. While obeying the natural feminine impulse to justify her conduct, she not only succeeded in earning her living, but in attracting the attention of half the men of genius of her day. She became a writer. Within a year her marriage fell behind her. She changed her name. She took to smoking, masculine attire and late hours. She might be called the first feminist.

"Good riddance," she cried, upon discovering that in her haste to be off she had left most of her dresses and capes behind her. Instead of seeking out a *couturière* she contracted her first debts by walking into a tailor's shop and having herself measured for a waistcoat and a pair of trousers. At the last moment, by way of concession and concealment, she ordered a greatcoat made from the same grey cloth, with its skirts to flap well below the knees, as was the fashion. She hid her full, round neck in a woollen muffler. She covered her tousled, curling locks with a student's hat. But all this change of plumage simply emphasised something that she could not suspect: the shallowness of her revolt against femininity, the utter superficiality of the great change which she had thought to inaugurate. She could not hide the soft, plump roundness of her body. She could not cover her womanly emotions. If she found the way of emancipation swift and easy, if she found willing helpers to elude the trammels of marriage, it was only because of her great dreamy eyes, her red lips, and her softly flushing, creamy olive skin.

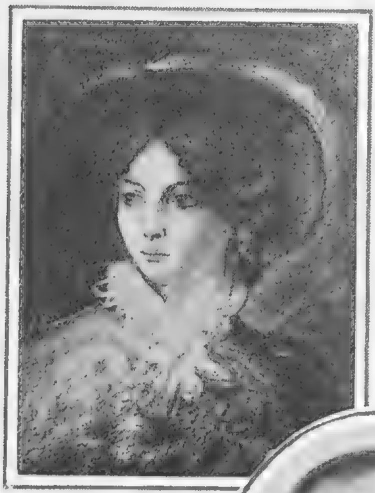
HAD the Baroness not been attractive, she would probably never have become the most famous woman in French letters. The admiration of the male, which she pretended to discourage by donning masculine attire and smoking masculine cigarettes, was an absolutely indispensable attribute of her greatness. It was the indiscreet declaration of a platonic lover which first raised the spleen of her husband, and thus started the persecution which ended in her flight. It was the promise of a young man from Paris which lured her to the big city. She came to him, when she fled, certain that she would not find herself alone and without sympathy. He launched her in a world of deliciously entangled literature and love. He let her write a novel with him, which they signed "Jules Sand," because his name was Jules Sandeau. She wrote with astonishing ease. To pass the time whenever Jules was absent, she scribbled down a second novel, all her own, but the jealous fellow would not let her sign it with their special *nom de plume*. She had to invent another, although the furthest she could get from the protecting ægis was to call



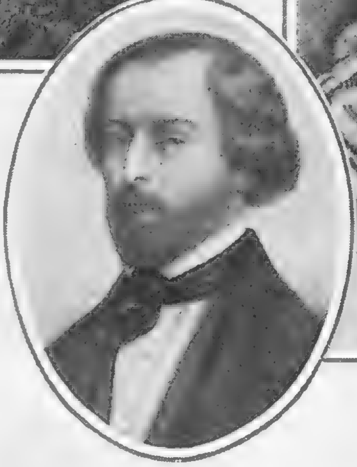
PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, an early lover who George Sand thought might revive her faith in men

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the eminent novelist, who was one of her lovers

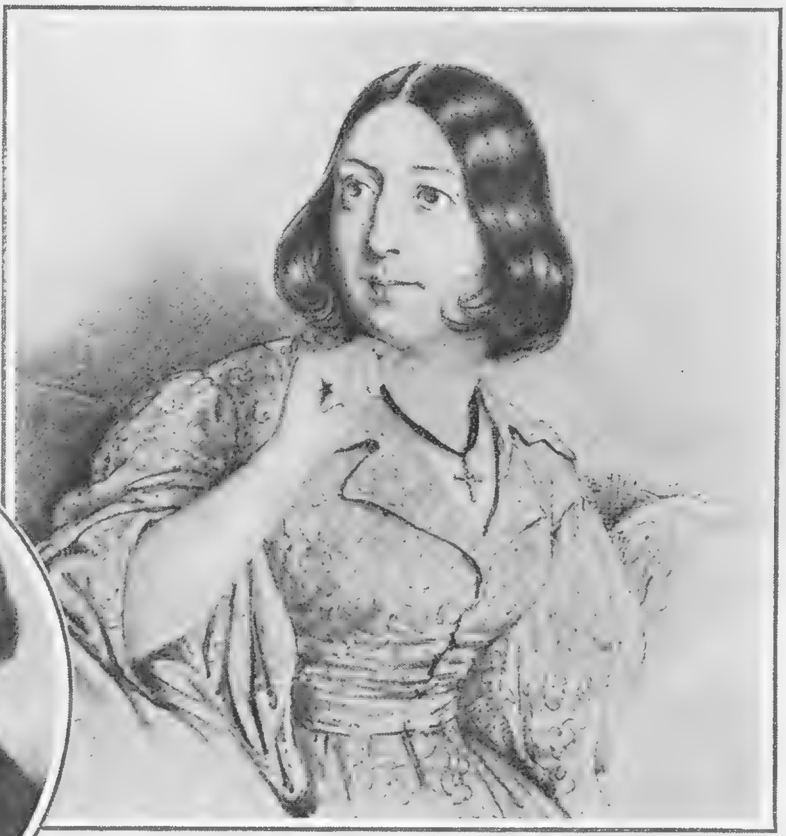
Feminist—Grande Amoureuse: A Character Study



MEN loved George Sand to madness. A portrait by Delacroix



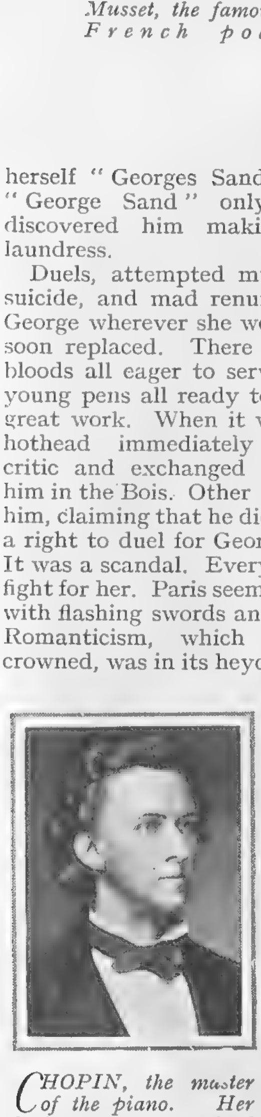
THEIR love was a flame. Alfred de Musset, the famous French poet



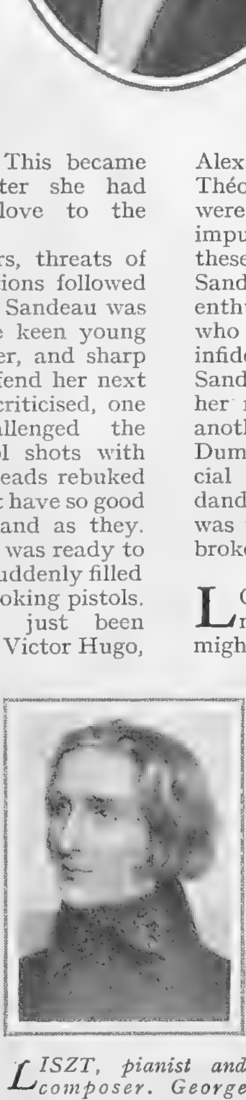
GEORGE SAND at the age of thirty. She eloped about this time with Chopin to Majorca

herself "Georges Sand." This became "George Sand" only after she had discovered him making love to the laundress.

Duels, attempted murders, threats of suicide, and mad renunciations followed George wherever she went. Sandeau was soon replaced. There were keen young bloods all eager to serve her, and sharp young pens all ready to defend her next great work. When it was criticised, one hothead immediately challenged the critic and exchanged pistol shots with him in the Bois. Other hotheads rebuked him, claiming that he did not have so good a right to duel for George Sand as they. It was a scandal. Everyone was ready to fight for her. Paris seemed suddenly filled with flashing swords and smoking pistols. Romanticism, which had just been crowned, was in its heyday. Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Prosper Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, and Alfred de Musset were striving to create new emotional impulses. More than one of them turned these emotional impulses full upon George Sand. She became their prophetess, their enthusiasm, their inspiration. Her editor, who was consternated to hear that an infidelity had forced her to cast away Sandeau, besought her to take from among her many new friends and worshippers another lover. But she objected that Dumas seemed too much like a commercial traveller, that Musset was too dandified, that Planché—the duellist—was too ardent, and that her heart was broken.



CHOPIN, the master of the piano. Her insistent care sustained his failing health



LISZT, pianist and composer. George Sand exercised a marked influence on him

LOVE at last favoured Prosper Mérimée. George Sand thought that he might revive her faith in man. At the end of a week, however, her all too emotional nature was repelled by his unabated cynicism. Once, in his childhood, he had been the victim of a cruel practical joke, and he had come to assume an impenetrable air of scepticism and aloofness which not even passion could thaw. George had hoped to make him over, to charm him, to mellow him. She found instead, to her horror, that she was threatened with an attack of his own black humours. Happiness, friendship, and spontaneous enthusiasms made up the very essence of her being. She fled from Mérimée as from a pestilence.

"If Prosper Mérimée had understood me," she wrote to another young man, Sainte-Beuve, who played her father-confessor through it all, "he might perhaps have loved me, and if he had loved me he could have mastered me. Had I only been able to surrender just once to a man, I would have been saved. My liberty preys upon me—kills me!"

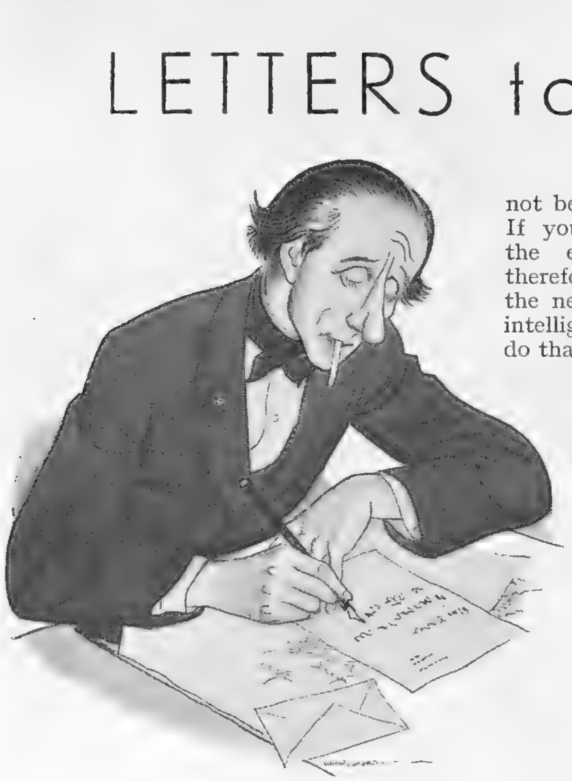
The disillusioned runaway wife, with three successful novels to her credit, and as many unhappy love affairs, dreamed of suicide. Her susceptibilities were so wounded, indeed, that for three months she was not tempted. This, however, could be but the lull before a storm. George Sand was yet to win the friendship of the greatest novelists and statesmen, of Flaubert, Turgenieff, Leroux, and Jérome Bonaparte. She was yet to love Musset, Liszt and Chopin. The hour had come, indeed, for Alfred de Musset.

Because both of them wrote books about it, and because nearly every one of their friends was sooner or later drawn into the discussion of who was really to blame for their ultimate disillusionment, the love of George Sand and Alfred de Musset, though it was one of the shortest episodes in the woman's crowded life, has remained for a hundred years the perfect example of romantic passion. They were a handsome and distinguished couple, marvellously mated. The great solemn eyes of George Sand seldom sparkled with humour, yet were ever ready to glow with devotion. Her slow, deliberate movements, never affected, carried with them a weight of sincerity.

She was six years older than her lover. His first poems (*Continued on page 102*)

Beginning a New Series of Topical — and Typical —

LETTERS to the "WOULD-BE'S"



"I BECAME a dramatic critic because I was a reporter, and a very good reporter"

DEAR EVERYMAN,—I call you that because I know you want to be a dramatic critic, even if you have not said so. You want free tickets for the theatre. You want to express your "views," you want to sit in the stalls at a first night and be pointed at, and you want to see your name in the newspaper.

All this sounds very important to you because you have never experienced it.

"How can I become a dramatic critic?" you ask me.

Now, frankly, I do not know. No two men's experience is ever the same. Some are born to boredom; some have boredom thrust upon them.

I have asked lots of critics how they started. None of them dared to remember. They all wondered when they would finish.

I have known a dramatic critic publish a paper himself in a provincial town, so that he could write in it his opinion of the London theatres. He gave all the copies of the paper away. But he still keeps all his cuttings, although he has lost all his money, and he still has a card with the words "Dramatic Critic" printed underneath his name.

Everyone believes it—except when he asks for a seat.

Why don't you do this? It will not cost you much, for, if you cannot afford to buy a printing press, copies of your opinions can be duplicated by a multigraph. No one will read what you write anyway. So you may as well have it typed as set up by a printer.

But, first of all, have you anything to say?

Nearly everybody in the world imagines that he is a source of an infinitude of original views, whereas the truth is that nearly all the people in the world are incoherently inarticulate. They have nothing to say upon any subject whatever, at least nothing that has not been said before a thousand times. If you are a dramatic critic, you are the employee of a newspaper, and therefore it is your business to help sell the newspaper. If you have something intelligent and original to say, you will do that, whether you know it or not.

But you would find, if you tried, that nobody would pay the slightest attention. In fact, nearly all the men whose names appear under, or over, their criticisms, the morning after, or the Sunday after, a first night, are never mentioned by anybody, or known to the great public by name. The reason for that is that they could not be original if they tried, and they would not dare to be original if they could.

"Imitate Swaffer," they are told. If they do, they are sacked. If they do not, they are sacked. Nobody notices.

I BECAME a dramatic critic because I was a reporter, and a very good reporter. So, in the course of my journalism, after having cleaned rollers, and packed parcels, and tried to set type, and reported police courts, and inquests, and town councils, and boards of guardians, and fires, and funerals, I became recognised as a trustworthy recorder of events. A man who can report a funeral can report a play. It is often the same thing. And they have wreaths. "Flowers by request," say the undertakers.

A first-night, as an event, is not so important as a fire, and certainly not so important as a funeral, especially to one person.

Now I have stood in a bar, at a first-night to which I had been sent to describe what happened in over 1,500,000 copies, and been talking to the critic of a daily newspaper with a circulation of over 1,800,000 copies, and seen, near me, the critics of three daily newspapers, each with a circulation of well over 1,000,000 copies, and the critics of two Sunday newspapers, one of which sold over 3,000,000, and one of which sold over 2,000,000 copies.

I have been there also to write for a Sunday paper with a circulation of over 1,000,000.

"Do you realise it?" I have said to my fellow hero, who has sat it through. "What I say goes into over 2,500,000 copies, and, between us, we seven people are writing for over 11,000,000 copies, and nobody cares a damn what all the lot of us say."

If you want to be known as a critic, you have to stick up for your opinion.

I was barred from my first theatre when I was a reporter at Folkestone earning only 30s. a week, and even before that I was threatened with the sack at Preston, when earning £1 a week, for criticising an actress.

Now, if I had been discharged in those

Decorations by Illingworth

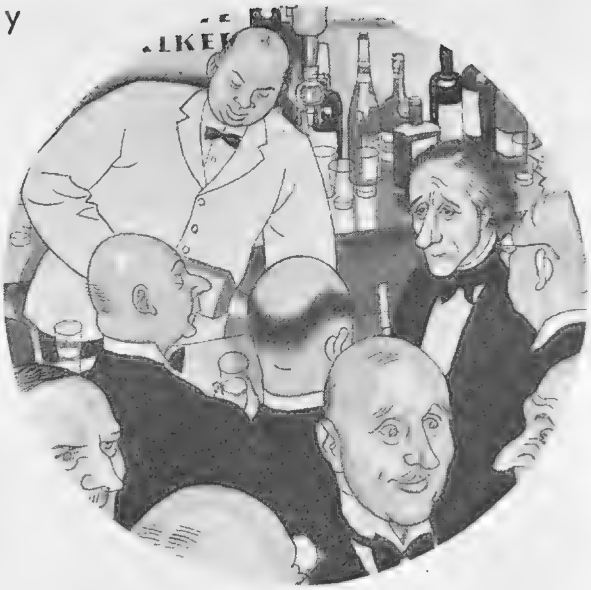
YOU would want to stand up in your stall and yell and scream "Stop it! stop it!"

Sidelights on the Drama of to-day
# of the THEATRE

In which the aspiring Managers, Backers, Woman-stars, Authors and other Hopefuls are offered an "A to Z" exposition of the whole Business of the Stage by that frank iconoclast

HANNEN SWAFFER

No. 1. To the would-be Dramatic Critic



"Do you realise that nobody cares a damn what all the lot of us say?"

days, I should probably have starved. But I stuck to my opinion. People who now say, "Oh, of course, he is in a position to express his opinion," do not understand that you only reach that sort of position by fighting when it was a hard thing to do.

Now, how many of you would be prepared, as young men, to lose a job when there was not another one in sight, merely because you had a serious opinion about a piece of acting?

None of you. No, not one!

Years later, when, in the *Daily Mirror*, I criticised Shaw's "Getting Married," the morning after its first performance, Lord Northcliffe said, "The *Daily Mirror* is not a critical paper."

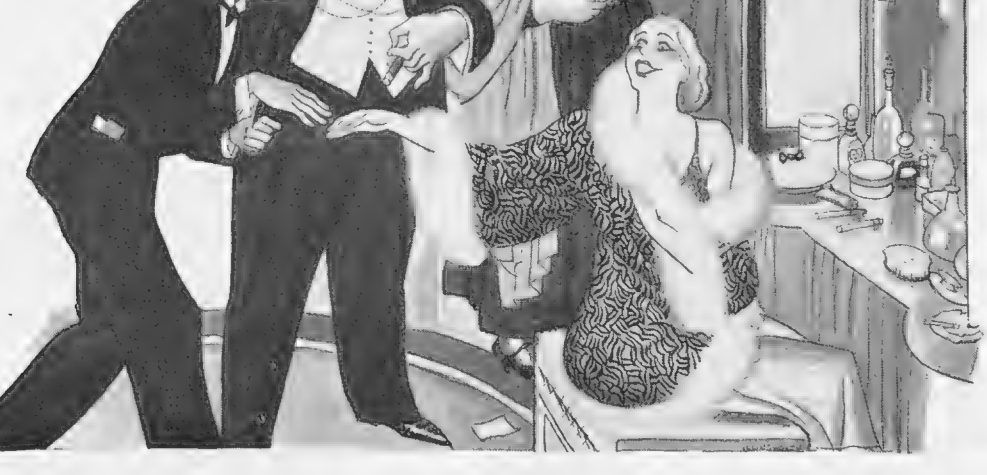
I had to venture a protest, then. Now, Lord Northcliffe in those days was all-powerful in Fleet Street. I have known him discharge a reporter who criticised, in the *Evening News*, a play by Max Pemberton, an old friend of his. It was no fault of Max Pemberton's. It was merely Northcliffe's own scream.

I HAVE known Tree complain about a critic, with the result that that critic was not sent again to His Majesty's Theatre. I remember Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham, as she afterwards became, complaining to Sir Douglas Straight, then an editor, because his critic had said something which they did not like. He was "dealt with."

I have got into all sorts of trouble with theatre managers in my time. Indeed, I am still in trouble with some theatre managers, and merely because I expressed my opinion.

Now, you would think much more of your job than of your opinion. You would be flattered by the smile of an actress; you would be tempted by a manager's offer to lunch; you would be frightfully bucked if a theatre sent you two seats for a first night, so that you could take your wife or your fiancée, instead of one; and you would not dare to go to your editor and threaten that, if your criticism were cut again after you had gone home, you would walk out.

In fact, you would behave the same in criticism that you do in your business. You would supply the goods that your customers wanted, or you would starve.



You would be flattered by the smile of an actress

And you would do what you do now—what your employer tells you—or you would get the sack. And sometimes your employer might tell you to praise some show you hated.

Don't become a critic unless you have to. If you have to, nothing will stop you.

After all, you would have to go to the theatre about 200 times a year. Yes, nearly every Sunday night in the winter. You would be expected to go to Hampstead, and to Kew, and to special matinees, and to sit through the most dreary tortures that the alleged Devil could invent in a so-called Hell to torment unhappy actors who had been guilty of such things on Earth.

You would want to stand up in your stalls and yell and scream and say "Stop it! Stop it!" and you would soon want to go back to your cashbox or your grocer's counter, or your bank, and count over other people's money to pass the time.

Every now and then, of course, you would have some great excitement, some thrill, some sense that your soul was being bathed in words of beauty, or that your eyes were feasting on some wondrous vision of loveliness. But that would be only once or twice a year.

The rest would be bunk.

Besides, you know, critics are not well paid. Few of them get more than £1,000 a year, whereas Will Rogers, I am told, gets £5,000 a week. Why not try for Will Rogers's job?

I get more than £1,000 a year, but not for criticism. I get it for honest work. I throw in the criticism.

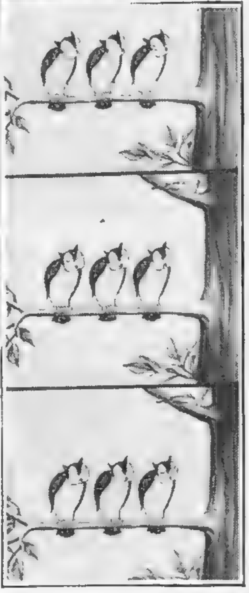
Besides, I criticise myself. That is easier. You see, I shave myself, and so I have to look in the glass every morning.

Sometimes, when I see myself, I think the old barber's shop business was much better. Then you don't have to look yourself.

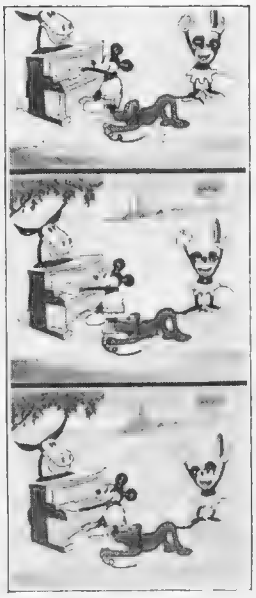
The barber has to do the looking. Why he never cut my throat, I never understood.—Yours faithfully,

"Then it can't be all Sex—

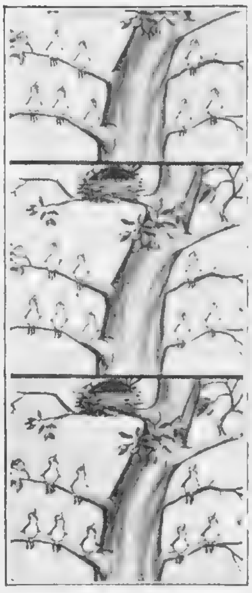
WALT DISNEY, whose MickeyMouse cartoons and Silly Symphonies are a joy and a refreshment to the cinema. They contain humour in its most modern and mobile form, satire at its kindliest, rhythm, sound and melody



"BIRDS of a Feather"



"THE Delivery Boy"



"BIRDS of a Feather"

TO be a world favourite, to be known and adored by people of many nations and all grades of mentality—to be found quite divinely amusing by members of the intelligentsia and to evoke guffaws from people who, to borrow one of Aldous Huxley's titles, have "foreheads villainous low," to arouse shrieks of joy and cat-calls from the untutored young in the cheapest seats, and yet to be written about in serious books, "I can think of nothing in modern entertainment for which Mozart could be more fittingly neglected." (Mr. Lejeune in *Cinema*.) Yet to have no "fan mail," never to have been interviewed, never to have concerted with or been photographed beside Gandhi, Bernard Shaw or Lady Astor, not to have come to Europe to deny scandalous rumours nor have bought monogrammed and coroneted trousseau in Paris, never to have been divorced or remarried, but not to have been forced to create a legend of aloofness by living behind high walls and walking, tweed-clad and solitary, beside the sea—such is the unique position of one of the greatest little film stars of them all—Mickey Mouse.

Some people like films full of gun play, others films full of word play, some prefer drama, some comedy or song-plugged spectacle, but the appeal of the Walt Disney cartoons is universal. They satisfy the whole gamut of human reactions. They have humour, romance, terror, suspense, movement and melody. They have taught the makers of abstract films who deal only in forms and rhythms "where they get off." They have borrowed from and burlesqued the travel films, the nature films, the slap-stick comedies and the romances, and have transmuted all by means of wit and inventiveness into a delirious orgy of swift-moving fantasy.

Mickey and his Minnie, with her amorously fluttering eyelashes and patched drawers, are bywords; their romance makes the Fairbanks-Pickford idyll colourless. The beasts in the "Silly Symphonies" have a personal appeal which has only been surpassed by "Bimbo," the monkey in "Chang"; they are more exciting than the lethargic lions in "Africa Speaks," the alligators have more character than those in "Trader Horn," Mr. Walt Disney's penguins are better comedians than Mr. Cherry Kearton's! The activated flora is more significant and more germane to the content of the picture than any synthetic "scenery" under the blast of a mechanically produced cyclone. Disney does not need to use the Dunning Process to get his appropriate backgrounds.

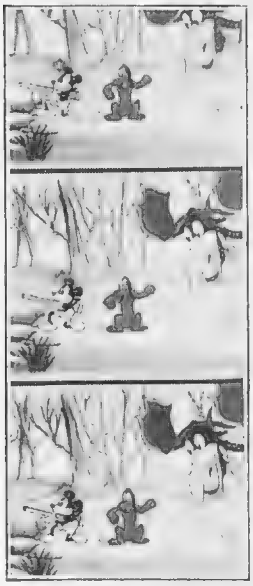
THE cartoon film was not, of course, Walt Disney's invention; one remembers "Mutt and Jeff" and "Felix the Cat"—descendants from the comic strip. There have also been nearly related marionette and silhouette films, notably the delightful "Adventures of Prince Achmed" and "Cinderella" by Lotte Reiniger. It is more or less generally known that the process by which cartoon films are made consists of a multitudinous sequence of drawings illustrating every movement of the protagonists. Statistics about how many hundreds—or thousands—of these drawings go to a minute's "turning" of the ultimate film are available, but are not, I imagine, particularly interesting to the lay public. They illustrate, I suppose, the rate at which the "infinite capacity for taking pains" can be operated.

Walt Disney was a comic strip artist, and, getting tired of the work and feeling within himself the "urge" to make films, he went to a producer and told him what he could and would do. But film producers are notoriously sceptical and unimaginative. So Disney gathered together one or two other men—some with cinematic and photographic experience and, as very little capital was required, he set to work, in conjunction with a gentleman who used the *un*-rhythmic and *un*-melo-

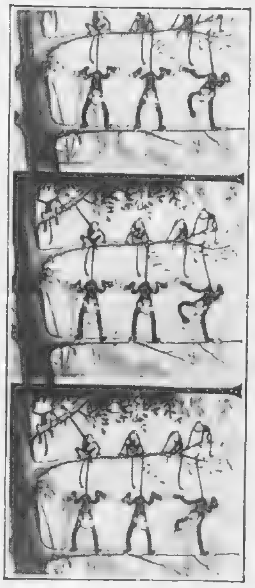
Mickey Mouse *and* the Rest *of the* Walt Disney M*enagerie* are *strange* Phenomena—Film-stars *who* have *no* Public-Private L*ife!*

By Sydney Tremayne

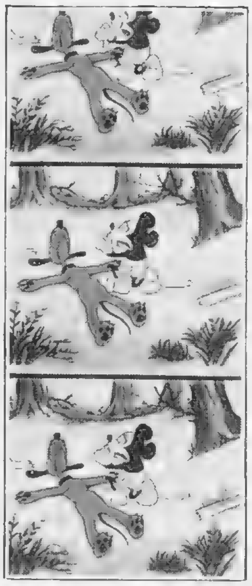
Appeal.” . .



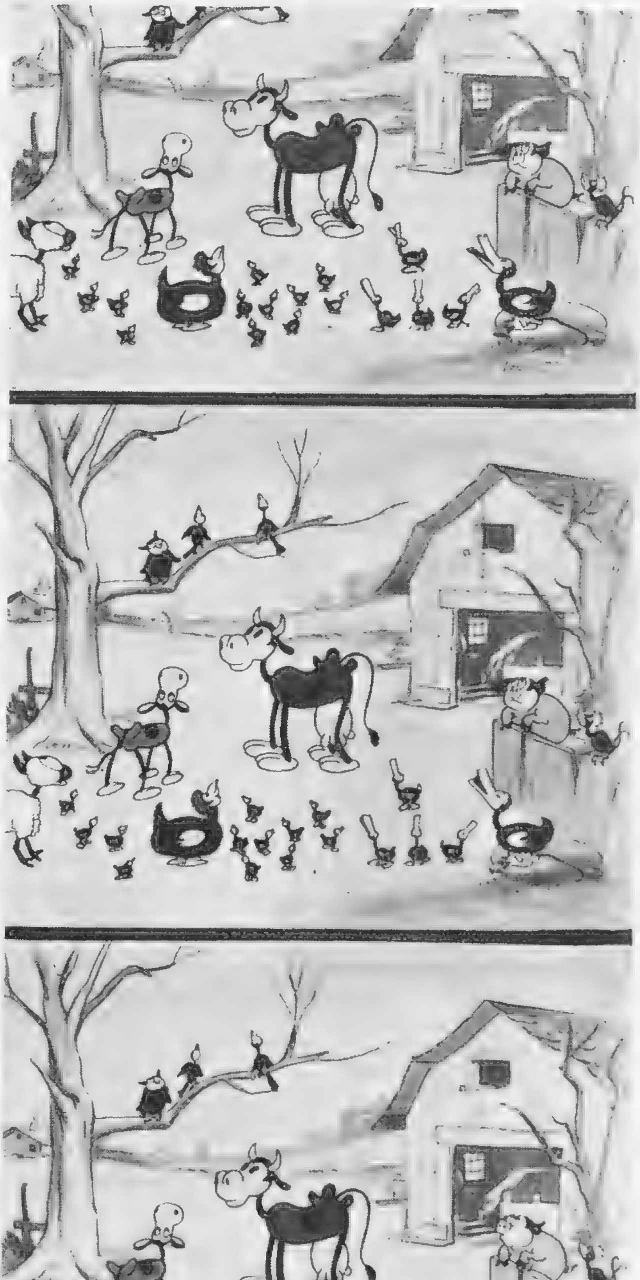
“THE Moose Hunt”



“MONKEY Melodies”



“THE Moose Hunt”

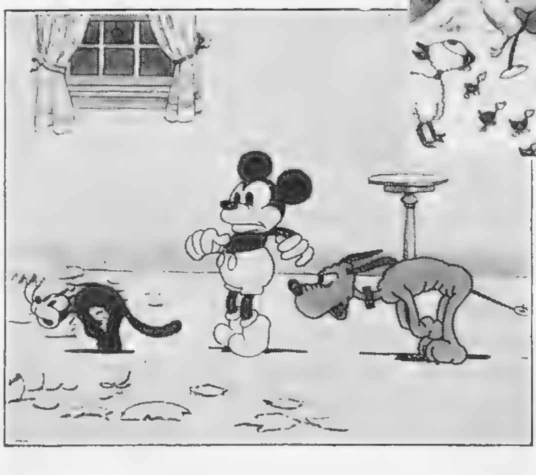


A TRIO of sketches from the Mickey Mouse cartoon, “The Delivery Boy”

dious name of Ub Iwerks, to make the now famous cartoons. During the partnership there was a Rabelaisian twist to the humour and, I think, a certain coarseness of line in the drawing, both of which are very much more in evidence in those films which Mr. Iwerks has made independently since the partnership was dissolved, Iwerks' own cartoons lack invention and artistic merit, and he has imposed on his compositions disgusting, pseudo-human. pseudo-comic figures in whom mouths and posteriors reach the apogee of distasteful importance. It is easy to disentangle the web of the collaboration.

At first, after the two parted company, Walt Disney's cartoons showed a falling off in robustness and humorousness, but, once adjusted to the freedom of conception and execution, he has recovered the verve without the vulgarity of the earlier films and seems to become more and more inventive.

Several "Mickey Mouse" cartoons had been shown in England, but had passed almost unnoticed when, in 1929, Mr. Rowson, of Ideal Films, went to New York, spotted a winner in Mickey, and decided to present him to the British public. Recently as many as eight London West End cinema theatres were playing Walt Disney cartoons at the same time! And there are plenty more to come. There is no sign that the stream of Mr. Disney's inventiveness is drying up. Mr. Ingram (who thinks his job is one of the pleasantest in the industry, purveying humour to the public for Ideal Films) already has a schedule which provides new Mickey Mouse cartoons and Silly Symphonies until the end of the year, which is good news.



(*Continued on p. 106*)

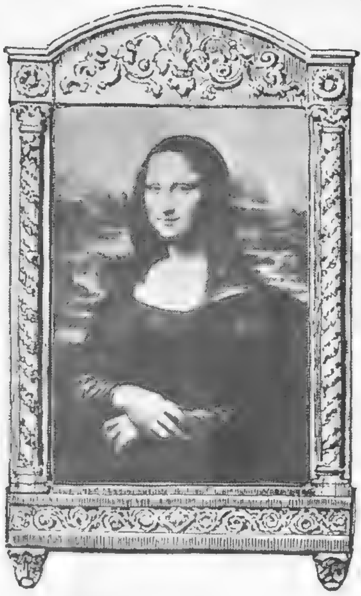
Queer Tales of Long Ago

Grim, Curious and Romantic Facets of Adventurous Days and Legend's lavish Lore

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 1. The Smile of Mona Lisa



Mona Lisa. Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece which hangs in the Louvre, Paris

TOWARDS the end of the fifteenth century, in his studio in Florence, Leonardo da Vinci, the most marvellous of men, was at the highest standard of his productive power, his tireless brain working on innumerable things of the most varied nature. He was a sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, chemist and anatomist. There was not a subject that he did not undertake with sufficient success as to reach the level of the most famous men of this time, from the daring plans of piercing mountains or opening canals, to the most minute and artistic work. Sometimes he indulged in experiments with the sole object of playing a joke on his friends.

Generally dissatisfied with his work, however perfect it may have been, or whatever other sort of miracles he had performed, he was always trying to do better and bigger things.

It seemed that nature had endowed him with every advantage. He was very tall and as strong as a lion, pleasant in his conversation and convincing even to the most obstinate of listeners.

For four years he worked at the famous portrait of Mona Lisa, ordered by her husband, Francesco del Giocondo, and tradition has it that Mona Lisa touched the heart of the great artist. An imaginary romantic meaning was given to this portrait more than any other that Leonardo had produced, but the exemplary life of this genius and his exceptionally reserved nature offer no grounds which can justify any relation other than a deep and platonic adoration for this woman.

For four years Leonardo refused to consider the Mona Lisa portrait as finished, and resisted all the arguments of his friends who could not see what more could be added to the masterpiece already achieved. But it seems that the smile was not the perfect thing that he saw in his imagination. To capture its elusive quality, the services of a party of entertainers were requisitioned, and thus with music and gaiety his beautiful model would be kept constantly amused and smiling her enigmatic smile.

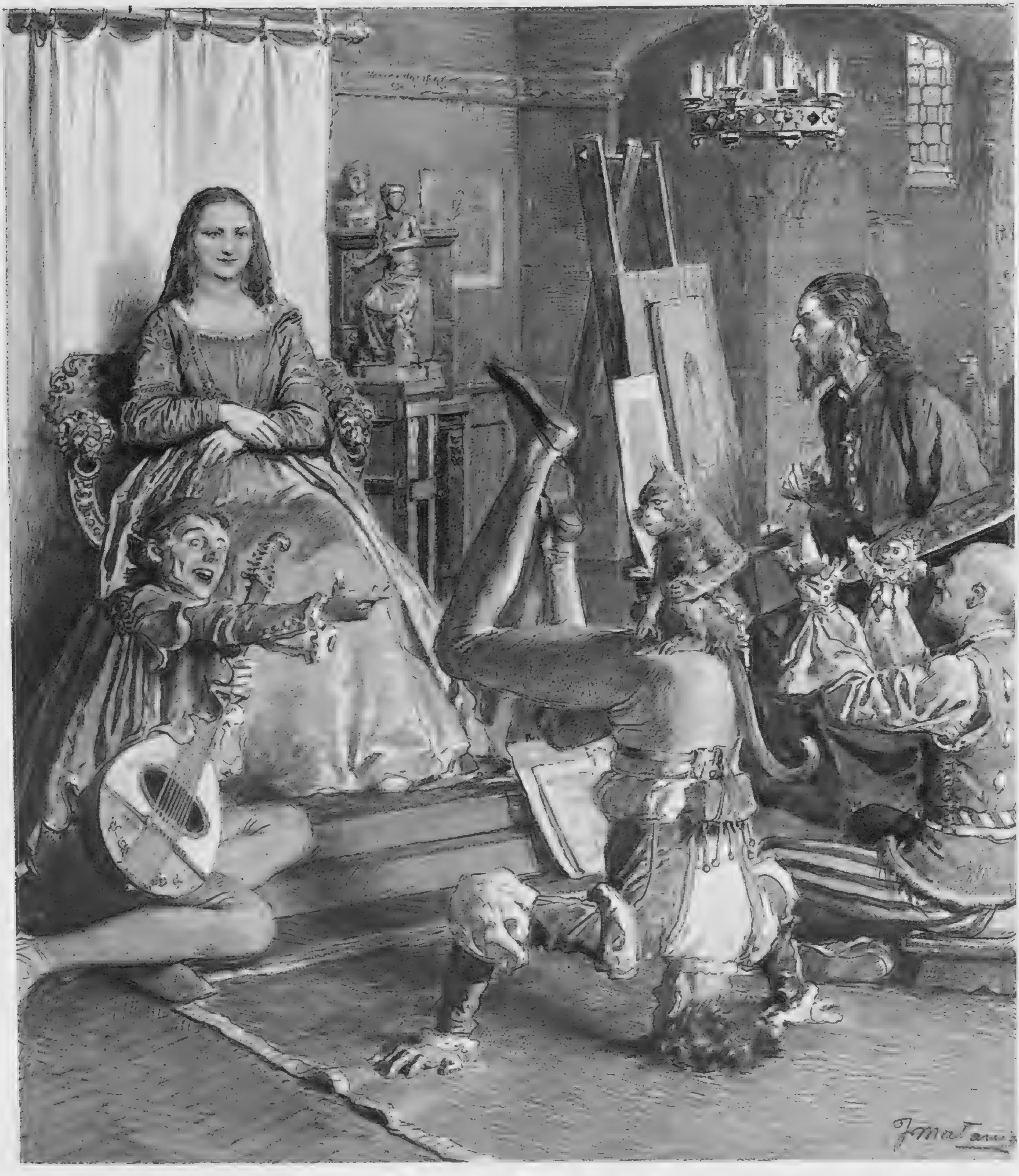
These jesters had to improvise new jokes every day and compose funny pieces of poetry regardless of the artist, unmoved and intent on his great work.

The painting of a portrait with a smile was considered a great novelty at that time. As one reads the views of contemporary critics one

Foreword to the New Series

HISTORY, that gigantic romance whose first chapter is as unknown as the chapters of the future, that endless diary of the world . . . how shall we approach so vast a treasure house within the limits of perfunctory reading? This new series is not a History book, nor even an Outline. The "Curiosities" it presents—strange customs, romantic stories, queer people—are but fragments; and yet it is by these isolated incidents, these lively details, that our knowledge is widened and our interest quickened. What can bring home to us more vividly the destruction of Pompeii than the few words scratched on the wall by a lover making his tryst? The "Human touch," then, will be the keynote of this series, and in Fortunino Matania, whose knowledge of mythology and classical history is unrivalled, we have the ideal compiler, author and illustrator. Ring up the curtain . . .

1. The Mona Lisa Smile: *continued*



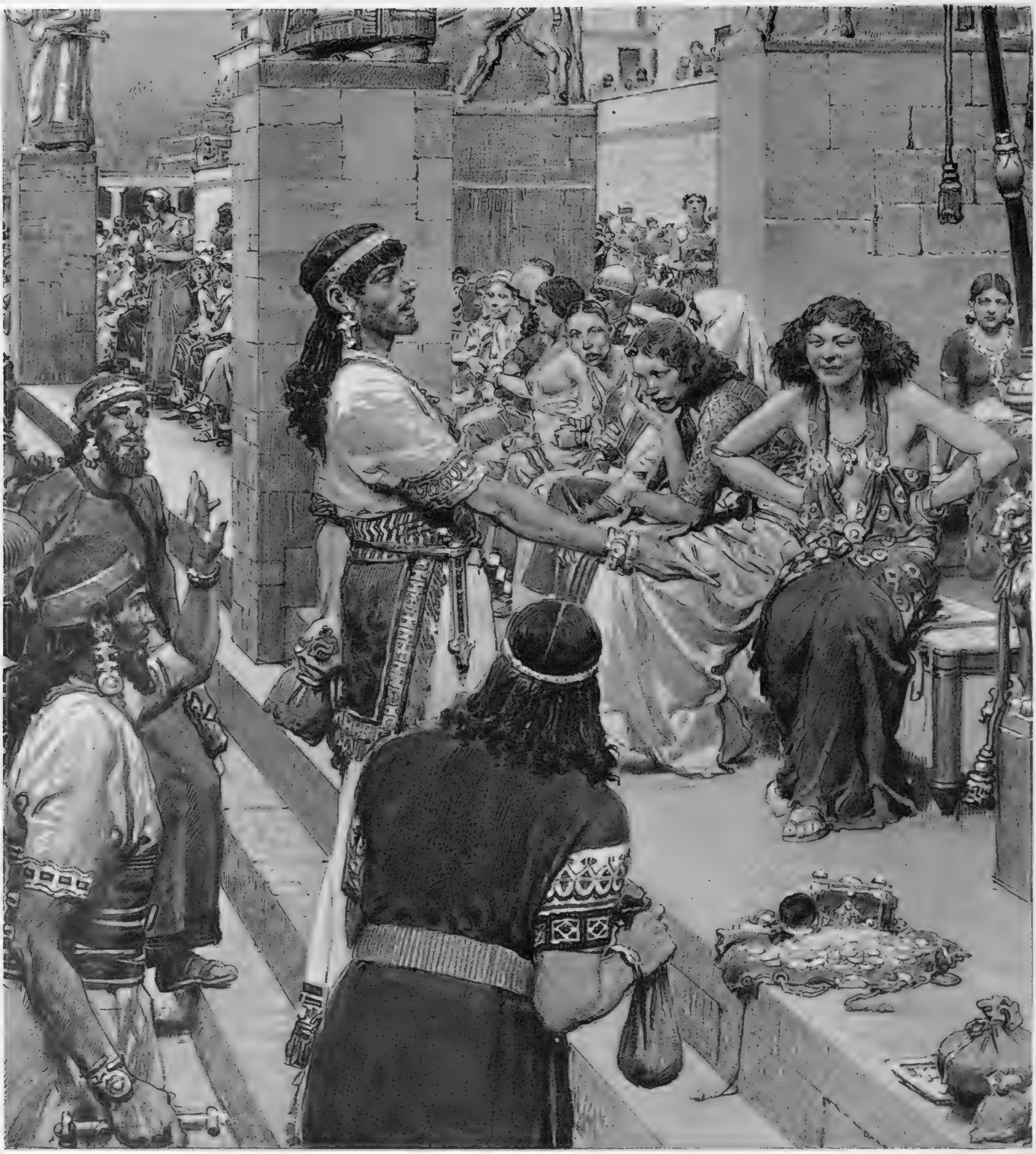
HOW Leonardo da Vinci kept Mona Lisa smiling. He took four years over his portrait of her, and filled his studio with clowns and musicians to keep her amused

realises that it was a real step forward which revealed only then the rather melancholic expressions of all the existing portraits and the uniformity of the way they were conceived.

From the descriptions available, it is quite clear that the personality of Mona Lisa was all expressed in one sweet smile—hence the perseverance of Leonardo in wanting to portray not only the likeness but also the soul of his beautiful model.

IN the centuries that have followed, this portrait has always been the object of the greatest admiration and the keenest critical attention. Only a few years ago someone was so fascinated by Mona Lisa's smile that he stole the precious work from a specially guarded gallery in the Louvre, provoking a storm of indignation throughout the world. It was even feared that Mona Lisa had been destroyed. Eventually the picture was found in an attic of a town in the North of Italy, much to the joy of all lovers of art. It was exhibited to the public in Italy before being restored to France. An endless procession of admirers filed past to bid farewell to the smiling Mona Lisa, which only through the act of a fanatic was brought back for a short while to the country where it had been created.

Queer Tales of Long Ago: No. 2.



MR. MATANIA here illustrates the annual bartering of brides in ancient Babylon, a custom which successfully solved the problem of "surplus women" by striking a fair balance between goods and good looks

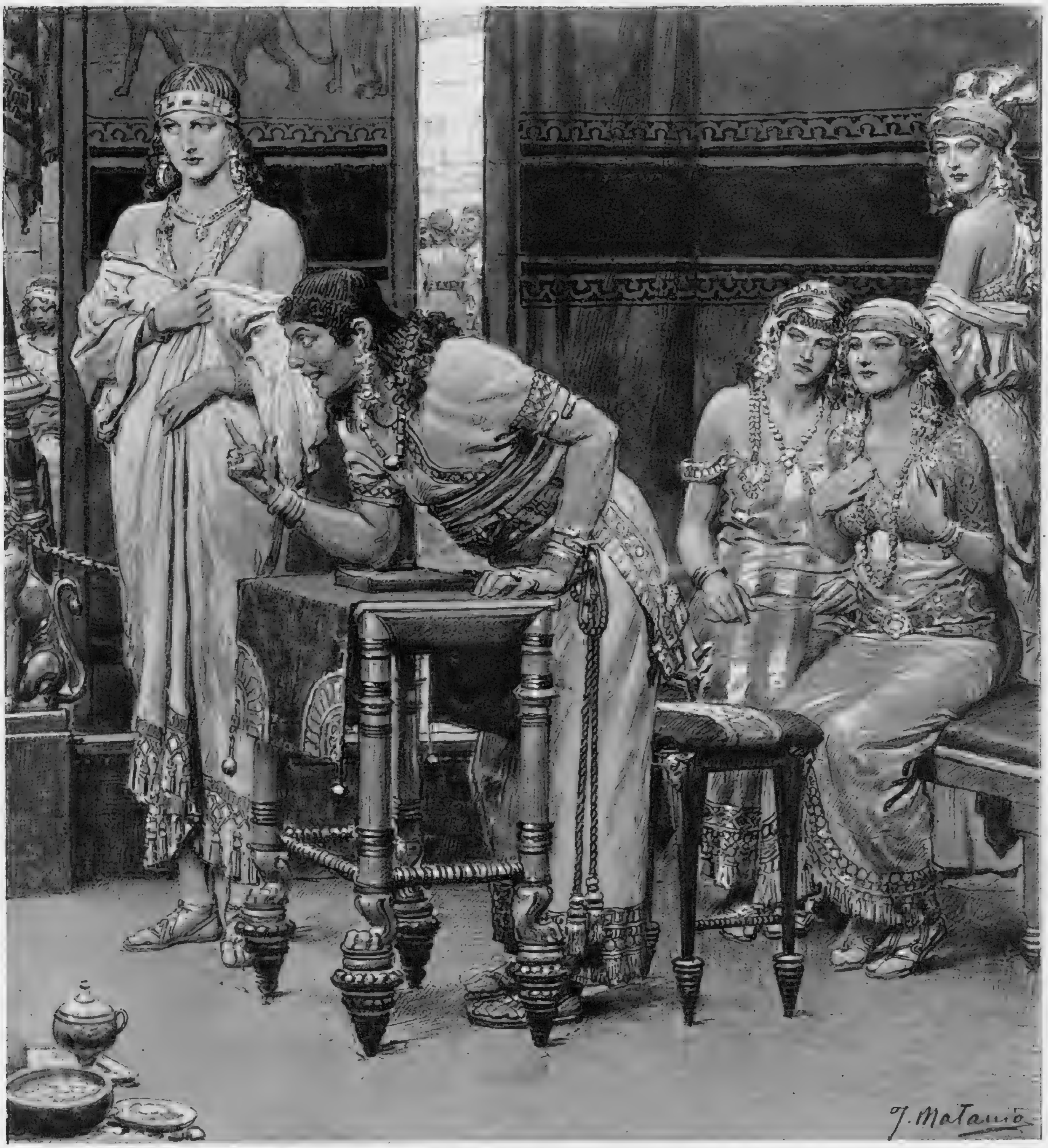
No. 2. The Babylonian Law of Matrimony

The Price of Beauty and an "Ugliness" Contest: Equal chances for All

How, at an annual Auction, every girl, pretty or
dowry for the ugly. The bridegroom paid out or re-

REVEALING glimpses of the greatness of Babylon have reached us from that eminent historian Herodotus, who personally saw and described the vastness of its temples; its architecture and construction; the imposing buildings with their roof gardens; the walls surrounding the town, so thick that a chariot could be driven on top of them; and the wealth accumulated and destroyed by the greed of the neighbouring

The Babylonian Law of Matrimony



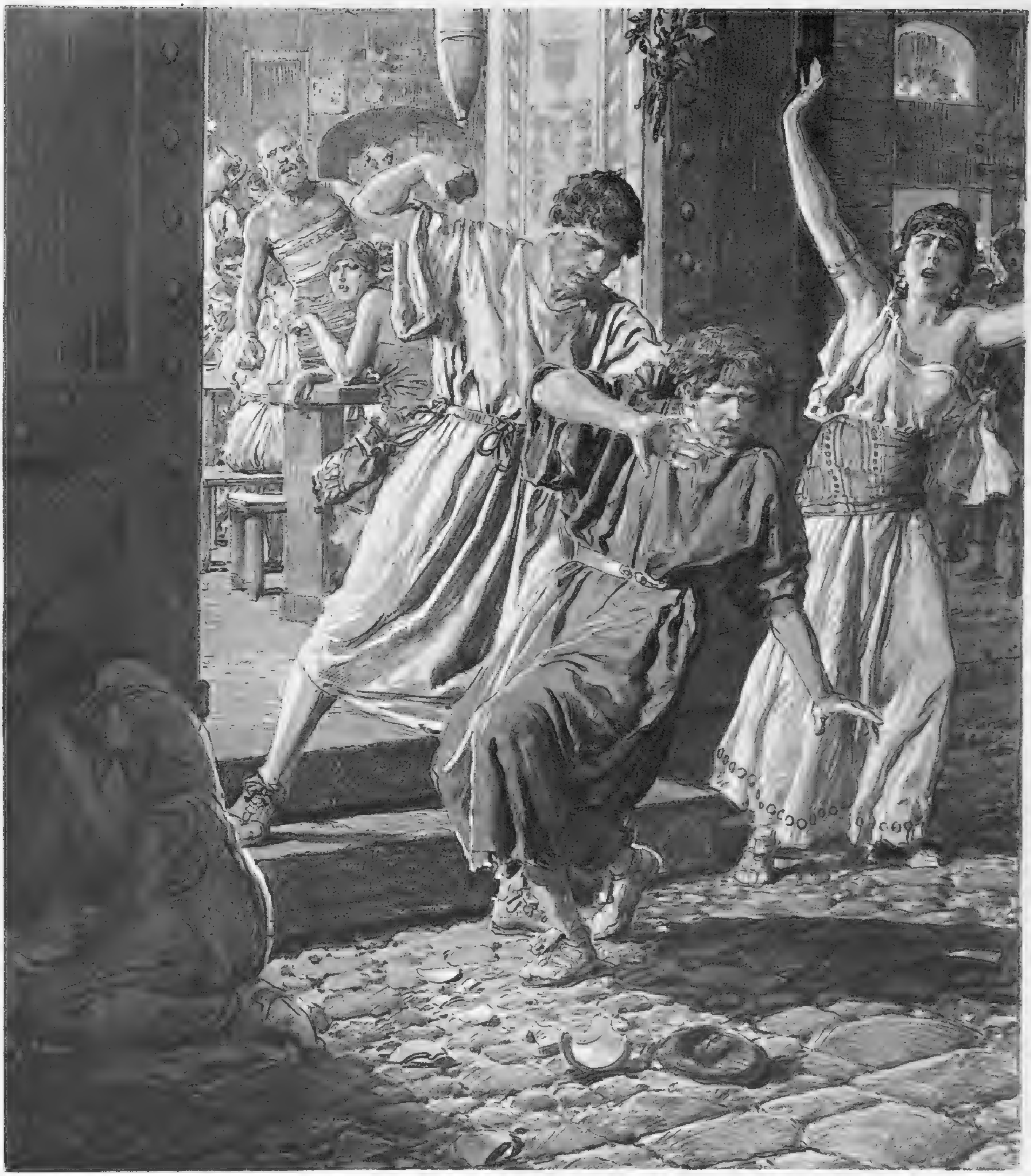
plain, was provided with a husband; the high prices paid for the beautiful ones forming a ceived according to the state of his pocket and whether or no he prized Beauty above Gold

nations, and those robberies with violence which are usually called wars of conquest.

With the end of peace in Babylon, many ancient laws and customs disappeared. One of the most remarkable was the law of matrimony. It was made with the object of providing every woman with a husband, irrespective of beauty or riches. Once a year all marriageable girls were assembled in a public place. They were divided into two categories and placed in order of their beauty or ugliness. An official acting as auctioneer would begin the sale by delivering the most beautiful woman into the hands of the highest bidder, and repeating the performance with the next according to her beauty.

The money collected was devoted entirely to constitute the dowry of the unattractive ones. As soon as the beauties were disposed of, the sale of the (*Continued on page* 49)

Queer Tales of Long Ago: No. 3



THE severest hiding he ever received was from a senator who rose in defence of his insulted wife

No. 3. Nero by Night

A Lurid Side-light on the Morals of that Imperial enigma . who, drunk and disorderly, roamed the streets at night disguised as a slave

OF all the Roman Emperors, Nero was the most theatrical, for his name has continued throughout the ages to be symbolical of tyranny and rascality. Considering the extraordinary forms which his whims and fancies took, he well deserved his undying notoriety. His imagination and craving for luxury were responsible for the lavish scale on which was built the Empire over which he ruled.

Queer Tales of Long Ago

No. 2: The Marriage Law of Babylon: *Concluded from page 47*

others proceeded. The auctioneer would allot a certain sum to go with the girl, and here the fight of the fortune-hunters would begin by a gradual lowering of the figure.

Eventually the girl was handed over to the man who was contented with the least gold, so that he who was prepared to put up with the ugliest woman was the one who secured the most money. In this way a position in life was accorded to every one of the brides-elect.

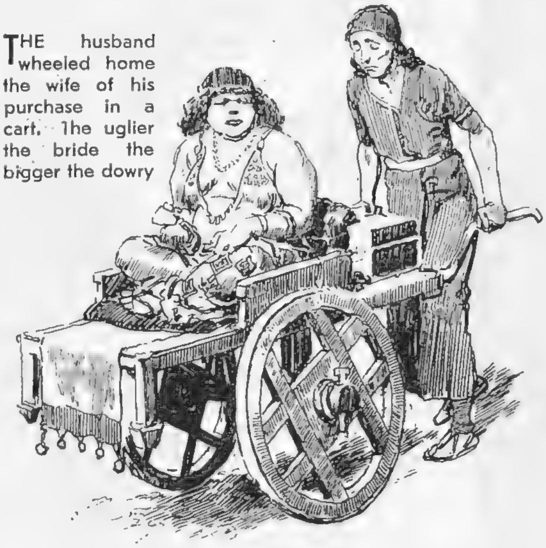
Herodotus adds that many countries should have adopted this law, which put all women on a level by giving financial wealth to those who were deprived of the wealth of nature. The husbands of the plain girls were given the privilege of altering their minds and returning the bride, but to offset this benefit of "second thoughts" every penny of the dowry had to be returned too.

It is easy to imagine the extraordinary circumstances which may have arisen from this state of affairs; who knows how many rich men were impoverished in order to win the lady of their dreams from a circle of obstinate bidders? or how many ardent lovers, unable to better the bid of their rivals, had to undergo the torture of seeing their beloved snatched away from them? The efforts of the beautiful women must have been equally strenuous in those cases where the offer of their favourite was not sufficient to compete, and the only way out was to add their own private wealth to the bid.

The sale of the plain ones must have been a very amusing sight, considering that it degenerated into nothing more nor less than a competition of ugliness, in order to gain the largest dowry. Jewellery, money, gold and silver plate was stacked at the feet of the woman for sale, and the inverse bidding then began.

How many business enterprises must have flourished with the triumphal entry of an ugly wife with her compensating capital.

Among the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd and the humorous remarks of the wags, the bride was seated on a handcart with her prize and pushed home by her husband. One wonders how often the bridegroom on his homeward journey, glancing at his wife, secretly wished his burden was heavier.



THE husband wheeled home the wife of his purchase in a cart. The uglier the bride the bigger the dowry

No. 3: Nero by Night: *Concluded from opposite page*

It is unbelievable, therefore, that such a highly civilised nation, which the Romans were at that time, could have permitted the criminal follies which he committed with such an amazing crescendo.

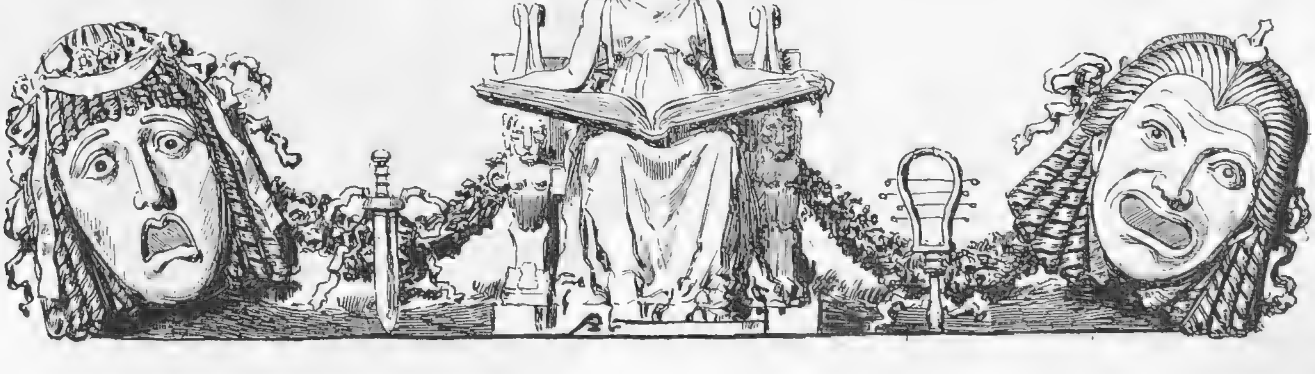
Eminent contemporary historians have given detailed accounts of the orgies, the crimes and cruel injustices which he perpetrated daily. Let us for the moment forget the Nero in his imperial raiment covered with golden embroidery, and surprise him in the disguise of a slave, wearing a wig and soiled clothing; a pastime which, although comparatively harmless, does not fail to reveal an exceptional facet of this man's distorted mind. At night, dressed in this manner, and accompanied by a few congenial friends, he would visit the low haunts of the city and mix with the drunken crowds of the wine shops, picking quarrels with men and insulting the women. But these escapades did not always meet with success, and on several occasions this man, who with the wave of his hand could settle the destiny of a whole population, had to beat a hasty and undignified retreat in order to avoid injuries which he could not have concealed the next day in the senate.

The severest hiding he ever received was from a man who subsequently turned out to be a senator, who rose in defence of his insulted wife. When this young senator discovered the identity of "the slave" he had thrashed he rendered him a personal apology, but for this discovery he had to pay with his life—for no man could live with the knowledge of having laid hands on the divine Nero.

On later occasions he adopted the precaution of going forth on these nightly jaunts with a group of armed men who guarded him from a distance; but further incidents demonstrate that not even this safety measure prevented the most humble of commoners from having the privilege of blacking the eyes of the world's master.

Perchance, next morning, when the throngs of Rome were surging to the arena—filling every street, fighting to obtain the *tessera*, the coveted ivory ticket of admission, or jostling through the ranks of the Pretorian Guard protecting the doors from the inrush of the frenzied crowd—there in the huge arena, already packed, under the subdued reddish light of the *velarium* covering the whole amphitheatre, the Emperor would appear at his imperial lodge, a remote figure glittering in a choreography of embroidered curtains and golden pillars, surrounded by a dazzling *mélange* of colour and shining metal.

Nero, the little speck isolated from the crowd in all his glory, was the same man who probably but a few hours before had been in the angry hands of a poor spectator high up in the "gods."



A MARRIAGE has been ARRANGED . . .

Some timely suggestions in the matter of a "Bottom Drawer" for 1932

By

WINIFRED LEWIS

Left:
WORTHY to figure among the small gifts the bride will give to her home is this charming statuette. Price 39/11

ARDERNS
STAR SYLKO

Below:
THE revival of crochet, delicately coloured, opens many possibilities for the bottom drawer. Wool "tapestry" will certainly appear among the other items of the bride's collection, crochet Sylko and Star Sylko" by courtesy o Arderns

IF my respect and, I confess it, my awe of our maternal ancestors were in need of stimulation, I found it in a little volume which lately came my way. "Etiquette," according to the light of one who rejoices in the name of "Phœbe," is therein defined for the edification of young women about to burst upon the Society of 1860, and from the alarming obligations which this otherwise simple procedure appears to have involved one progresses to the refinements of "ladylike" deportment for the engaged and, in proper order, to "The trousseau—Collection of."

Exactly why our grandmothers were unable to contemplate this task without frequent and, I concede, legitimate recourse to "the vapours" is clear in this chapter, which tabulates, complacently, among other items, such trifles as: Three dozen hand-stitched linen sheets, double size. Two dozen single ditto. Three sets of embroidered head curtains for each bed and two dozen hand-embroidered pillow cases. What a task! My earnest hope is that grandmother's engagement was a long one; otherwise, in her place, I fear I should have been lamentably behind my schedule.

Nevertheless there is a good deal of interest and even some amusement in unearthing these quaint traditions, but most of all there is a sense of relief for the prospective bride in the knowledge that the same task is to-day so much less exacting and so much more promising of pleasure. Opinions may differ on the point, though personally I find it difficult to believe that my grandmother found as much delicious satisfaction in the contemplation of her hoard of severe linen as we find in the irresistible delicacy of our equivalent fineries.

In the following pages are shown just a few of the things that 1932 has to offer the bride for the repletion of her bottom drawer. Some are things she may or may not buy herself, others she may if they suit her taste and her pocket, but in all she will find ideas and suggestions for her guidance in this most vital of matters.

One fact emerges clearly from a shopping tour of discovery in connection with this subject of the bottom drawer, and that is the advantages the immediate present offers in the inexpensiveness of linen things. Pure linen costs less just now than it has ever done in the recollection of most young people; and since prices can hardly be expected to remain at this abnormally low level, there is obvious wisdom in purchasing as much as one's pocket will allow.

COLOUR in bed linen seems here to stay, and no one who is planning a bedroom scheme will fail to choose sheets and blankets in harmony. The very newest blankets affect coloured stripes in a faint tarlatan design, and even checks appear against their pale-coloured backgrounds.

To be entirely modern blankets and sheets should contrast in colour, though not, of course, too violently, and if economy debars a complete set of coloured blankets a top one alone can be effective as a "lining" to the soft lace bedspreads that are so popular just now.

Again, when one's purse is not so elastic as one could wish—and whose is just now?—it is useful to know that sheeting by the yard can be utilised at a great saving, especially if bought during the January sales, when odd lengths are available. A hem-stitched border at the top end of a sheet made from such a length, finished with a hand-worked monogram in colour, will achieve something quite un-

FANCY NEEDLEWORK ILLUSTRATED
FANCY NEEDLEW

EMBROIDERED guests' towels, sheets, and pillow cases monogrammed in colour demand the use of sewing materials both delicate and durable

A GIFT of china for the home as delightful as it is delightfully inexpensive. Tea set, price 25s. 9d. for twenty-one pieces. Coffee set, 22s. complete

Pictures by Helen Macgregor

usual, and for the woman who is at all useful with her needle, at surprisingly little cost.

Undoubtedly, handwork still has a great appeal, and the modern woman is very little if anything behind her grandmother in prowess. Circumstances combine, however, to present difficulties, and whereas our ancestors could turn the days of their courtship into a very orgy of stitchery, we have our businesses to attend as well as other demands upon our time. Simplicity is perhaps one of the reasons why wool embroidery has enjoyed such a vogue. Quick and effective as it is for many uses in connection with household things, there is an added advantage in the perfection and durability of modern embroidery wools.

TALKING of quickness, I have recently completed in the minimum of time a luncheon set which I humbly claim to be as effective as it is certainly refreshingly inexpensive. The mats were cut from a coarse, natural-coloured net of strong weave—the kind that is sold for window curtains at about 1s. 6¾d. a yard. The edges were firmly bound with natural bias binding, and the decoration completed with a bold embroidered design in darning stitch. For this purpose I chose "Star Sylko," which is substantial and yet has a certain delicacy of texture and colouring. Coloured slip covers for my cork table mats show through the net in bright relief and have the advantage of being interchangeable.

Organdie is a popular and surprisingly durable medium for tray cloths, table mats and even afternoon tea cloths. Allied with very fine linen, as in a luncheon set I was recently shown, it is exquisite, and lends itself as well to the use of lace and fine embroidery as any other fabric.

Lace has certainly come into its own again in connection with the linen cupboard, and Italian lace tablecloths, though perhaps included in the luxury class, are certainly ones which every bride will strain her purse to the uttermost to possess.

It is a far cry, but the subject of Italian lace recalls the fact that crochet lace is fast returning to favour again, bringing this time the additional beauty of its new colouring. I have just seen a charming crochet luncheon set in palest green with table napkins of pale green linen, finished with a corner motif of crochet. Crochet cottons are made now in every delicate shade imaginable, and to the woman with ideas, this fact alone is an advantage which offers many exciting possibilities for the bottom drawer.

EITHER as a gift from the bride or from one of her friends, this graceful silver-plated coffee set deserves a place of honour in the new home. Price £2 19s. Caddy of similar design, £1 15s. 6d.

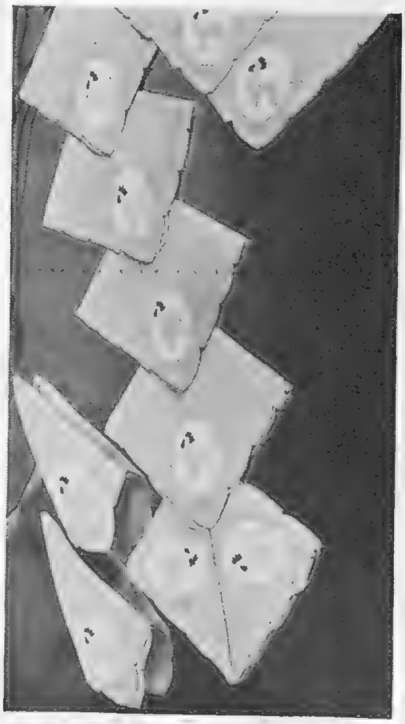
A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED . . .

continued

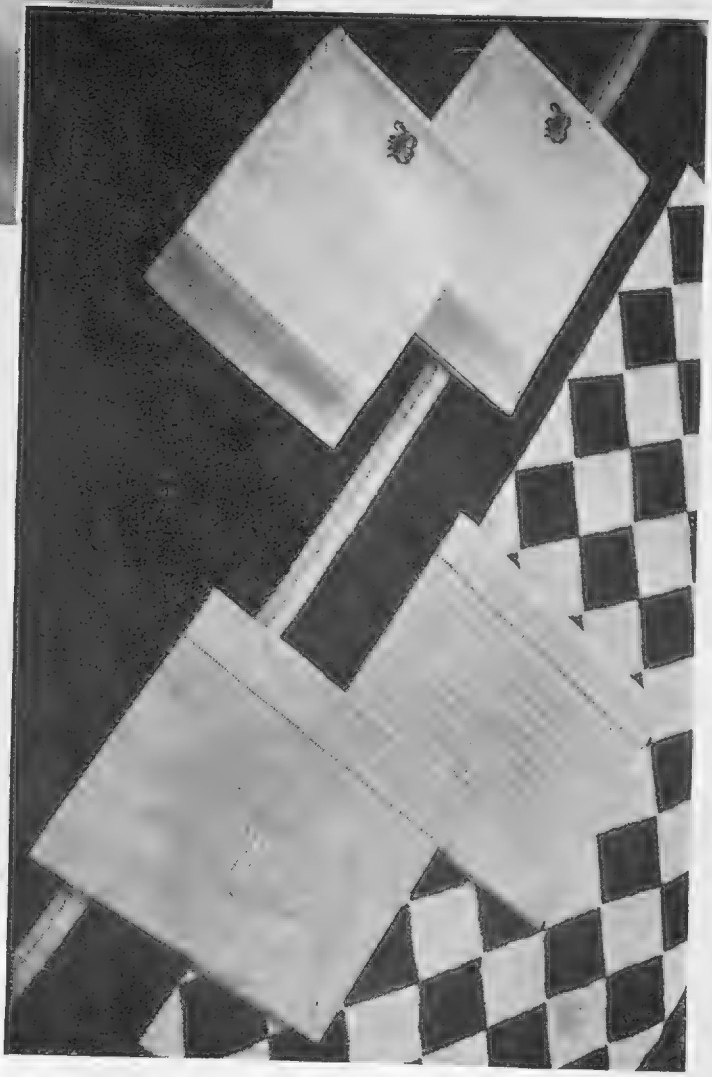
Linen by Walpole Brothers, Ltd.

LEFT: For all the beauty of coloured table linen, of delicate lace and exquisite embroidery, there is an enduring quality of charm in fine damask to which we inevitably bow. These hand-woven damask tablecloths, of which the prices vary according to size, are photographed with two sets of hand towels which fall into the same luxurious category. Both the huckaback and the embossed diaper variety cost 59/6 dozen

BELOW: The modern taste for colour is apparent in these very dainty towels, one set of which have coloured, hemstitched borders and a coloured initial while the others are in self colouring with a faint check design. Both cost 6/9 per pair. The Terry bath mat can be had in colours to harmonise with the towels for 10/9

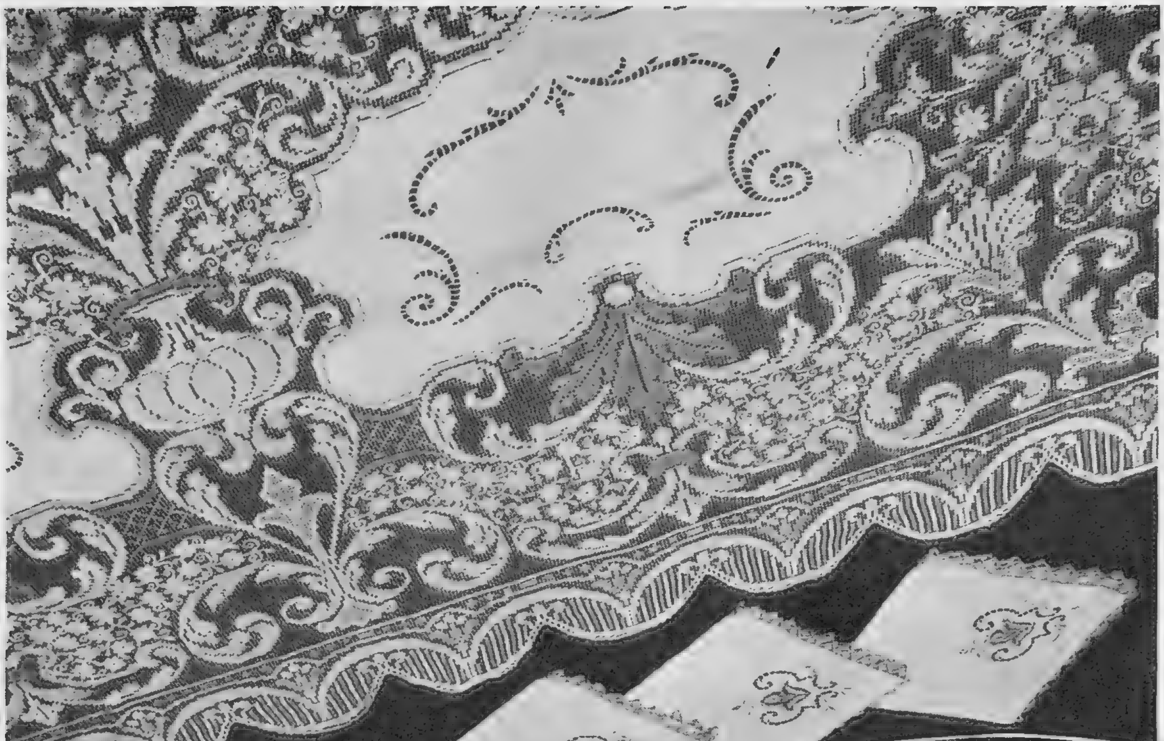


EXQUISITELY delicate linen cocktail napkins, with scalloped edges and a corner motif of coloured embroidery, must be accorded a place of honour in the "bottom drawer." Price 10/6 dozen



A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED

continued



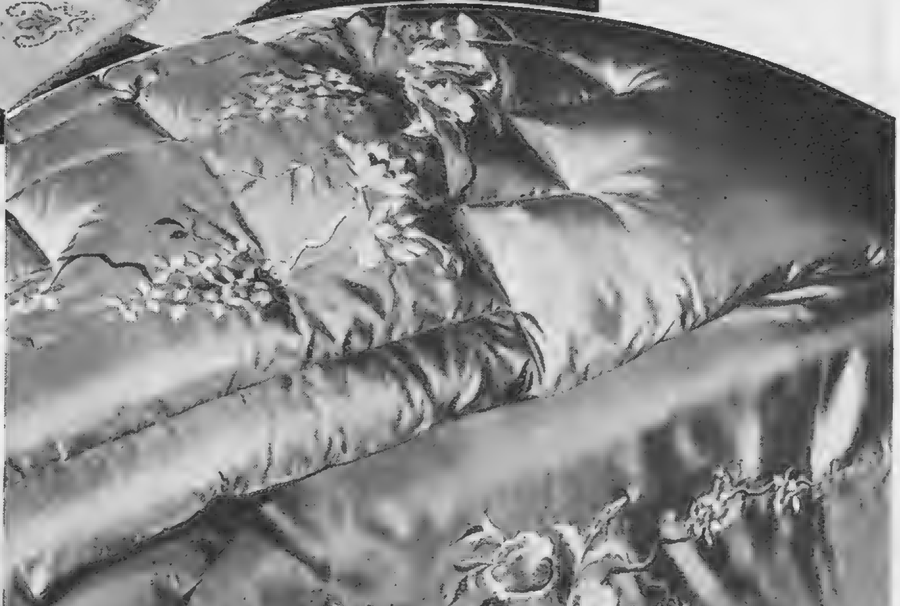
Left

ITALIAN filet lace and hand-embroidered linen combine to make this superb tablecloth which has fine linen napkins, lace edged, to match. A luxury indeed, perhaps even an extravagance, but one which every bride will hope, by some means, to indulge. Price £16-16-0, napkins 60/- dozen

By courtesy of Walpole Brothers, Ltd.

ON THE LINEN SHELF

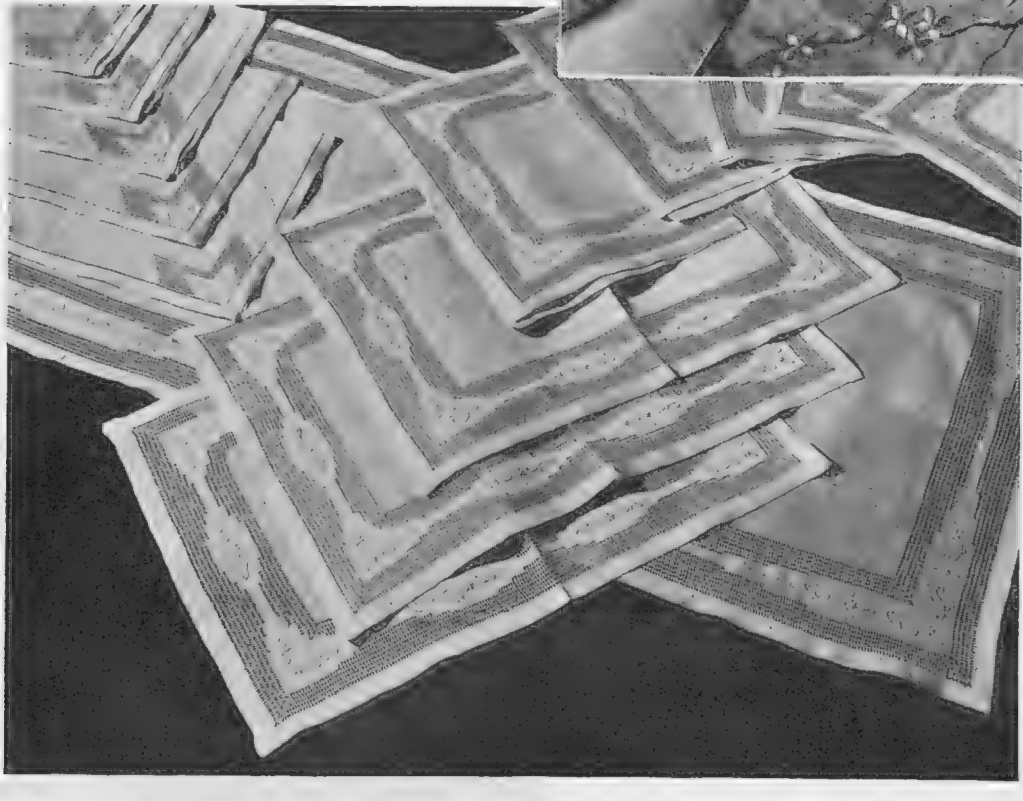
Fresh light on the subject of linen and other trousseau things....



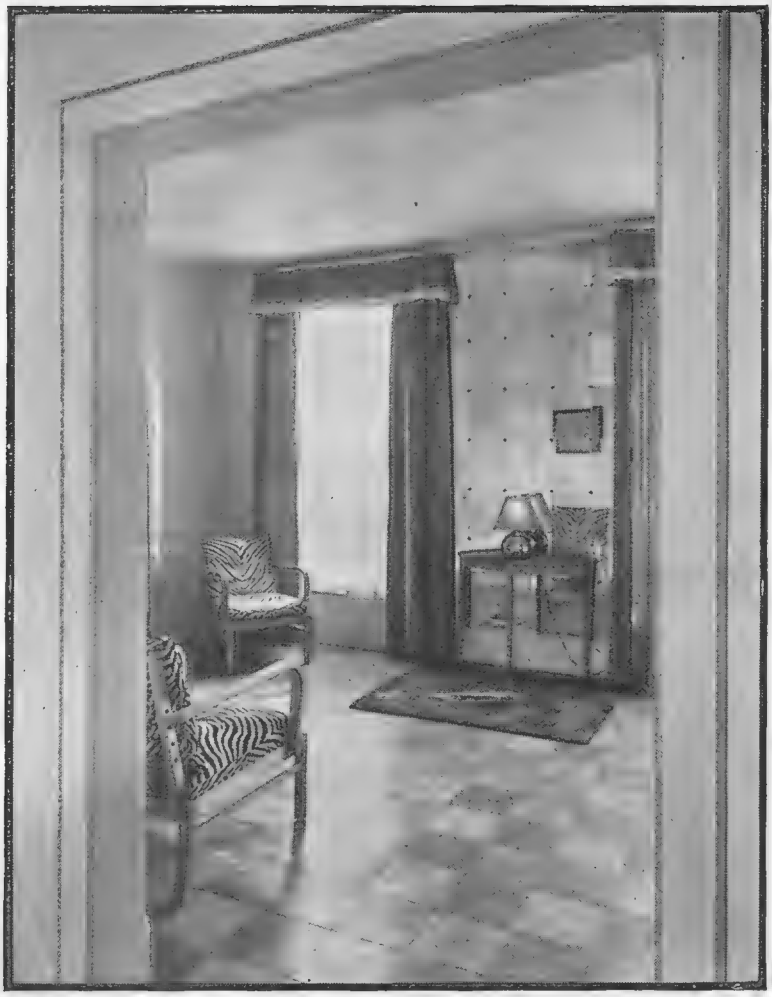
Pictures by Helen Macgregor

Above

THE new bedroom will be incomplete without a down quilt and bedspread of identical design. A section of the quilt and spread photographed shows hand embroidery in a mellow blend of colouring on a background of sage green satin. The quilt costs 115/- and the spread 57/9



DESIGNED specially for use on a refectory table this natural linen luncheon set is decorated in a particularly lovely and unusual way with Sicilian mosaic embroidery. Price £4-9-6 for thirteen pieces. Napkins 49/6 dozen



A MIRROR set between the windows doubles the apparent size of the room and gives decorative reflections. The floor, though it looks like parquet, is made of three-ply wood, nailed over the original boards

Making *the* most *of the*

Antonia White *describes*

An Eminently Successful Experiment in Economy

THE house shown here is one of those small eighteenth century ones which can still be found in London. The rooms, simple and well proportioned as they are, are very tiny, and the decorator's problem was to give as much effect of space as possible and to avoid a " cluttered up " look without destroying their original character.

On the first floor were two small rooms. By making an opening in the wall between them, one obtained a decent-sized sitting-room. This, having three windows, was now beautifully light, and by keeping walls and woodwork pale in colour, the effect of size was increased. Lastly, optical illusion was called in. Between the two windows in the front part of the room a large mirror made of separate squares of glass fitted together was fixed, filling the whole space from wainscot to ceiling. This not merely doubled the apparent spaciousness of the room, but gave lovely reflections of the garden visible from the window in the backroom. This particular mirror was rather costly, since it was especially made of smoky coloured glass. It came to £22 10s., including fitting, but a plain sheet could be used very effectively for about one-third of the price.

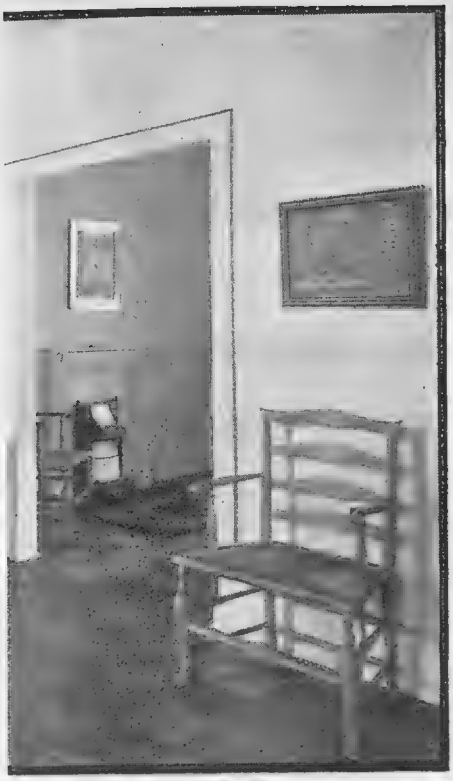
THE problem of floors is always a serious one. This we solved very satisfactorily by using squares of stained and polished three-ply wood, nailed down on the original boards, so that it looked exactly like a parquet floor. A clever local carpenter made and fitted the floor in the double sitting-room, dining-room, and a smaller sitting-room for an inclusive cost of £23 10s. The cheapest hair carpet for these rooms would have cost more and been far less attractive.

In the bedroom, instead of ordinary carpet, a pale grey felt was used. This looked lovely with walls of still paler grey, and cost 6s. 9d. a yard.

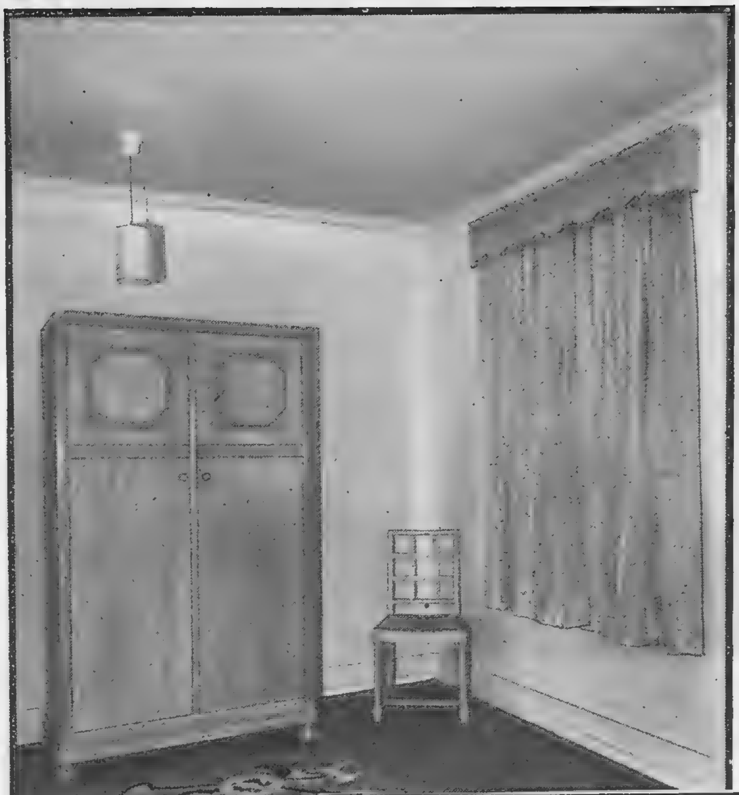
Now for colour schemes and actual furniture. In the double sitting-room the walls and woodwork were done with cream distemper and paint. The ceiling, to avoid bleakness, was distempered a very pale pink. The framework of the doors and the opening between the two rooms was " picked out " with a line of pink and a line of blue, exactly matching

Right:

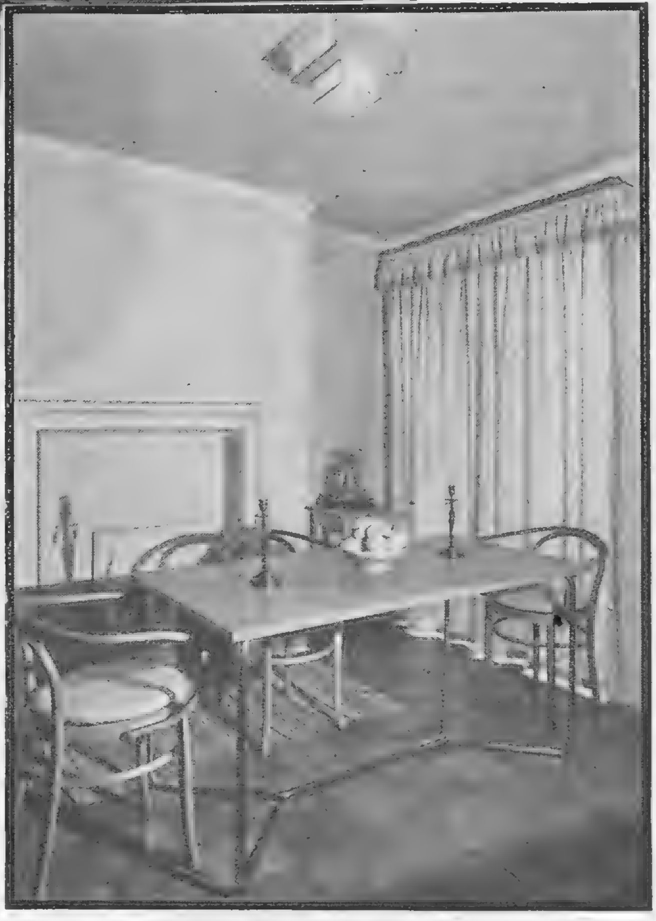
WALLS of the very palest grey, with touches of pink, and a straw-coloured ceiling make a most attractive bedroom scheme. The floor is covered with pale grey felt and the furniture is weathered oak



LIGHT colours and small furniture help to make this small room look spacious. The walls are cream distemper, the ceiling faint pink, and the cream woodwork is picked out with narrow lines of cream and rose



Left:
A WELL-FITTED wardrobe of weathered oak holds not only clothes but a long mirror and shelf which makes a dressing-table unnecessary. The curtains are patterned in rose on a pewter-grey ground



Below:
THESE amusing bentwood chairs and a specially designed modern table make this minute dining-room comfortable without being over-furnished. The floor is of plywood; the striped rug cost 2/11

Small H*ouse*

the pink and blue of the linen curtains. These curtains were made of ordinary fadeless dress linen, in a blue that bordered on violet, and were only relieved by a band of coral pink on the edge of each valance. The inner curtains were of pale rose organdie. All the furniture was kept very light and simple and as small as possible so as not to spoil the proportions of the room. Two interesting modern armchairs, of light wood upholstered in zebra-like stuff striped in cream and nigger brown, costing £7 apiece, were the principal features. The other chairs were weathered oak ones of a good simple pattern, costing £3 5s. each.

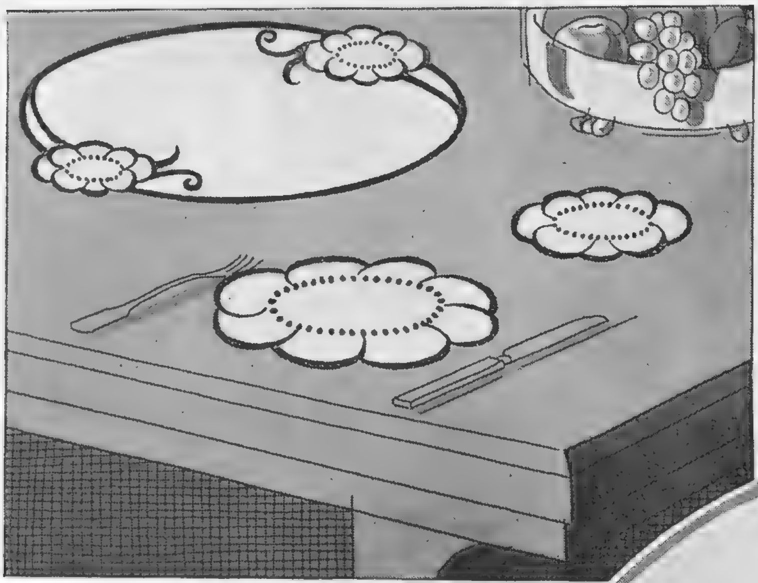
A NEST of three weathered oak tables (£4), a specially made oval table to fit across the mirror (£1 15s.), and a hand-made rug in the prevailing colours of the room (£4) completed the furniture. There was only one hanging light, in the window of the back room. The shade of mica and silver paper was made by a shop to the decorator's design for 15s. Two table lamps, consisting of one blue and one crimson witchball with grey mica and silver shades, cost 26s. apiece. Linen for the curtains cost 4s. 11d. a yard. The bedroom was done in a grey so pale as to be almost white, the doors and wainscot picked out with a pale, slightly yellowish pink, and the ceiling distempered a faint straw colour. The curtains, with their amusing scalloped pelmets, were of a lovely Allan Walton stuff, patterned in coral on pewter silk with a slightly metallic sheen. This stuff is rather expensive, being 15s. 11d. a yard, but it is extremely decorative and lasts a lifetime. The bed, a plain weathered oak one, was spread with a cheap Indian striped cotton in grey, primrose and rosy brown. There was no dressing-table, as the big weathered oak wardrobe was fitted with a mirror and shelf inside.

The dining-room was so tiny that again everything had to be designed to give an impression

(*Continued on page* 108)

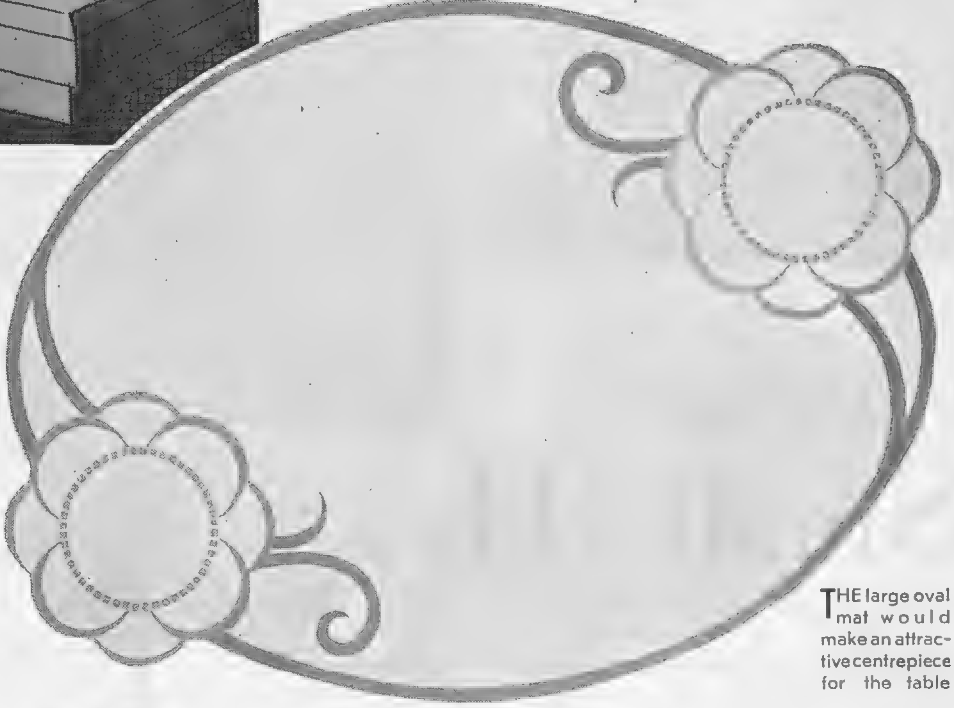
A DINNER SET OF UNUSUAL DESIGN

The mats of this attractive set for the dinner table are shaped to resemble a sunflower and are carried out in yellow embroidery on a natural coloured linen ground

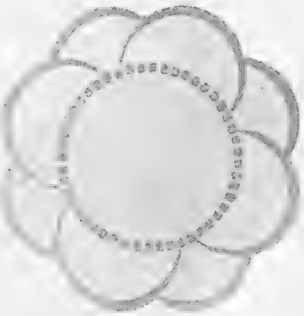


MATS look charming on a table of polished wood, and are equally effective and necessary on modern tables of glass

THE large oval mat is designed for the centre of the table or to be placed beneath a serving dish. The larger circular mats are for the plates and the smaller for the glasses. The very simple but attractive design is carried out in buttonholing stitch in shades of yellow and green on a natural linen ground, and this colour scheme would look equally well on a polished or a natural oak table. This set, already printed on linen, complete with the silks with which to embroider it, may be obtained for 7/6. The set comprises one large oval mat and twelve round mats, six of the large and six of the smaller size.

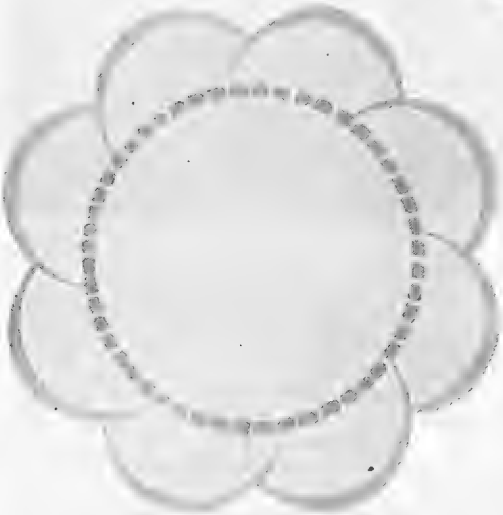


THE large oval mat would make an attractive centrepiece for the table



THE smaller mats are destined to stand beneath the glasses

The simple colour scheme of these mats renders them suitable accompaniments to almost any colour china or pottery, and they would undoubtedly lend an air of summer-like gaiety to winter dining tables. Yellow china, brown pottery soup bowls and green glasses would complete an enchanting ensemble. If the table is of polished wood, it is essential to place small circular mats of asbestos beneath the platemats, as the linen is not thick enough to prevent the heat of the plates from marking the surface of the table. A larger oval asbestos mat is required if the centre-piece is to be used beneath a serving dish.



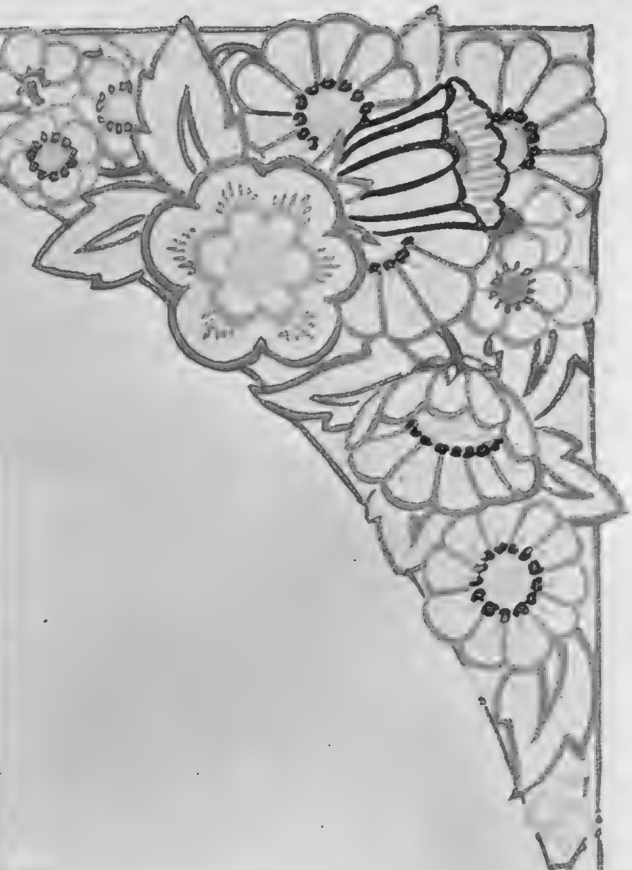
THIS design is unusually easy and quick to work and is carried out in buttonhole stitch

HOW TO BUY

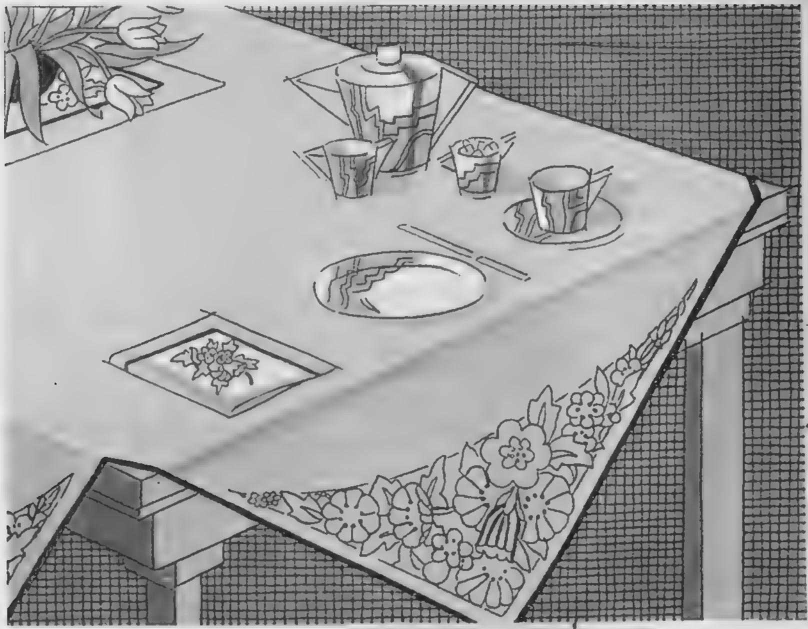
These attractive Table mats from "Britannia & Eve"

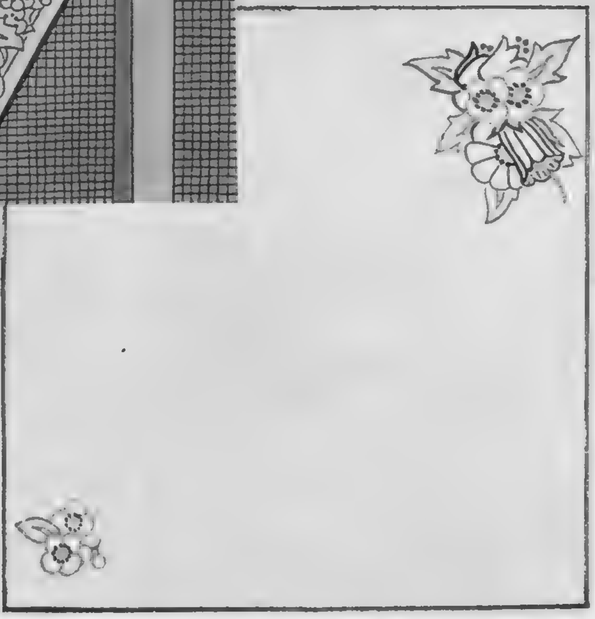
Postal orders for 7/6 should be sent to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346 Strand, W.C.2

The set comprises one large oval mat and one dozen round mats, six of each size, already printed on natural linen and complete with the yellow and green silks necessary for the embroidery



Below:
The tablecloth may be obtained separately if desired and costs only 6/6. It is 36 inches square





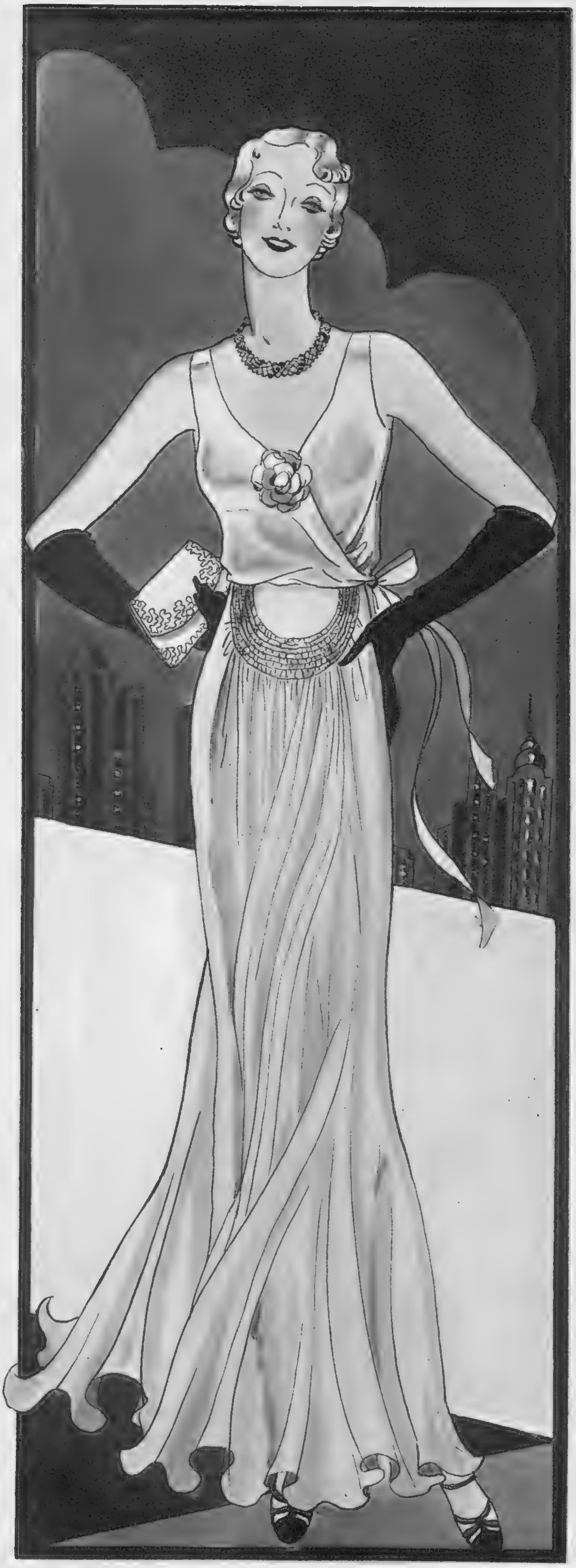
The six napkins may be obtained separately if desired and cost 6/- the half-dozen

AN ATTRACTIVE TEA-CLOTH and a set of six NAPKINS which are Easy to Embroider

THIS simple but most effective design, which was specially made for "Britannia & Eve," can be obtained already printed on natural colour linen, and the set will be sent direct to the reader, complete with the silks necessary for its embroidery, on receipt of a postal order for 12/6

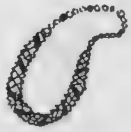
THE tea-cloth measures 36 ins. by 36 ins. and the design is printed in each corner. The napkins measure 12 ins. x 12 ins. and have a large design in one corner and a small spray of flowers in another. The design, which is carried out in blues, mauves, greens and a suggestion of yellow, is very easy to embroider, and all the leaves and flowers may be outlined in a simple chain stitch; or, if the worker is fairly expert, stem stitch can be used and is even more effective. After the embroidery is complete the tea-cloth and the napkins should be turned up and hemmed with chain stitch, or threads drawn and finished with whichever colour you wish to emphasise. Another method is to bind the edges with bias binding, which can nowadays be obtained ready-made in a wide range of colours

SHE BOUGHT IT ALL FOR £10—

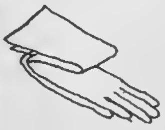


If you are interested in any of the garments sketched on these two pages, let me know and I will tell you where they may be obtained

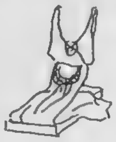
Letters should be addressed to Madge Garland.



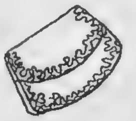
JEWELLERY has a difficult rôle to play at the present moment, for, if it is what used to be called "artificial" and is now known as "novelty," it must be both discreet and decorative. The large and rather over-elaborate necklaces of last year have been replaced by smaller and more subtle designs. The necklace sketched on the figure on the left shows a very simple but effective design in two inter-plaited colours in glass beads, which decrease in size towards the back. It may be obtained in any two colours, and costs 21/-



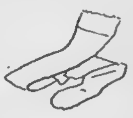
THERE is no doubt that gloves are as fashionable as they are expensive, but they do add considerably to one's appearance on a formal occasion. If, however, they are to be worn with a light frock, nothing is smarter than black, and these, if of a reliable make, last extremely well and do not require the frequent cleanings which quickly ruin paler shades. These sixteen-button suède gloves of excellent workmanship may be obtained in black, white, or several pale shades for 13/6



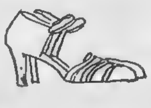
WHEN price is a consideration—and when isn't it?—the next qualification should be simplicity. The evening gown sketched on the left is an excellent example of good taste and good value. It is of pale green georgette, and has a cross-over bodice tied with a bow at the back and caught by a flower of the same material. The immensely full skirt is cut on the cross, and is cleverly gauged on to a semicircular yoke in front. It has a crêpe-de-Chine slip, can be obtained in a few good colours, and costs only 5½ guineas



EVENING bags are always a problem because they are so conspicuous, so fragile, and usually so costly. There is also the colour question, and a bag which will accompany almost any colour gown is much to be desired. The pochette sketched in the picture is of maize-coloured silk, which could be reasonably worn with almost any colour; it can be easily cleaned at home with benzine, and the gold braid with which it is trimmed will not easily get out of order. It is well fitted inside can be had in several colours, and costs 19/6



THE famous uncle who frequently presented one with a dozen fine silk stockings seems to be as extinct as the dinosaur, and the problem of thin silk stockings for evening wear looms large in every woman's budget. It is good news, however, that English manufacturers are now making a really beautiful silk stocking, fine enough for evening wear, but guaranteed to last extremely well, which has an openwork clox and may be obtained in a range of new shades for only 8/11

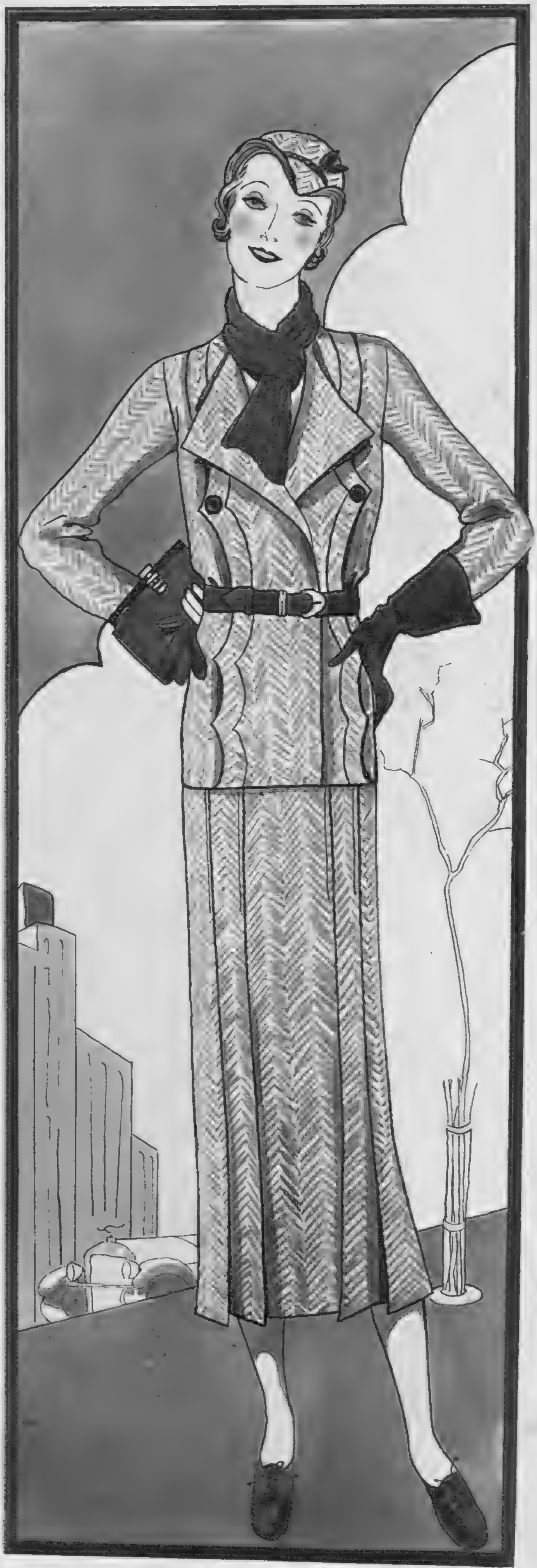


SHOES have rarely been prettier than they are at the moment, and the present fashion for sandal shoes, composed of little more than a few narrow straps and a high heel, is extremely becoming to most women if it is not exaggerated. The shoes sketched on the left, with their brief vamp and well-spaced straps, are excellent examples of a smart and comfortable dancing shoe. They are of black satin, but can be obtained in a number of colours, and their extremely moderate price is 16/9

AND THIS COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR £12

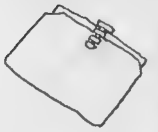
Or if you are looking for another type of costume and accessories, write to me and I will send you suggestions and a list of addresses

Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C. 2

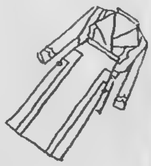


THE milliners of 1932 will have to work hard if they are to exceed in originality the numerous novelties of last year, but so far the new hats are agreed that, whatever their shape, they must dip over one eye. The very jaunty small hat shown on this page is made of the same beige and brown tweed as the costume, and is soft, comfortable, and of a most becoming shape. A minute feather is tucked into the head-band, and it is priced at 34/6

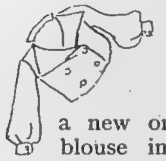
THIS short knitted scarf in a novelty stitch, and with a loop at one end through which the other is pulled, makes quite the smartest and most economical finish to a costume. In several colours, 12/11. The importance of gloves cannot be over-estimated, and these excellent gauntlet gloves of English manufacture, made of hard-wearing fabric and cut to the latest design, may be obtained in a wide range of shades for only 3/11



A HANDBAG for daily use must make strength its first consideration; but that is no reason why it should not be *chic*. Most of the smart bags for morning wear are of good leather, and plain bag shapes mounted on metal frames are once again in favour. The bag shown on this page is carried out in leather with a particularly attractive metal clasp in a modern design. It is well fitted inside, can be had in several useful colours, and costs 19/6



A MORE attractive and more useful costume than the one sketched here would be hard to find. It is made in beige and brown (or black and natural) English tweed, and its cut is absolutely above criticism. The skirt has two pleats on either side; the jacket has wide revers, no collar, and a brown belt. The scalloped design manages to conceal two pockets which add considerably to the costume's *chic*, but should never be put to utilitarian purposes if the said *chic* is to be permanent. Price £8 5s. 6d.



THIS blouse is not included in the budget quoted on this page because it could not be shown in the sketch, and because most women possess a plethora of odd blouses and jumpers; but if a new one is needed, nothing could be smarter than a blouse in dark brown made of a new silk and wool material with a double-breasted effect, wide revers, and sleeves full enough to be in the fashion, but not too full to slip comfortably into a coat. Price £2 12s. 0d.

WITH this type of costume, which can be worn equally well in the country or for mornings in town, shoes and stockings must be chosen which are practical but not too heavy. An excellent English silk stocking at 4/11 is both hard-wearing and smart, and the lace-up shoes which emulate a ghillie with all the grace of a coquette are made of brown leather, and have a medium height cuban heel. Price 16/9

In praise of TOYS

THE life-like terrier and the more than life-size rabbit assisting at the tea party were lent by Marshall & Snelgrove

Photographs by B. J. Hason

A CERTAIN intelligent young man, a student of political economy, once gave a well-carved wooden fox, about a foot long and eight inches high, and a gazelle of about the same size, to his sister's two children.

"George and Margaret loved your beasts!" I heard his sister say. "They played with them for hours this morning."

"Played with them?" said the young man, looking searchingly over his horn-rimmed spectacles at his sister. "Now, what exactly do you mean by that?" It was an unnervingly simple question.

He insisted upon an explanation and an analysis, and his sister and I realised that in fact we had very little idea of what we meant when we said glibly that a child "played" with a toy. From the account extracted from their mother by her severe and enquiring brother, it became clear that George and Margaret had used the fox and the gazelle dramatically. The children's game had been practically the enactment of a puppet play, combined with what no child would have any difficulty in calling "tableaux vivants." George and Margaret had escaped into the country of "Suppose and Suppose," which on that particular occasion was some kind of forest. A grown-up might have placed such a forest in Africa, but, with their more generous ideas on geography, George and Margaret might have placed it anywhere. Mysteriously the beasts lived, loved, and hated.

I WATCHED with a new eye after this question had been asked by the inquisitive student of economics, and it soon became perfectly clear that the fox and gazelle might be used for many other purposes—for instance, call the fox a dog and the gazelle a goat (an easy matter), and a whole new set of uses are apparent. They would then have represented things found in the child's real environment, but hard to control.

I was talking the other day to an elementary school-teacher, and remarked to her how few of the little girls at the school to which my two daughters went cared for dolls. I surmised that dolls were going out of fashion. She said, on the contrary. In a very poor district of Reading where she worked, dolls were very popular. Discussing the reason for this difference in fashion, we came to the conclusion that it was because a very frequent task for the little girls at her school was the minding of real babies.

Now, real babies are difficult to mind. They kick off shoes and socks as soon as they are put on; they smear sucked crusts over their clean frocks; and, with a wild arm, sweep everything in reach off the table. The little girls liked dolls just because dolls were not

TO children the land of let's pretend is an escape from the bewildering adult world, and toys are often the best guides and companions on such a journey

By
Amabel Williams-Ellis

really alive, but only "pretend" alive. Once dressed they stayed dressed, once made clean and tidy they stayed clean and tidy, and, even more important, they did not resent being scolded because the little girl felt like scolding, and could be deemed ill, well, good, bad, awake, or asleep, as was most convenient. Such toys—the doll, the fox deemed to be a dog, the gazelle deemed to be a goat—represent a simplification of reality. But those are only two among many functions.

SOME toys have their uses written on their faces. A football, for example, is emphatically made to be kicked. Now it is clear that when a boy is moved by his inner being to kick something, and finds by his toe a football, rather than his little sister or the mending basket, it is greatly to the benefit of everybody.

A year or two ago it was held by many educationists (it may still be so held for all I know) that children ought not to be given ready-made toys at all, and that instead they have at hand the materials for making things for themselves. There was a vogue for providing them not with toys, but with clay for modelling, with hammer, nails and wood, with paints, with bricks, with large sheets of cardboard, with Meccano sets, with good-sized bits of material in which to dress up. Obviously all these things are splendid resources, and no one who has been much with children could have a word to say against them, but from my own experience I at least am very much inclined to agree with another school of thought, which holds that children should also have quite ordinary conventional toys—puffers, woolly dogs, a horse and cart.

I know a woman who makes a speciality of child analysis, who believes that the gaudiest and most absurd things that you can find in a toyshop window have their uses, and that they are excellent except in excess. She is quite clear that all that glitters is not dross, and that things that smell of new varnish and are quite complete in themselves have a real place in the child's world.

The ready-made toy fulfils a necessary function. It helps the child to escape from the real world. A ready-made kite lifts up the heart, and a shop-varnished scooter makes nimble the legs. The kite gives relief from reality and, as the child's eye follows it, he dreams of a mimic escape.

THE advocate of "material" would answer that the feeling of having made something is much wholesomer than this sort of mimic escape, as the child has conquered the real world when he has made his toy, which is far better than running away from it. But I suggest that children need toys in both these aspects—that is to say, toys are a simplification of the world, and also a holiday from it.

The fact is that our world is very hard for small children. It must be terrible to live in a house where a chair is not sat on, but climbed into; where stairs are twice as high; where rulers and lawgivers have a different and apparently perfectly arbitrary sense of time; where the rules are mysterious and only half understood; where strange and hazily perceived dangers lurk, sometimes from rushing cars in the street, sometimes from wolves with glaring eyes that haunt the landing, sometimes from heat, sometimes from cold.

From such a world a child definitely needs an occasional holiday. In order to keep sane and cheerful in such an extraordinary place it must, to a greater or lesser extent, build round itself a stronghold, a world of its own, to which it can retire from (*Continued on page* 106)

THE photographs on this and the opposite page were taken of the pupils of Miss Tudor-Hart's school by kind permission of the principal

"ACHES and PAINS"

The Thermostatic Treatment of Rheumatism, Neuritis and Kindred Ailments

LUCY KITCHIN

MANY people do not call in a doctor; they probably have a pet liniment or embrocation

HOW often at this time of year when one asks people how they are, the answer will be: "I've been rather rheumaticky lately," or "My neuritis has been troubling me"! (People are apt to be proprietary about their ailments.) This may mean anything from a creaking knee joint, or a stiff neck, to that very painful complaint, sciatica, or acute neuritis. In nearly all these cases of aches and pains the original cause is uric acid in the system, and damp weather; a chill or some infection has brought about the painful symptoms.

Many people do not even call in a doctor on these occasions; they probably have a pet liniment or embrocation; perhaps they take aspirin to relieve the pain, and they *may* get better or they may become seriously ill, in which case the business of curing them is complicated by the delay in administering the right treatment.

One of the most important factors is a correct diagnosis at the outset. Rubbing, which stimulates the circulation, may be excellent in some forms of rheumatism, but if the pain is caused by inflammation of the nerve sheaths (what is called neuritis), it is the worst possible treatment and will aggravate the condition. In nearly all cases the basis of treatment is the application of heat in one form or another—what is known as thermostatic treatment.

I have known people, generally of the more hearty and sporting persuasion, pin their faith to a Turkish bath: "Touch of lumbago, you know . . . interferes with hunting," or, "Beastly stiff shoulder, can hardly hold a gun: need a good Turkish bath to sweat it out." The theory is basically sound, but the after effects of a Turkish bath may be dangerous, especially if there is any fever or the heart is affected, as it often is by rheumatic affections. It is, therefore, a wise precaution to consult a doctor. He will prescribe an anti-acid medicine—lithia, aspirin, or its latest substitute, Alasil, and, if the patient's condition calls for it, a tonic or sedative. He will indicate the correct diet (which should be innocent of red meats, red wines, excessive sugar and other acid-forming items) and will prescribe he right treatment.

IN cases of localised pain, radiant heat or ultra-violet ray may be useful, or even a pack of Antiphlogistine. When the pains are general and mobile, the patient should undoubtedly stay in bed. Absolute rest and warmth are essential in the treatment of sciatica, for instance. But if the attack is not serious or when the patient is recovering, radiant heat or paraffin wax baths will prove extremely efficacious.

LUCY KITCHIN

WHEN the pains are general and mobile the patient should undoubtedly stay in bed

The latter are an interesting development of thermostatic treatment. The patient lies in a kind of hammock lined with waxed paper, and warm, white wax is poured all over the body. Then he or she is warmly wrapped and the window can be opened so that there is none of the airlessness and discomfort which is attendant on some forms of heat bath. Actually the patient is not conscious of any feeling of heat, and this treatment has the advantage of being applicable to people with high blood pressure, and even with heart trouble, as it does not cause them any distress.

As the wax cools, it forms a sheath all over the body; a profuse perspiration is induced and the action of the skin causes a space between itself and the wax. The patient is subsequently given a friction with alcohol, thoroughly to close the pores again, but as there has been no sensation of heat there is not the danger of catching a chill afterwards, which is the disadvantage of some heat baths. The wax can also be applied locally if a whole bath is not required.

(This wax bath is also used for slimming purposes in conjunction with special massage.)

The profuse perspiration induced certainly rids the system of toxins and impurities, and the subsequent sensation is one of "lightness" and energy. There is no doubt that, as well as being curative, these baths, taken at regular intervals, would act as a preventive of all those unpleasant aches and pains which are of rheumatic origin, and which, owing to the English climate and the English dietary, are so prevalent at this time of year.

For those whom they suit the ordinary radiant heat or, as they are sometimes called, "sun-ray" baths are pleasant and efficacious. An excellent and luxurious way for a woman to take a course of these is to go to the beauty specialist whose exercise salon is famous and there do the prescribed health exercises followed by the heat bath and a refreshing spray. The patient then retires to one of the charming cubicles allotted to each and surrenders herself to the ministrations of a trained masseuse. The same firm also gives the paraffin wax baths already described. The benefit to general health which results from these treatments is indubitable, especially to those with rheumatic tendencies.

LUCY KITCHIN

THE subsequent sensation is one of "lightness" and energy

SUMMER'S HEAT AND WINTER'S COLD
"Larola"
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

THE use of a good complexion milk on the hands after washing will whiten and refine the skin. It is essential during the winter months

No 4711
Eau de Cologne
Bath
Dusting Powder

ALWAYS remember to use a talcum dusting powder after the bath. The perfume of 4711 eau-de-Cologne powder is most refreshing

SOAP and water must be used for the face as well as the body, but it must be super-fatted and absolutely pure

BEAUTY in the MAKING

A Homily to the Young Girl—and her Mother

By "CHRYSIS"

NOTHING is more wonderful than youth: it is what we all try to retain and to regain. Women will spend time and money on rejuvenating treatments. Men will "take up" sport or subject themselves to operative assimilation of monkey gland in pursuit of this fast fleeting and desired state or quality. The passing of youth is more regretted than friends, money, honours, because we think, perhaps rightly, that nearly all that makes life worth living—enthusiasm, illusions, energy, the power to achieve, the capacity for loving and commanding love—have gone, too. (Some people keep the essential elements of youth throughout their lives.) But since youth is the desideratum of aging mankind, nothing is more curious than the neglect of the cult of youth *in the young*, nothing more pathetic than the inability of the young to realise their potentialities!

One hears young girls and young men "squashed" for expressing their fresh and fantastic opinions because they seem ridiculous to their elders, who have lost imagination and illusion and read directories rather than the stars. One sees radiant, ebullient young creatures appear awkward and graceless because they do not know how to comport themselves, or "how to make the best of themselves," and because they have not the money to spend on their embellishment.

First, a word to the mothers. It is the greatest mistake to think that a young girl can always wear any little cheap or home-made frock while her mother must have expensive, well-cut clothes. A girl who has probably not "fined down" and has not acquired poise and studied grace needs much more careful dressing and tailoring than the older woman who knows how to choose and wear her clothes and how to "carry off" a frock. Mothers should educate their girls in the matter of clothes. (A study of other girls' gym. suits and school mistresses' Sunday *ensembles* is not likely to have taught them much!) They should take them to good dress shows, let them meet well-dressed women and see the best fashion papers.

If necessary the girls should be sent to classes for deportment and dancing so that they may learn to move *and to sit still* gracefully. Mothers should consult a really good beauty specialist about any of their daughters' complexion defects. Acne, the distressing skin trouble which, unfortunately, affects some girls just as they are growing up and may permanently injure the complexion, could often be averted if the mother took her child to a skin specialist at the first sign of the trouble. If a girl has down on her face she should not be allowed to experiment with depilatories, as it may be merely a symptom of adolescence which will pass. During her teens a girl's legs and feet may be greatly improved by massage and exercises.

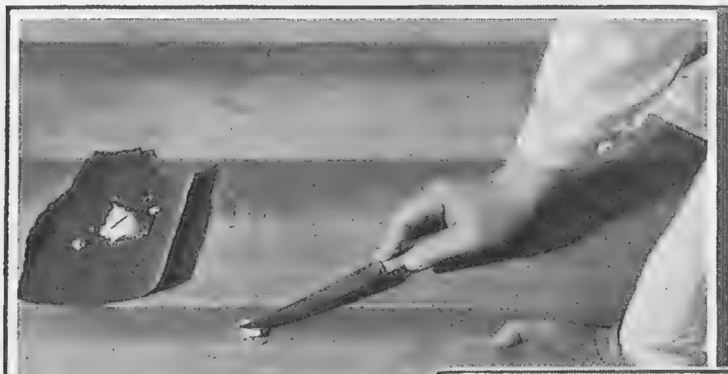
And now a word to the daughters! If you know that you are perfectly groomed you will not feel shy or awkward; therefore pay scrupulous attention to your personal toilet. After your daily bath use a talcum dusting powder: the addition of a little bi-carbonate of soda will make it deodorant. If you have any tendency to have red backs to your arms give them a really hard friction twice a day with a loofah glove. The use of eau-de-Cologne for this friction is an additional luxury, but not a necessity.

If your hands have been coarsened by games, chilblains, cold washing water at school, etc., do daily finger exercises with your hands above your head and massage them well. Use a cream and sleeping gloves at night and a lotion after washing in the daytime to refine and whiten the skin. Take care of your nails—and of your teeth.

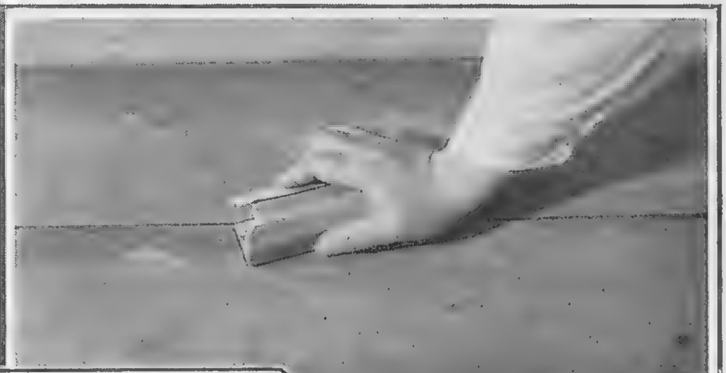
Brush your hair daily till it is glossy and supple. If you have been permanently waved learn to re-set your hair yourself so that you do not only look *bien coiffée* for one day or two after you have been to the hairdresser.

Keep your skin scrupulously clean. Use a good cleansing milk or a cleansing cream and tonic lotion at night and pat in a good cream once or twice a week. Wash with warm water and a super-fatted complexion soap in the morning and then sluice with cold water. If your skin is at all oily a little camphor lotion, eau-de-Cologne, or tincture of benzoin may be added to the cold water; if it is very dry and sensitive it may be well to omit the washing and use cleansing cream or milk.

IN the KITCHEN: *Staining a Floor Repairing Linoleum*



1. *PREPARE your floor for the stain by filling up all cracks and holes with a special stopping material, or putty. This should be pressed well in with an old knife. Level off evenly and remove any surplus*



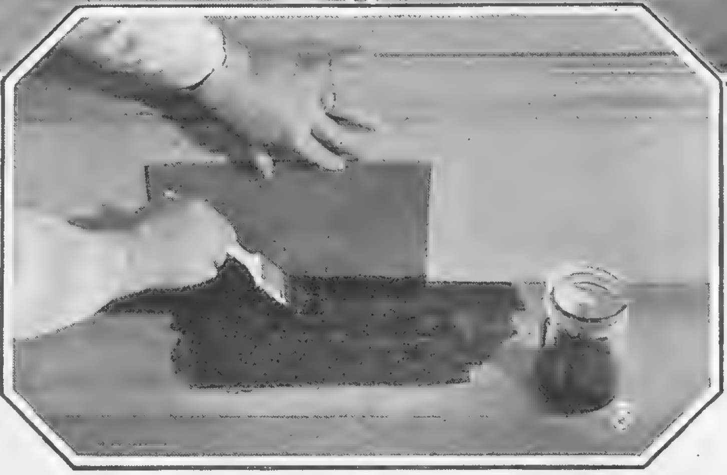
2. *SANDPAPER the floor, using a block of wood inside the sandpaper, after the filling of the holes is finished. When one piece gets worn use a new piece, and be very careful to get the edges of the boards smooth and level*

Staining a Floor

STAINING and polishing is an attractive treatment for a floor if the floor-boards are reasonably good.

There are various stains available for the purpose, and if you buy a good stain, made by a reliable firm, and follow the directions given, you will find the staining quite easy to do.

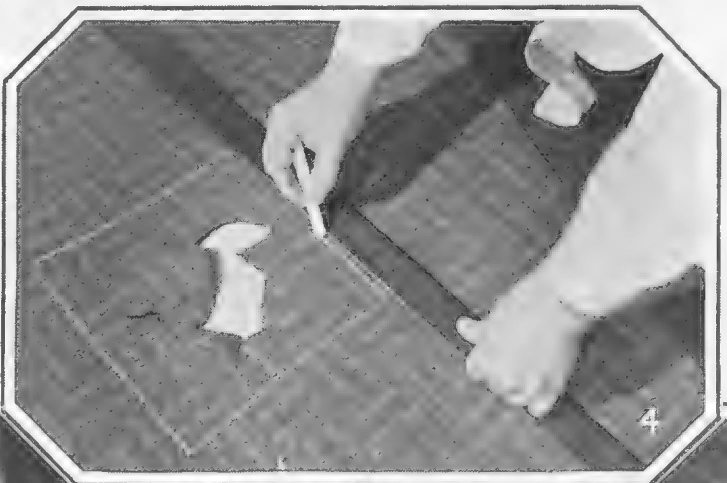
When buying a stain remember that the light-coloured stains show the dust and dirt less than the dark stains. Before beginning the work, be sure that the floor is spotlessly clean, and free from all dust and grease.



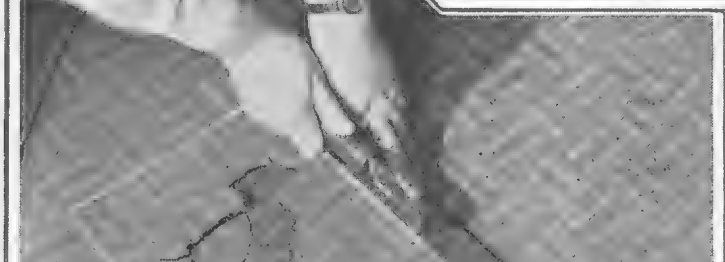
3. *BE sure to keep the skirting-board free from stain. The photograph shows how you can do this easily. Use a piece of zinc if possible, but if this is not available you can use cardboard instead. The zinc should be held flat against the skirting board so that you can apply the stain right up to the edge of the floor-boards.*

Repairing Linoleum

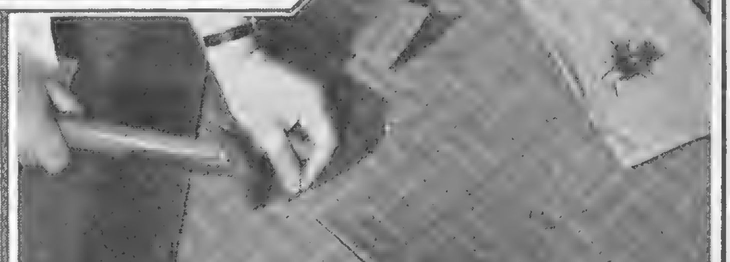
A SMALL torn or worn piece of linoleum can make a whole floor look shabby, but it is quite easy to patch this, and if properly done the patch will hardly show. The three photographs below illustrate the method by which the worn piece should be chalked out and cut away and the new piece invisibly substituted.



4. *WITH a Straight Edge and a piece of chalk mark out, carefully, the piece to be cut away. Allow a fair margin all round the damaged part*



5. *HAVING placed the new piece of linoleum under the hole, cut the two pieces out together with a proper linoleum knife. When you put the new piece of linoleum underneath, if it is a patterned one, be sure that the pattern matches exactly*



6. *PUTTING the new patch in—you will find it fits exactly. It should be tacked down with linoleum brads put in opposite to each other. In the photograph these brads have not been hammered home in order to show their right position*

MADAM, did you KNOW?

SOME useful suggestions for simplifying the housewife's task

THAT the pleated skirts which are now so fashionable will not come out of their pleats so quickly if they are kept lying in a drawer with a piece of tissue paper between the folds?

THAT gramophone records that have become bent can be made flat again by placing in a warm place, such as a heated linen cupboard, on a flat board? Cover the records with a newspaper (the whole of it) and place on top some large heavy books. Leave for half a day, and they will be found perfectly flat. The heat must be very slight.

THAT lavender bags can be made as fresh as new if they are placed in grease-proof paper in a very low oven for half an hour? The heat brings out the oil in the flowers and does not harm them. There is no need to take the lavender out of the bag, unless it is made of thick material.

THAT salmon, both chilled and Scotch, if steamed or boiled with a small onion retains all the delicate flavour without having any taste of the onion? A dessertspoonful of salad oil in the water will keep chilled salmon from becoming dry. It should be allowed to rest in the boiling water for a quarter of an hour after boiling.

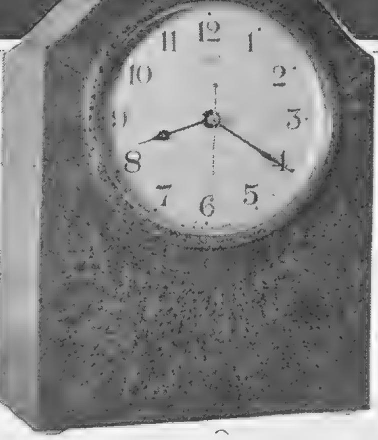
THE names and addresses of the firms supplying the articles illustrated will be supplied on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THAT it is quite simple to keep a really strict budget of household accounts? Few women know how to keep books, but it is easily done with the aid of a Household Diary. All you have to do is to put the money under the various headings of "Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker, etc." and just add it up. The diary illustrated on the right is so planned that one is able to tell at a glance relative expenditure for each item each week; so that the modest sum of 1s. 6d. for the diary will quickly prove an investment. There are also two boards made of a kind of celluloid for 1/- each. One has "Kitchen Wants" on it, and the other "Meals for To-day," both are provided with a pencil and a piece of cloth which easily rubs out pencil writing, and both would prove great aids to the harassed housewife.

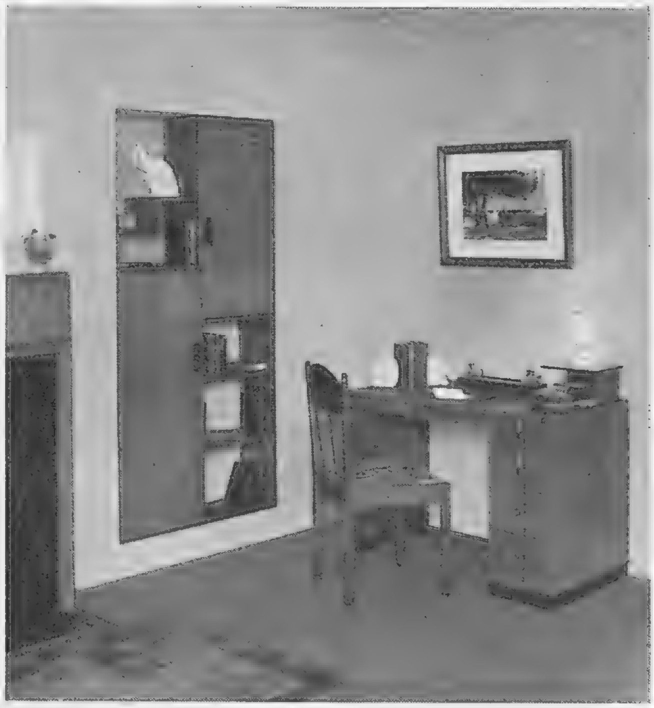
THAT there is a clock which not only can never go wrong, but which never needs winding?

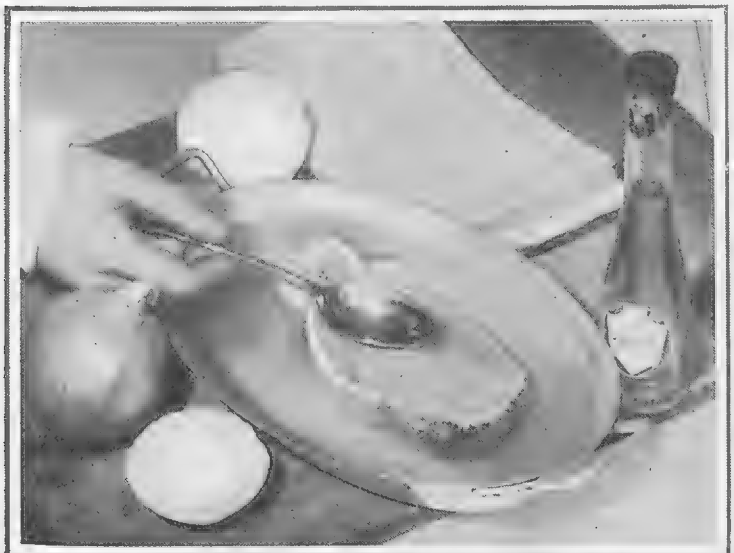
THAT the odd space left in the walls by a door which has been closed up can be utilised to great advantage and made into a decorative feature instead of an eye-sore. There is an excellent fitment which can be obtained ready made, and each unit is made to contain shelves for books and ornaments, or cupboards to hold newspapers, the wireless, or the cocktail things, etc. The illustration below gives a charming idea of what can be done in this direction.

THE house-keeping budget is easily balanced if these notebooks are in the kitchen



AN electric clock which never needs winding costs 3d. a year to run. It can never gain or lose more than a few seconds; is mounted in a bakelite walnut colour case, and costs 30/-





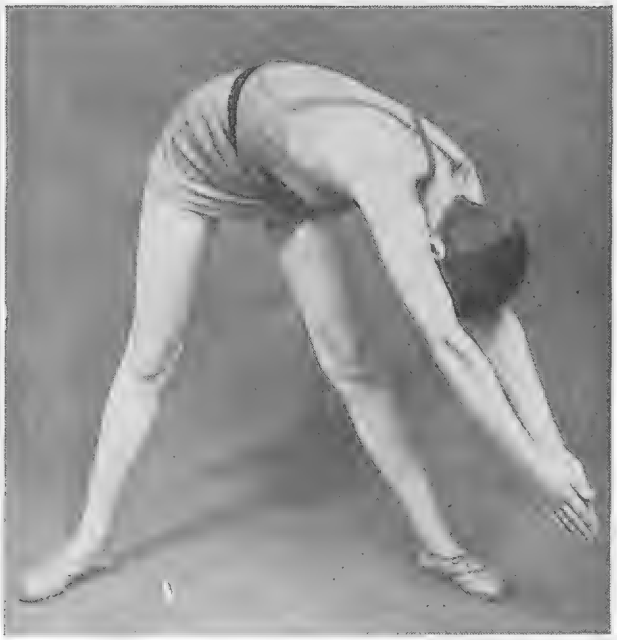
THE addition of some homely etceteras which are to be found in every kitchen will prevent salmon, whether fresh or tinned, from ever appearing dry or tasteless

A WALL fitment in oak, with a cupboard and shelves, obtainable in separate sections, is inexpensive. The oak desk has rosewood handles. P. E. Gane

MAKE YOUR FORM FIT THE FASHIONS

Many women say they cannot wear the new fashions because of some fault in their figure; here is an infallible method of combating one of the most usual

By ANTONIA WHITE



Above

STAND with the feet wide apart, the arms raised and thumbs locked and bend slowly over, first to one side then the other

THE new dresses that mould us closely from shoulder to hips make it very necessary that there should be no superfluous flesh or flabbiness about the diaphragm or the waist. Here are some simple exercises that will help to get rid of the hateful little roll of flesh that is apt to bulge above the best-fitting corset and to ruin the line of almost any contemporary gown.

EXERCISE 1

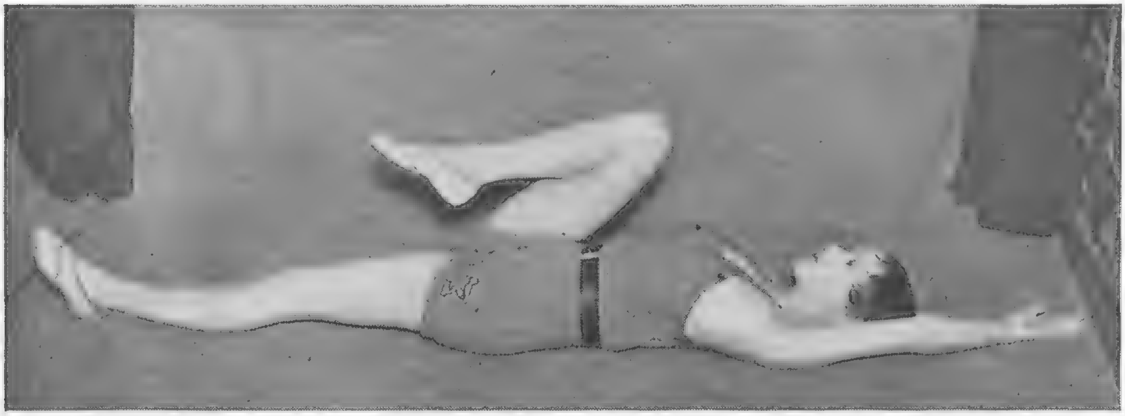
Stand with the feet wide apart and the arms raised above the head, with the thumbs locked. Bend the body slowly over to the left, keeping the head between the arms, until the finger tips touch the floor in front of the left foot. Resume the first position and then sweep over to the right, touching the floor in front of the right foot. All the movement must come from the trunk muscles; the head and arms must not do the pulling, but remain as rigid as possible. Repeat ten times.

EXERCISE 2

Lie on the floor with the arms stretched back above the head and the thumbs locked, as in the first exercise. Breathe in, and raise the head and shoulders from the floor. Breathe out, and slowly lower them. Breathe in again, this time raising the feet and legs, and lowering them as you breathe out. These movements should be done slowly and with great control, so that you can feel a strong pull on the abdominal muscles. Repeat ten times.

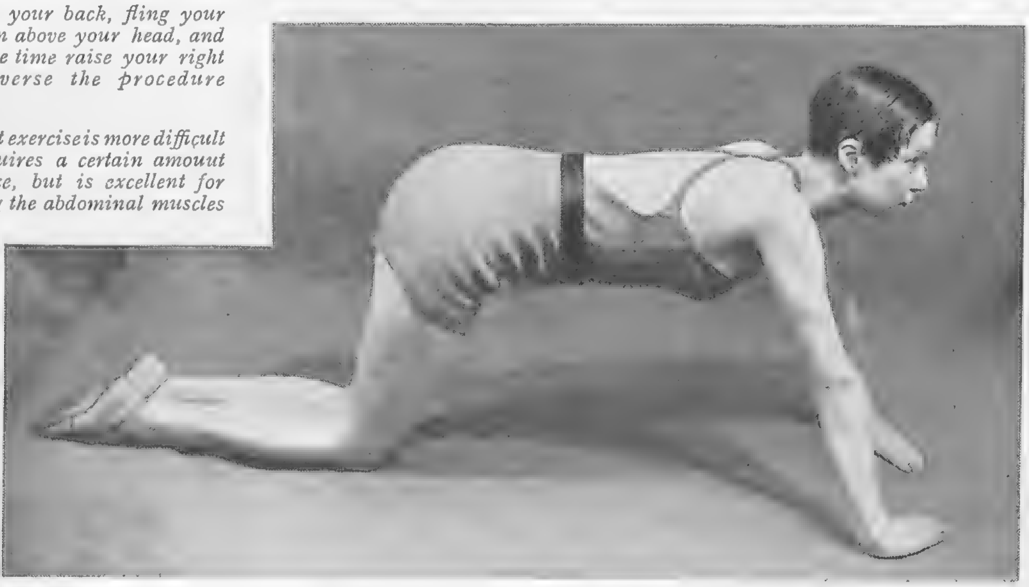
EXERCISE 3

Stand with the feet apart and the hands on the hips. Rotate the whole trunk on its axis, forward, to the right, backwards, to the left and forward again in a slow continuous sweep. Keep the head rigid the whole time, as if it were riveted on your shoulders. Make six complete rotations, allowing one inhalation and exhalation to each circle.



Above

LIE on your back, fling your left arm above your head, and at the same time raise your right leg. Reverse the procedure



Right

THIS last exercise is more difficult and requires a certain amouut of practice, but is excellent for controlling the abdominal muscles

EXERCISE 4

Lie on the back, with arms down at sides, neck and shoulder muscles relaxed. Pull the right knee back to the chest and fling the left arm loosely over the head. Reverse the movement, pulling up the left knee and flinging the right arm back over the head. The pull of the leg muscles should be strong, but the arm and chest muscles should remain loose and relaxed throughout. Repeat ten times.

EXERCISE 5

Sit back on your heels with your knees on the floor and your arms stretched out in front of you, shoulder width apart, and palms on the floor. Lift your body (keeping your hands and knees in the same position, but raising your elbows), and move it forward so that you are lying full length. Lift body, without moving hands or knees, back to the first position. Rock to and fro in this way five times.

HOW to MAKE your BUDGET BALANCE

Here is a suggestion, and a sensible one, for effecting a considerable economy in your dress allowance, and one which will not prejudice but improve your appearance

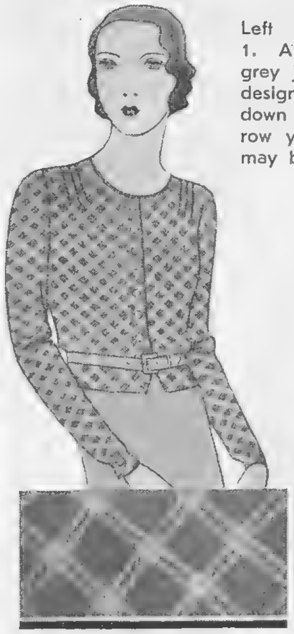
By MADGE GARLAND

Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve"

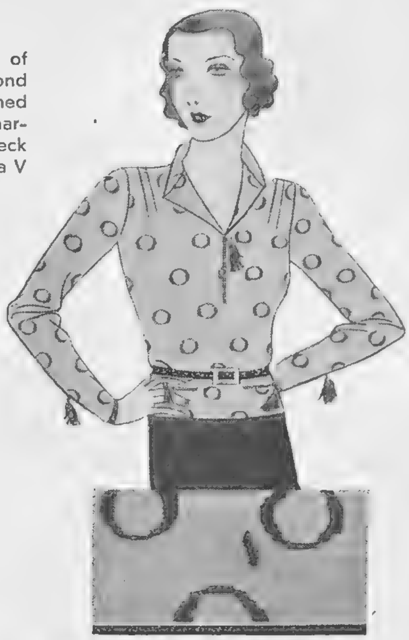
THE other day I tried to be economical: I thought I would buy a simple, but of course amusing, little jumper to wear with a brown skirt which I already had, beneath my brown fur coat. This, together with a diminutive hat of the tam-o'shanter variety and a small scarf, should make an attractive ensemble. I speedily found the jumper I wanted, a ridiculous nothing of loosely knitted wool with an unusual neckline, but—its cost was at least that of an entire new dress, and far exceeded the sum which I had decided would procure me not only the jumper but also the hat and scarf.

Everyone in Paris is wearing blouses of loosely woven wool, and nothing could be more sensible for English wear or smarter, provided that the blouse is unusual. But originality is one of the most highly paid products of the human intelligence—we pay untold sums for original ideas in any field, not excluding fashion. You want new, smart original ideas for your clothes, but you cannot, any more than I can, go out and buy the first expensive model you see which pleases your fancy. On this page are a few suggestions—all simplicity itself—for the solution of just such a problem as this. Not one of these blouses costs even as much as a pound, although they are shown carried out in the most exclusive jersey designs which the world market can provide; most of them take only a yard of material; in less expensive jerseys—and there are hosts—they would cost only a few shillings, and even the most amateur dressmaker could make them herself.

These are typical of the service which the BRITANNIA AND EVE patterns render. Next month we shall publish the ideal hat and scarf —they can both be made for 4/–, and are both reflections of the most exclusive and recent designs. On the next pages are some suggestions for inexpensive lingerie and children's clothes which have been specially planned to utilise the minimum amount of material. May we suggest that an extended use of our patterns might enable you to make those quite impossibly large cuts which all the powers-that-be at the moment are suggesting you should make in an already impossibly small allowance?

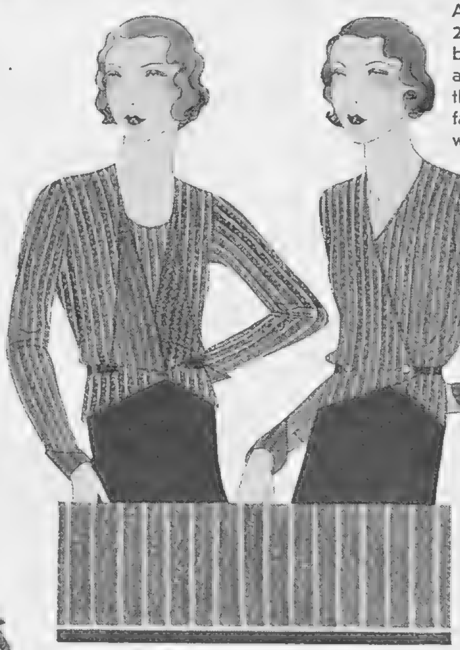


Left
1. A smart small blouse of grey jersey with a diamond design in yellow is buttoned down the front and has a narrow yellow belt. The neck may be left open to form a V

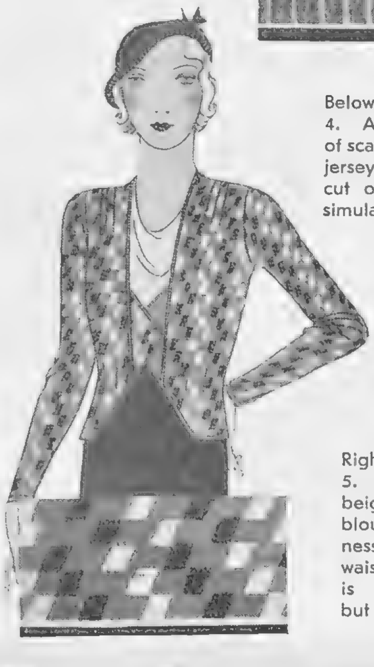


Above
2. Green jersey with red-brown circles makes this attractive pull-over. The neck, the cuffs and the pockets fasten with zippers adorned with red woollen tassels

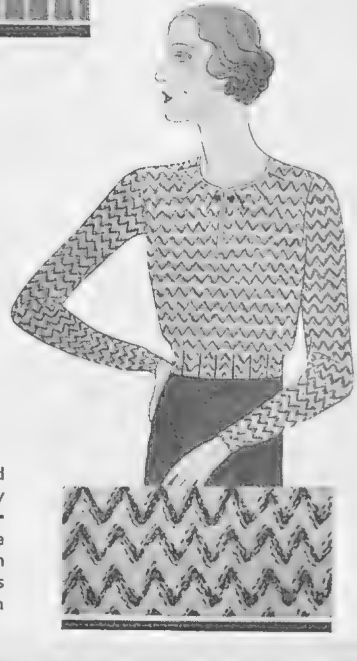
Patterns for these attractive blouses may be obtained for 1/- each. Please remit to our Paper Pattern Service, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. All the jerseys illustrated may be obtained from Debenham & Freebody. Please state bust measurement



Left
3. This green and beige striped jersey blouse may be worn as a cross-over or with a becoming revers fastened by links. It has a narrow belt at the back only



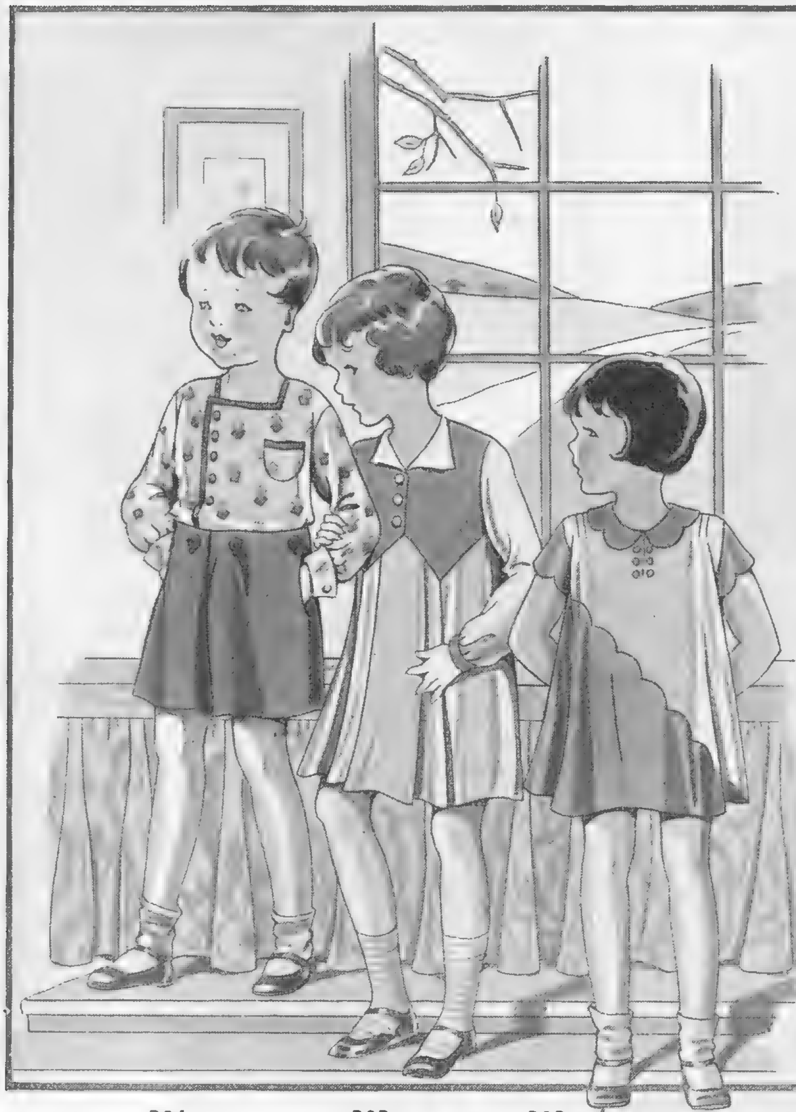
Below (left)
4. A very gay little coat of scarlet, black and white jersey has its front corners cut off and inserted to simulate a tiny waistcoat



Right
5. Zig-zags in red and beige make this jersey blouse. It has its fullness darted away at the waist and neckline which is fastened by links but could be left open

SUGGESTIONS for the utilisation of SALE BARGAINS

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

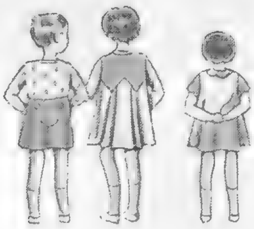


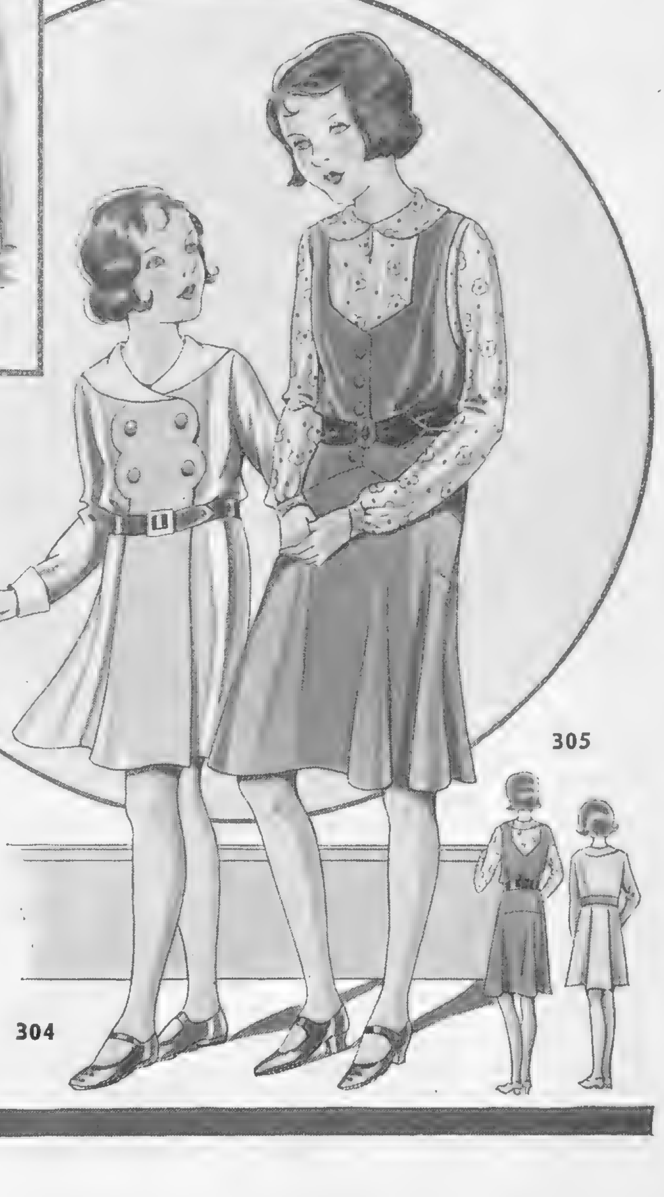
301.—*Only ¼ of a yard of 54-in. material is required for this blouse, or 1½ of 36-in. width. The small trousers require just ½ a yard of 54-in. material, or ¾ of 36-in. width. Ages 2-4. Price 1/-*

302.—*1⅜ yards of light and half a yard of dark material, 36-in. wide, are required for this attractive dress, or alternatively, 1⅛ yards of 54-in. material for the skirt and sleeves, and ⅜ a yard for the bodice. Ages 4-6. Price 1/-*

303.—*Two very small remnants could be utilised for this charming little dress. ¾ of a yard of each colour is all that is needed if a material 54-in. is chosen, or 1¼ of dark and ¾ yard of light 36-in. material. Ages 2-4. Price 1/-*

301 **302** **303**



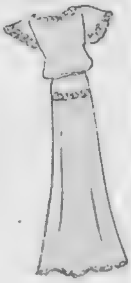


304.—*2½ yards of 36-in. material would make this useful school dress, which has a double-breasted effect fastened with four buttons and a white collar. Only 1⅝ yards of 54-in. material would be needed. Ages 8-10. Price 1/-*

305.—*The patterned blouse of this two-piece frock requires 1¾ yards of 36-in. material, or 1 of 54-in. The separate dress, which buttons down the front and has a belt of a contrasting colour, requires 1¾ yards of 54-in. material. Ages 10-12, 12-14. Price 1/-*

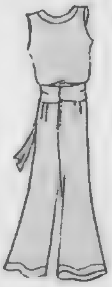
SOME UP-TO-DATE UNDERWEAR

Three attractive designs which will add considerable lustre to the wardrobe without appreciably depleting the purse



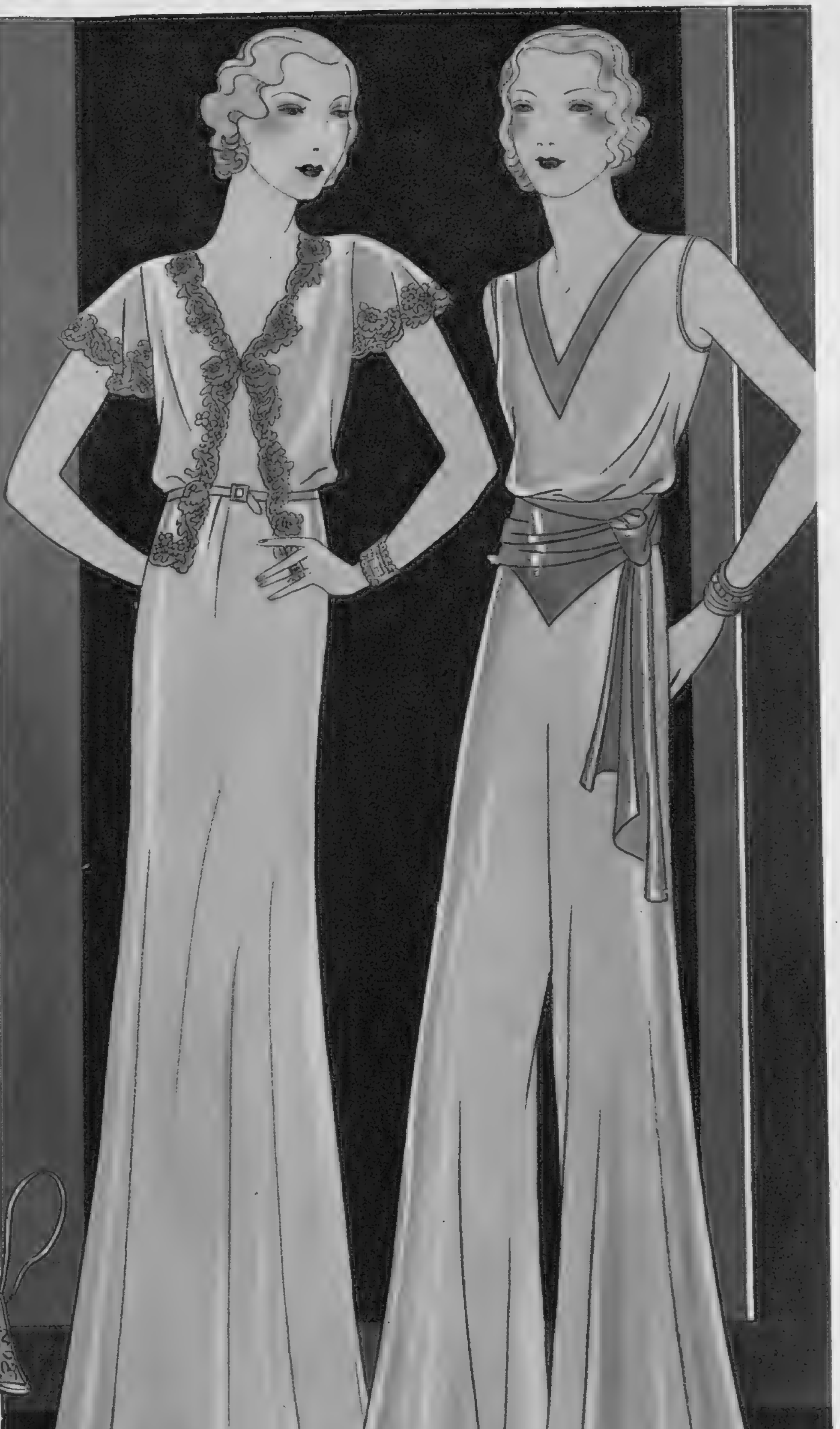
306

306. This nightgown very cleverly manages to simulate the lines of a short coat, but is cut all in one piece, and the coat effect is obtained by lace insertion. The cape sleeves are another smart and becoming detail. 3½ yards of crêpe de Chine and 2¾ yards of lace insertion are required. Price 1/-



307

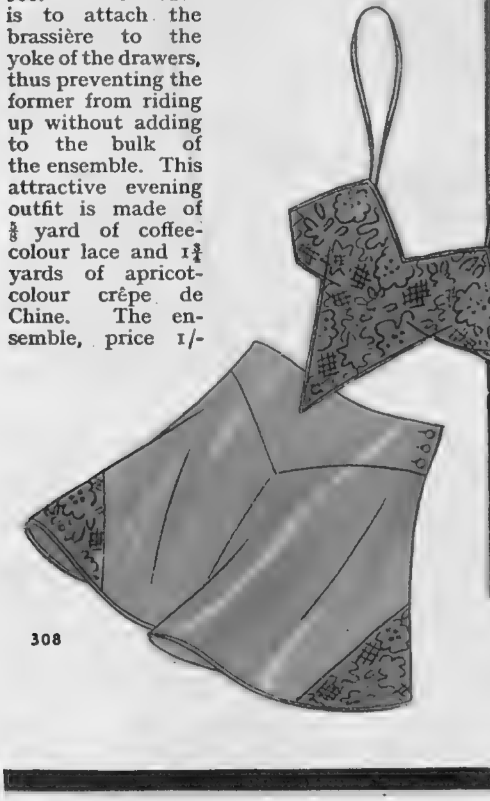
307. The use of two contrasting colours adds to the attraction of these pyjamas, and renders possible the utilisation of small remnants. The pointed yoke continues into long ends, one of which is pulled through a slit at the back and is tied at one side. Requires 4 yards of light and 1¼ yards of dark material. Price 1/-



306

307

308. A new idea is to attach the brassière to the yoke of the drawers, thus preventing the former from riding up without adding to the bulk of the ensemble. This attractive evening outfit is made of ⅝ yard of coffee-colour lace and 1¾ yards of apricot-colour crêpe de Chine. The ensemble, price 1/-



308

What I have Bought

A further Selection of Useful and Decorative Purchases for the Home

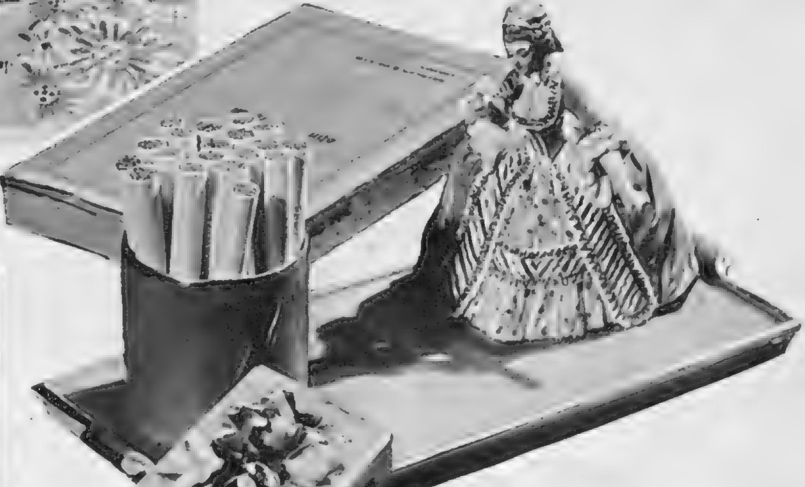
ALUMINIUM dishes may be obtained in many sizes, from 10d. each, rising a few pence at a time, and are extremely useful when food has to be kept hot

THE aluminium dishes shown on the left can be had in all sizes from quite small ones, and they cost from 10d. upwards, rising a few pence at a time. They really do fulfil a long-felt want in the kitchen, when perhaps a dish is needed just for one or two people, and when it has to be a dish that can be kept hot in the oven.

I WANTED something with which to decorate the table while flowers are so expensive, something more charming than the average artificial flowers. I found what I wanted, and bought for one guinea the charming centrepiece shown in the photograph on the left. It is about five inches in diameter and stands on a mirror about eight inches long. The flowers are porcelain, the leaves glass, the colours delicate pale-pinks and blues. My guests will like my table; so shall I, and I shall soon save the cost, for it will be less than a dozen bunches of flowers.

AN exquisite spray of pink and blue porcelain flowers, which costs only one guinea, is about eight inches long and five inches in diameter

CHINA figures, both as ornaments and articles of use, are coming very much to the fore, and this is undoubtedly due to the revival of the cult for Victoriana. Be that as it may, certainly the china figures to be obtained at one noted London store are charming enough to decorate any scheme, Victorian or otherwise. The Doulton china figures have been popular for the past few years, and still new studies periodically make their appearance. The Royal Worcester potters, too, have taken advantage of the revival, and have produced some enchanting studies. The smoking set of Dresden decorated china in the illustration above is exceptionally dainty, the colours are exquisite, and it costs 28/9.



Above:

A SMOKING set of Dresden china in pale colouring is unusually pretty and costs 28/9

Know how to leave your luck when winning.

Left:

THIS inexpensive bridge set, consisting of two score-pads, two packs of cards, and two pencils, costs only 2/6

IN all my wandering round shops I have never found a bridge set so inexpensive—or, rather, such good value for the money—as the one in imitation parchment shown on the left. It cost only 4/6, and, as you can see by the photograph, the set consists of two score-pads, two packs of cards, and two bridge pencils. Another bridge requisite which was also good value, and which I bought at the same time, was a set of four score-pads for 2/6. They were not the kind shown in the parchment bridge set, but smaller, book-shaped ones with a pencil and a decorated cover. At the same time I noticed that sets of poker chips were also for sale at much less cost than a year ago: it is a good sign, for these things have always been far more expensive than is necessary.

this Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which these articles can be obtained will be supplied on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

AN attractive set of Cornish kitchen ware is striped with broad bands of white and bright blue

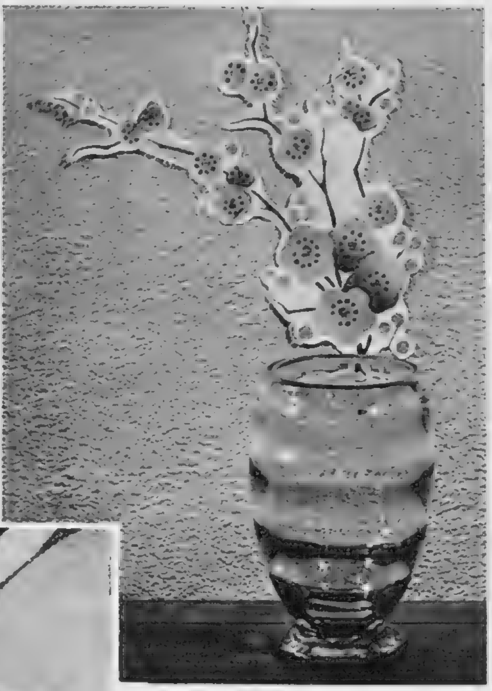
THERE is a new pattern in glass-ware, made in a factory which was founded hundreds of years ago, a factory which stood where Whitefriars Street now is, when the friars from whom that name was taken worked at the glass. So far, this new pattern in glass-ware is made in two shades—a golden amber and a cool green. The glass is fluted; in some pieces the flutes are horizontal, in others they are vertical. But the beauty is in the gathering up of the colour in these flutes; as the light varies, so does the mass of colour. A part is clear, then it has a gathering of gold; another view-point, and the seeming liquid colour has run to another place. The vase shown in the picture costs 16/-; or there is a very delightful shape, about eight inches high, which costs 7/6.

QUITE recently this set of lipsticks has been brought out to enable us to see at our leisure the shades which really do suit us in daylight and for the evening. There are seven shades in all, and the whole set costs only half a crown. Each little lipstick lasts quite a long time, but a full-size one for 2/6 can be obtained in the shade you have decided upon. Another article which has been brought out by the same firm of perfumers is a scent diffuser in the form of a Georgian spice-box. This costs 7/6, and the diffuser can be filled at the bottom with an absorbent pad saturated with the perfume, while the top can hold matches.

SHALIMAR LIPSTICK
5d.
2/6

AN excellent idea is a set of lipsticks in miniature in every conceivable shade, from which we may choose our favourite shade; the whole set costs 2/6

THE kitchen is looking really smart and clean just now, for I have bought some of that Cornish kitchen-ware which you see in the photograph at the top of the page. It is blue and white, and a number of utensils can be bought in it. I am particularly pleased with having my store jars in pottery, for somehow I never did think metal the best of materials for keeping kitchen commodities, and certainly nothing could look fresher and more attractive than this bright blue-and-white striped pottery. It also has the advantage of being the product of an old-established country industry. Store Jar (to be had with various markings), 2/4½; Tea-pot, 2/11; Mixing Bowl, 1/4; Marmalade, 1/9. Both the bowls and the jugs may be had in several sizes.



A BEAUTIFUL vase of English glass in either gold or green is horizontally fluted. It costs 16/-; or a smaller size can be obtained for only 7/6

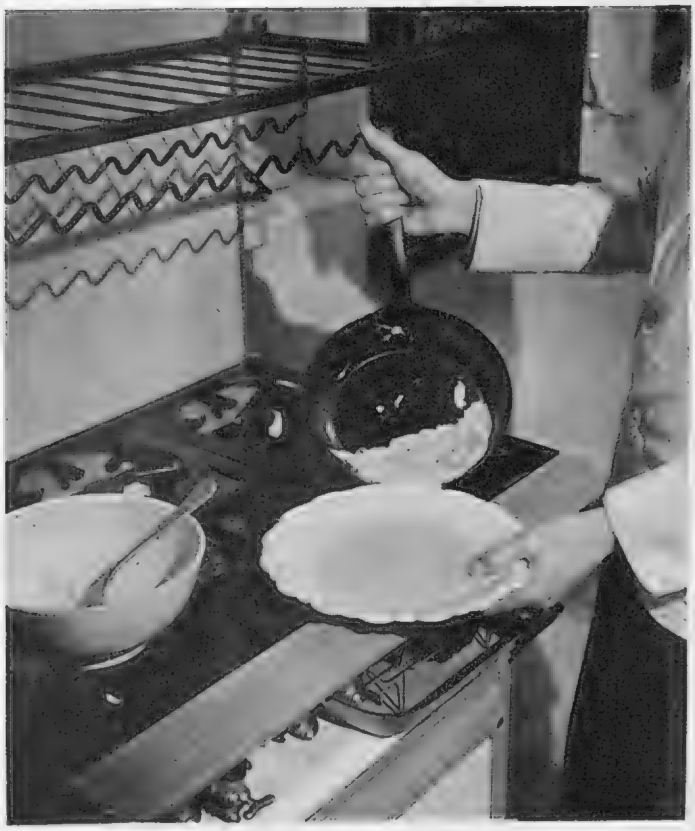
NURSERY china is all very well and attractive in its way, but it can only suit the small owner for a short time, because of the usual subjects illustrated. The Minton ware shown in the illustration below would do for the small owner however old in years she became. This really exquisite English china is made in such simple but satisfying designs that it does not date, and it is a good idea to start a little girl with her own cup and saucer and plate and gradually add other pieces until she has a tea-set of her very own with which, when she reaches years of sufficient discretion, she may entertain her friends. The fact that it is her own will probably make the small user far more careful than she would otherwise be. The colouring of the tea-set in the photograph is deep cream, and the little figures, the charming houses in which it is proposed they should live, and the gay flowers are painted in bright colours. Apart from the usual nursery plates and mugs, other shapes more suitable for grown ups can be obtained: a complete morning set, comprising two cups and saucers, a cream jug and sugar basin and a tea-pot, can be bought for 17/6.

A TEA-SET of Minton china would be equally suitable for the nursery or the drawing-room. The little figures are painted in bright colours on a cream ground. A morning set costs 17/6

A COOKERY QUESTIONNAIRE

Set by A. H. Adair, the Answers to which will solve many a Kitchen Problem and add considerably to one's Culinary reputation

Above:
Here is a dish which can be prepared in no time, with no mess and on a spirit lamp or an electric hot-plate



Left:
The last stages of an omelette. It should be quite free and slip down to the end of the pan when ready to be turned out

1. COLD MUTTON—OR NOT?

Supposing you are two for dinner and you have planned to have cold mutton, of which there is just sufficient, and suddenly two friends arrive whom you are obliged to ask to stay and dine with you. Would you like to know how to transform the cold meat into a hot dish which will not take more than half an hour to prepare, which you will all enjoy, and after which no one will feel hungry?

2. FISH FOR SOUP

Have you ever tried to vary the daily fare by serving a fish soup occasionally? There are many varieties, mostly of a complicated nature, but we can give you the recipe for an extremely simple and inexpensive one.

3. ECONOMICAL OMELETTES

Do you know the truth about omelette-making? Whether the yolks and the whites of the eggs should be divided or not; whether an omelette requires other ingredients besides seasoning and flavourings? Let us give the real facts about how to make an omelette.

4. LATE SUPPERS

Does it sometimes happen that when you come in after a theatre at night you are hungry, but cannot think of anything to cook which would not be too "messy"? Would you like the recipe for a light supper dish which could be cooked on a spirit lamp in a few minutes?

Below:
A sweet made with everyday ingredients, incidentally all from the Empire, but which does not have at all an everyday taste

READERS who are interested in any or all of the questions on these pages are invited to send a postcard to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346 Strand, London, W.C.2, on receipt of which the answers will be forwarded to them by return of post. Any other queries which readers care to ask will receive careful attention and early replies

5. A RECIPE FOR THE BUSY WOMAN

Would you like to know how to prepare a luncheon dish which, once started, can be left on a corner of the range or over a very low fire to finish itself, leaving you free to go out of the house or attend to other matters while your main dish is cooking ?

6. USING UP THE LEFT-OVERS

Do you wonder what use can be made of whites of eggs ? So many recipes require only the yolks that there is often an accumulation of the whites, or else they are thrown away. Shall we tell you of some of the many ways in which they can be used—to make a sweet, to eke out the butter in mashed potatoes, etc. ?

7. A POTATO PROBLEM

Do you sometimes find when making sautée potatoes that they will not remain free in the pan but have a tendency to catch, to break into small pieces, to shrivel away to nothing ? If you wish to know how to ensure success with this delicious potato dish, let us know.

8. AN EASY SWEET

Would you like us to tell you how an everyday and very inexpensive fruit can be turned into a delicious sweet in a very short time and with the addition of a very few ingredients ?

9. A MAGIC MENU

How many people realise when they come to the end of a joint or bird that even when there seems to be very little left there are usually the makings of a perfectly good dish. Would you like to know how to compile a menu composed of simple and inexpensive dishes using chiefly left-over ingredients ?

10. TWO DISHES FROM HALF A ONE

Do you know that with half a cold roast chicken you can provide the two main dishes of a delicious dinner which will be not only economical but satisfying and unusual ?

A DISH which cooks by itself and can be taken straight from the fire to the table is a boon to the busy housewife

ONE of the many ways of using white of egg is illustrated in this photograph. The recipe is simplicity itself

11. SALAD ETCETERAS

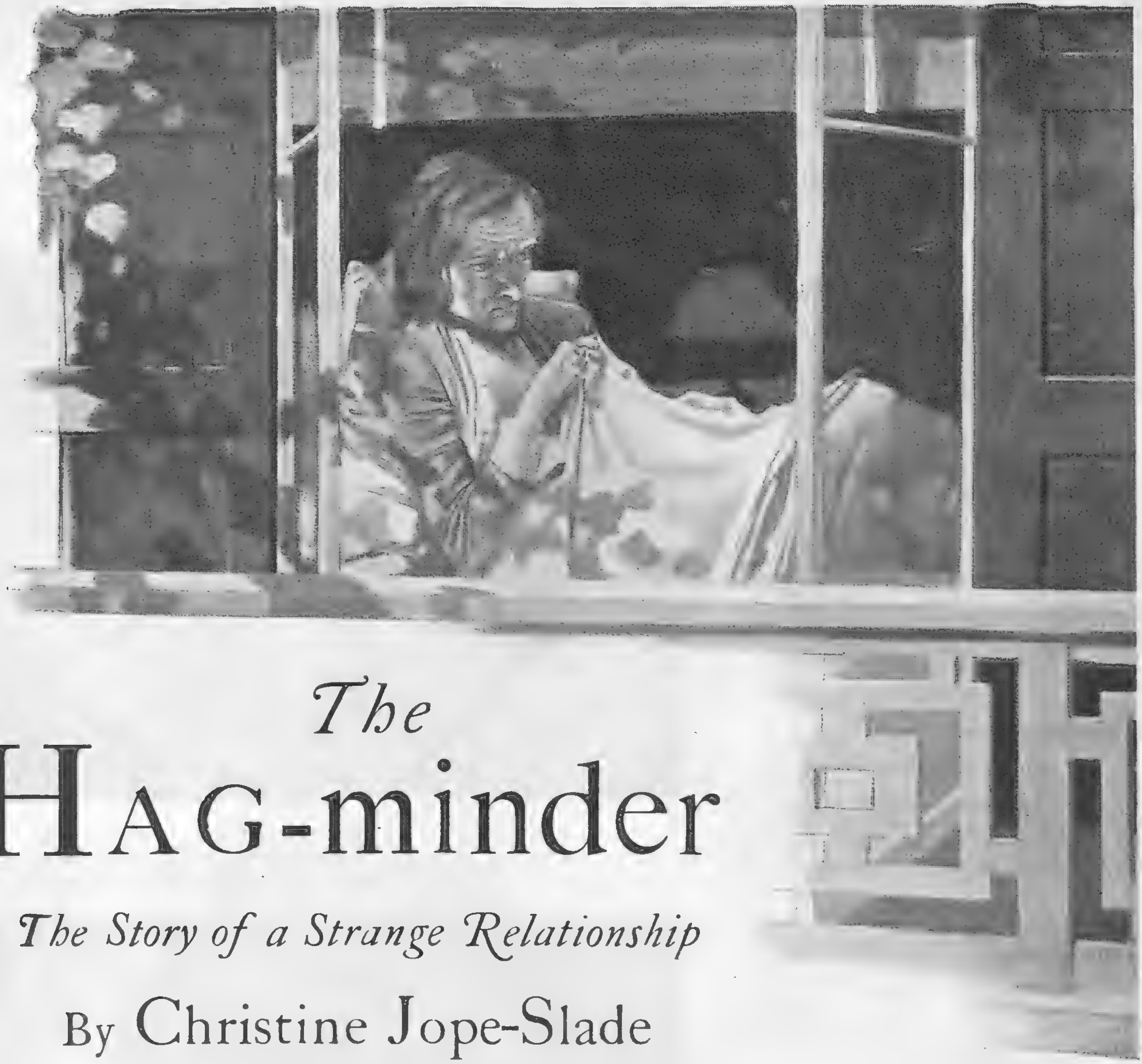
Have you thought of using up the outside leaves of green salad ? When cleaning and preparing lettuce or curly chicory one often has to throw away nearly half of the actual salad if the outside leaves are very withered. An excellent luncheon dish can be made with these. Would you like to have the recipe ?

12. WHEN WINE IS NOT AN EXTRAVAGANCE

Do you know how to use red wine in stews in such a way that you change a dull dish into a rich, full-flavoured one ? As we now have Big Tree British wine we can do this economically, as the extra cost to our ragout is but a few pence.

13. WHY WASTE TIME ?

Barley water is an essential item in every infant's and invalid's diet. Contrary to belief, it does *not* need to simmer for hours, but can be well and properly made in about ten minutes. If you would like to save time and trouble we will send you full instructions.



The HAG-minder

The Story of a Strange Relationship

By Christine Jope-Slade

VISITORS in the big hotel said: "What a life for a young girl! Looking after that awful old woman!"

Constance Gertrude Armitage knew they talked like that!

One young man with a flair for phrases found a good one for her pretty young companion, Pixie Marshall.

He called: "The Hag-minder."

It stuck. It created an atmosphere of pity, almost of consternation, for the youth and exceeding prettiness of Pixie Marshall. Kindly women included the child in their young parties; saying courteously to the Hag:

"Would you mind . . ." and "Could you spare . . ."

The Hag never minded and could always spare her minder.

This was the fourth pretty paid companion she had taken to hotels to look after her and be with her, and they had all married men they had met at these places.

Constance Gertrude Armitage at sixty-five knew just what she looked like, the withered hawk-face, the claw-like, diamond-infested hands. She looked a harridan, a despot, and a nagger. She looked a brute of an old woman! She *knew!* She was aghast at her own face sometimes, shocked that any human countenance could lie and mislead so much. She lived in a mask.

Underneath was gentleness, courtesy. Quite often she felt like a very young girl, so happy, so interested in everybody, ready to believe anything, so long as it was romantic and happy and pretty, ready to laugh and be amused, so easy to please and interest. She had had money all her life and she remained touchingly, almost superstitiously, grateful for it. Grateful for the nice suites in good hotels it purchased for her. Grateful for the foreign sunshine it secured for her when her own country soaked in damp winter gloom. Very grateful for the purchase of the services of pretty young companions who enjoyed sharing her life so much, and were so carelessly and intermittently grateful to her.

She felt more potently and completely fairy godmother to Pixie Marshall than to any of them.

PIXIE'S background had been so grim; such a horrid little home, raw with poverty. She didn't really believe the child had had enough to eat until she came to her. Her training was negligible, her clothes pathetic and frightful. There had been something heartbreaking in her original devastating eagerness to please.

Now, after six months in her job, she was lovely and well dressed and accustomed to luxury. She spent every penny of her salary on her back and her employer kept her in the filmiest of silk stockings and bought her evening dresses in Paris.

Pixie was the loveliest of all her young companions.

But it was that happy chance phrase "The Hag-minder" that made her at Reids Palace Hotel, Madeira, to which they had scuttled at the end of a grim, influenza-ridden December in London.

The child was quick to see the value of the publicity. Miss Armitage heard her lots of times say "Oh! Do shut up! She'll hear! She's quite sweet! Honestly she is!"

She knew she did not look sweet. She looked an old vampire.

She knew that by her defence of her Pixie gained applause for loyalty and sweetness.

Things worked out like that.

Things were never really what they were, but what they *seemed.* That was how they worked out in big hotels, anyway.

There were times when Miss Armitage, incurable romanticist that she was, thought that hotels were the cruellest places in the world, as well as the most exciting and thrilling.

Genuinely simple-hearted and generous-minded, it was some time before Miss Armitage realised that Pixie Marshall was coolly and deliberately trading on her "Hag-minder" label, that she was making the most deliberate and brilliant use of it to enlist the sympathy and chivalry of the men, and the good offices of the women.

When she realised it, it cut her to the quick.

It hurt her deeply and unbearably.

Pixie was pretending she had to "escape" from her employer by strategy.

Actually she was peculiarly free; but it lent her the exclusiveness of the chaperoned girl. When she joined a young man for tennis or a morning swim it was tacitly understood she had "escaped" to do so, that strategy and brains had been employed to achieve that happy result. It was also implied that she would "pay for it later."

Foolish matrons placated Miss Armitage, sat with her on her balcony for hours, while her companion had "a little time off."

Constance Gertrude Armitage couldn't have believed that anything could hurt so much!

There was a chivalrous ass there of the nearly extinct type. Owner of considerable wealth and an inconsiderable title. Believing with uncivilised tenacity that the best and finest women belonged between the bedroom, the nursery, and the drawing-room. In spite of every evidence to the contrary, he saw all women divorced from the personal possession of these three essential apartments as poor homeless darlings, wanderers in a cru-ell world.

As such he visioned Pixie Marshall.

He longed to succour her and place at her disposal luxurious quantities of the Three Essential Apartments for women.

He saw gentle Miss Armitage as a witch making terrific onslaughts on the health, energy, youth and vitality of her poor little companion.

"These terrible old women," he said.

And "that terrible old woman of yours."

And Pixie shamelessly, unthinkingly, traded on it; and every time she appeared in public with her thin, hawk-like face her employer supplied indisputable pictorial evidence.

She looked a cruel, grasping, acrimonious old hag.

Nothing of the spirit of youth, the faith in life and human nature, the humour and tenderness that lay concealed underneath the grim, forbidding exterior revealed itself.

Miss Armitage heard young girls say to Pixie:

"I'll fix her, darling. Don't you worry!"

Then they came to her balcony and offered her their services in exchange for Pixie's.

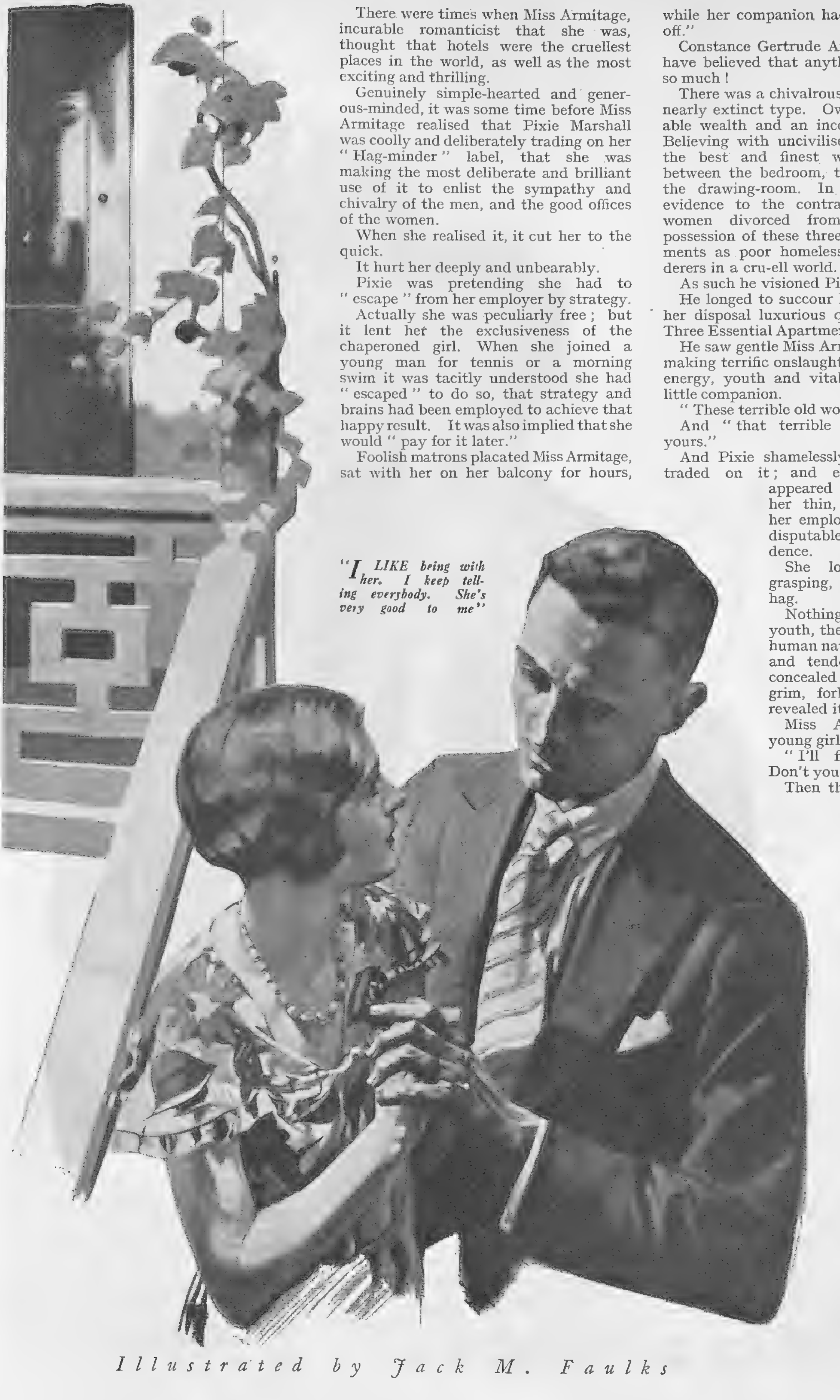
Pixie became a popular local charity at the big hotel. It warmed the visitors' hearts, gave them quite a spiritual uplift, and made her liked.

They were always "begging Pixie off" and offering their services and companionship in exchange.

Miss Armitage had never had so much care, civility, or consideration.

She festered helplessly in it, unable to evade it.

She even stayed in bed through some of the long, golden days, pleading that she was



"I LIKE being with her. I keep telling everybody. She's very good to me"

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

tired and wished to be alone. She, who loved above all things to watch the youngsters dance, went to bed early.

It humiliated her to be "headed off" Pixie; to have her attention arrested and diverted from her companion as if she was a very young child whose mother was making a furtive, temporary escape.

It made her dreadfully unhappy.

Sometimes she felt she could not bear her unhappiness, it was so unfair.

Pixie wasn't happy either.

She had been so gay and happy with Miss Armitage. They had laughed and joked together almost like girls.

Now there was constraint between them, uneasiness. In Pixie's whole bearing there was an air of tacit apology. The little services she did for Miss Armitage were done with a kind of desperate earnestness. She even used her sparse imagination to achieve them.

It was not really Pixie's fault.

The whole business had started with a label that had roused the imagination and the pity of a lot of idle people on a holiday.

A whole atmosphere had been built on it round Pixie, round her employer, and Pixie had deepened and added to it instead of dissipating it. That was all.

And yet how much it was!

One day Miss Armitage heard the chivalrous man and her lovely little companion whispering on the verandah outside her window.

It was a sparkling miracle of a day. The glimpse she had of it had satisfied and pleased old Miss Armitage like a beautiful personal present. She lay lapped in warm gratitude and happiness for the delicious morning, for the bougainvillæa clustering outside, for the millions of flickering little lizards, for the roses, the violent azure of the sea below, the equally violent azure of the incredible sky above.

A lovely, satisfying and exquisite world!

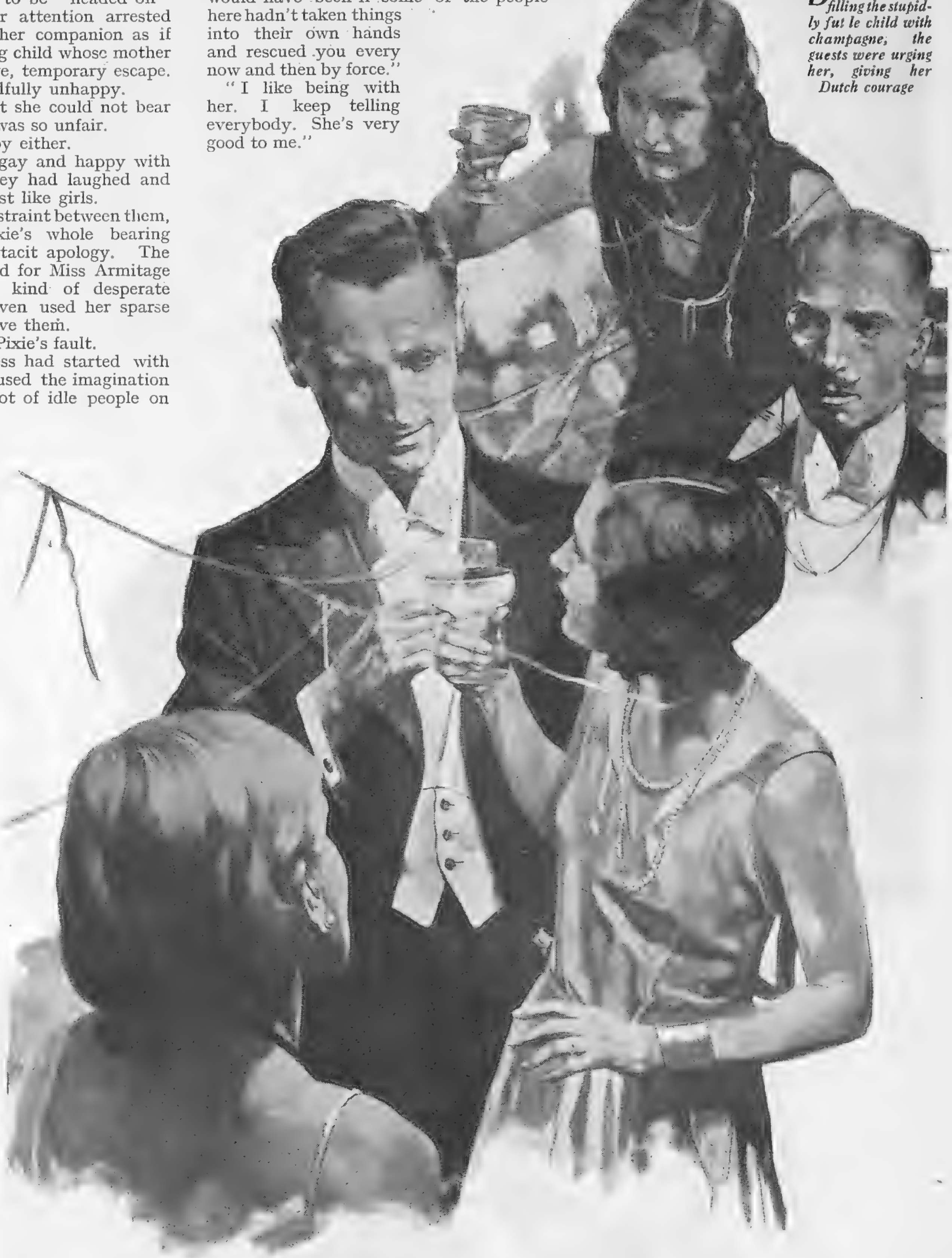
Then she heard the twittering of her companion's voice and the indignant rumbling voice of a man.

"I'll go into her myself!"

"No, don't, Eric, she's so good really. Only she doesn't understand? She's old!"

"She's old and you're young . . . and she keeps herself chained to you like a pekingese! God knows what your life would have been if some of the people here hadn't taken things into their own hands and rescued you every now and then by force."

"I like being with her. I keep telling everybody. She's very good to me."



DOWNSTAIRS, filling the stupidly futile child with champagne, the guests were urging her, giving her Dutch courage

"Poor little hag-minder! What a good little soul it is."

"No, but she's sweet really."

"I've only got to look at her to see what she is. So has everybody else. That stuff cuts no ice with me. Are you going in to beg yourself off . . . or am I?"

"You can't. She's in bed."

"She can't look much more ghastly in bed than she does out."

"I can't go for a whole day!"

"You're going."

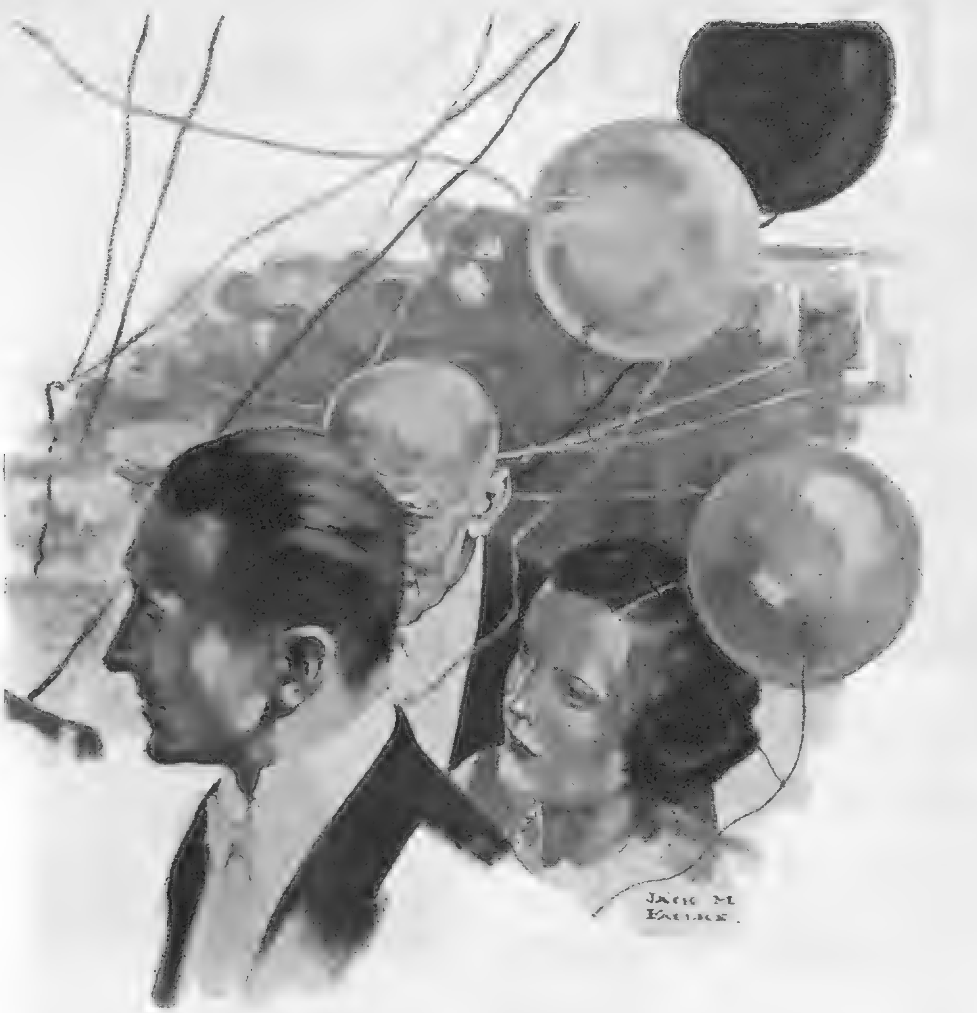
The twittering became so low Miss Armitage couldn't hear it all.

Her little companion came to her with a distressed, carmine face.

She said:

"Memsahib; Sir Eric wants me to go to the Monte with him and I don't think I ought to leave you alone all day when you're not feeling too good."

"I shall be all right," said Miss Armitage with what was, for her, rare curtness.



Miss Armitage heard Pixie whisper to her unintelligent cavalier.

" She was a bit terse about it "—and it was true.

She heard him answer, and he did not bother to lower his voice,

" Let her be ! "

She visioned the day. They would go to the Grand Hotel for lunch. Then they would get a swift running sledge down from Terreiro da Lueta. She would clutch him as the wheel-less thing swung down the 3,300 feet gradient. She would be genuinely frightened, clinging. They would be engaged.

All her other cheerful, pretty young companions had " let her in " on their engagements. She had lived generously and vicariously in their youthful happiness. She had watched the thing develop.

The happiness of the youngest and prettiest of all her spoilt and petted companions was closed to her; and she was making the most brilliant and romantic match of them all. To Pixie Marshall, originally most obscure and concrete of Cinderellas, had fallen the authentic Prince Charming, complete with title and wealth.

The whole hotel enjoyed watching the romance develop and connived at keeping Miss Armitage in the dark, lest she should " put a spoke in the wheel "—she who had put a generous, excited, proud shoulder to a trio of slow-starting wedding carriages for her past companions.

It bit in. It hurt insufferably. She knew that it robbed Pixie of her sense of achievement, her conquest.

She knew that the maintenance of an atmosphere she had been disloyal and ungenerous to foster in the first place was now spoiling for the child what should have been a definite pinnacle of happiness.

She derived little satisfaction from that.

When Pixie Marshall came near her old employer her happiness, her excitement, her vibrant consciousness of self-fulfilment just evaporated like steam, and left her curiously empty and fighting with inexplicable emotion.

It was on New Year's day actually that Pixie Marshall, according to the new tradition, " begged herself off " and went with Sir Eric to Monte.

It was an evening to which Miss Armitage had looked forward with peculiar and tender eagerness.

Anniversaries and seasons were beautiful, concrete things to her; sharp, clean divisions in the year.

They were the occasion for the giving of presents, of happiness; for the renewal of hope and faith—and the old lady had such a lot of it in life, in people.

She had never been to Madeira before, and the knowledge that in the evening the management of Reids Palace Hotel would send up five hundred pounds worth of fireworks from the bay below, had added to her keen pleasure. She had been full of gay, happy, almost childish anticipation of the event. And now she decided to stay in bed. She couldn't bear it !

She had never felt so lonely or so old, or so essentially a spinster.

It was as if sex and age had suddenly segregated her and put her on a grim little ledge right above life and participation in the gay carnival of it.

She knew at once when Pixie Marshall came back that the miracle had happened. He had proposed upon the mountains. He had been accepted.

Pixie had entered into her kingdom of money, and position, and safety from penury. From everlasting scheming ! The miracle of it was on her cheap, lovely little face; and with it a strange look of frustration.

For Pixie Marshall the hour of triumph was entirely marred, overclouded, overlaid by the tradition she must still keep up—the absurd, grotesque rôle of hag-minder to a hag who was no hag, but a sympathetic, delightful and hideously ugly old woman.

All the hotel knew that Pixie Marshall had hooked Sir Eric. And all the hotel was keeping it from Miss Armitage, who had seen it coming long before they had. Maintaining, with Pixie as their unwilling, perplexed and wretched little leader, the absurd travesty of hardness, tyranny that they and she had built up around Miss Armitage.

Pixie Marshall had to play up. She had to pretend that she was scared stiff to tell Miss Armitage. That she did not want the first evening of her engagement marred by a scene or recriminations or any of the things they knew she suffered and bore so gallantly and uncomplainingly and unrevealingly.

Miss Armitage had brought a special dress out with her to Madeira to present to Pixie Marshall to wear for the gala of New Year's Eve—long before the advent of Sir Eric into her life. It was very long and made of plain silver tissue, and it had a sash of silver tissue lined with jade green.

It was a model gown from a model house and it had cost exactly 40 guineas.

She gave it to Pixie and saw the stupid, lovely little mask of her face go dead white.

It gave her a savage pain to present it just when it would hurt and humiliate and corrode most; in the hour of her triumph, of her supreme self-satisfaction as a future bride of a wealthy, titled man. It was the one rift in a grey and wretched day, and Miss Armitage got a very definite kick out of it.

" Are you sure you aren't fit enough to get up ? "

" Yes, absolutely. I prefer to remain here. I think I must have got a chill."

It suited Pixie Marshall's cheap, mean little book so well not to have Miss Armitage go downstairs where the whole hotel buzzed with the excitement of her engagement, where champagne glasses would be lifted to her at dinner, and she understood the orchestra was to play the wedding march when she entered on Sir Eric's arm to dine with him and his elderly aunt and a party at their own table.

It suited her admirably. And yet she felt uneasy and dwindled with the intolerable meanness of it all.

It was the hour of her triumph. And yet there was no triumph in it.

It was the happiest moment of her life. And yet there was little happiness in it.

When she came into her employer's room and saw the quiet figure in the bed, the whole bright glitter of this crescent in her life fell to ashes and was nothing.

Yet she was very marvellous when she came to say good-night to Miss Armitage, to ask her if she wanted anything else before she went down to dinner.

She looked a radiant and entrancing figure, her brilliant colour, her vivid brown eyes, her (*Continued on page* 116)

BOOKS: Reviewed

A PORTRAIT of Ellen Terry in the rôle of Beatrice. The Terry-Shaw correspondence should be read in conjunction with Gordon Craig's memoir. Both books are reviewed here

ELLEN TERRY and her Secr
Winchel
Ex Libris ELLEN TERRY
EDWARD GORD
BERNA SHA BY FRANK HARRI
HENRY
ELLEN TERRY & BERNARD SHAW

Below: FRANK HARRIS, the Casanova of the Boulevards, whose biography of G. B. S. sheds a controversial light on both author and subject

H.I.—E.T.—G.C.—G.B.S.—F.H.—*ana* Other Letters . . . Hundreds *of* Them

NOT for many years has one small corner of the biographical mine yielded such a cluster of gems as the Craig—Ellen Terry—Shaw volumes. Here they are, in order of their appearance. It also happens, I think, to be the best order in which to read them.

Henry Irving, by Gordon Craig. (Dent. 15s.)

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw. A Correspondence. (Constable. 21s.)

Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self, by Edward Gordon Craig. (Sampson Low. 15s.)

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

I strongly urge readers of all ages not to miss the treat offered by these volumes. To enjoy them, it is not necessary to have memories of the Lyceum of the old days. I saw Ellen Terry act twice only, Irving never. I have never seen a Gordon Craig production. If I am tolerably well acquainted with the writings of Frank Harris and Mr. Shaw and the woodcuts of Mr. Craig—well, I am merely like everyone else. That is why I claim the right to tell everyone else of a wonderfully invigorating experience—a personally conducted tour through the foundations of the contemporary theatre.

Much of the ground covered by these four volumes is common ground, and for that reason it is very definitely worth while to make the requisite effort and to read them all. The cross-references are endless, and fascinating. Even the principal ones form a pretty good array of what racing folk call "mixed doubles." Thus, there is Craig writing at length on Irving, on Shaw, and on his mother; and there is Ellen Terry writing to Shaw about himself and herself and her son and Irving; and Shaw writing similarly to Ellen Terry and to Frank Harris; and Harris completing the picture with full-length portraits of himself and Shaw.

OF the four books, those placed second and fourth in my list will, I suppose, arouse the fiercest and longest discussions. Already there are voices supporting and protesting against the publication of the letters, and Mr. Craig's book on his mother contains a bitter attack on Mr. Shaw for not withholding his half of the correspondence. I have some sympathy with Mr. Craig, although he is merely suffering the usual fate, in an inquisitive world, of the children of famous parents. But it seems to me that he is throwing stones at the wrong head. The responsibility for the publication lies chiefly on the shoulders of his sister and her co-executors under his mother's will. The blame, if there is any, does not properly fall on Mr. Shaw. Is there any blame? It is an old question, often argued, never settled, and I do not propose to try to decide it here. But I cannot refrain from saying that, of all the opinions I ever heard expressed on the propriety of publishing intimate letters, that

Three Women

The Sons of Mrs. Aab, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

Apartments to Let, by Norah Hoult. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

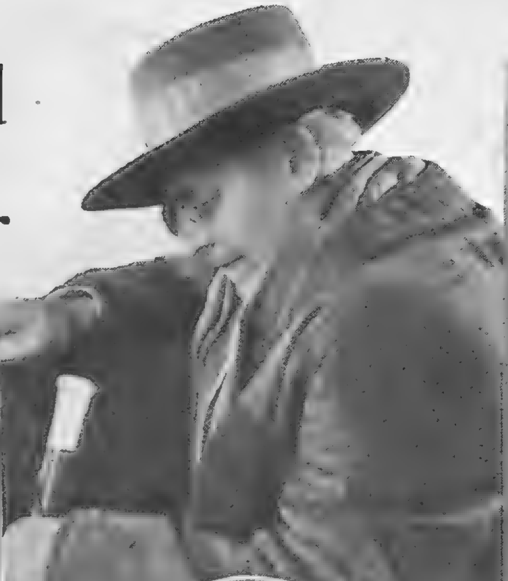
Dawn's Left Hand, by Dorothy Richardson. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

NORAH HOULT, author of "Apartments to Let"

MRS. MILLIN'S book is, in my opinion, not her best. Still, being by her, it is a good book; and it is only because, as a creation, it lacks some of the astonishing vitality of her highest achievements that I am not completely satisfied by it. In fact, its form is superior to that of *Apartments to Let*; but Miss Hoult, in the most powerful novel she has yet written, makes one forget about everything but her really tremendous creation, Josephine Moore. This moving, cruel story is almost unbearably painful, but it is, also, so revealing that the pain must, I think, be suffered. And now—Miss Richardson, to whom I returned with the greatest interest after a lapse of several years and three volumes. I find her still telling the same story which she has always told, and as her manner of telling a story precludes the possibility of her lending the reader any assistance, I suggest that, in future, the publisher might profitably supply a synopsis of the plot (or whatever it is) of the foregoing volumes. I find Miss Richardson still a great, a unique, writer. Imitators may have stolen her publicity, but they cannot rob her of the credit of making the breach through which James Joyce, Mrs. Woolf and the rest have pressed. If you are looking for novels, read the works of these three women. But if you are starting Miss Richardson, meeting her for the first time, go back and begin at vol. i, *Pointed Roofs*, of her life-long serial.

by Arnold Palmer

Below:
SIR HENRY IRVING, about whom Mr. Gordon Craig (right), has written a delightful book



ELLEN TERRY as Portia. Her intimate letters to Shaw complement that "Secret Self" of which Gordon Craig writes

BERNARD SHAW in the heyday of youth, and Bernard Shaw as he is to-day. He has written a preface and postscript to his biography by Frank Harris

advanced by Mr. Hugh Walpole strikes me as just about the queerest. He actually contends that, in not hindering the publication, Mr. Shaw has done "a good turn" to Ellen Terry. It is possible, no doubt, to claim that various politicians in the same way did a good turn to Queen Victoria. But not many commentators would have thought of making this point.

MR. CRAIG cannot forgive G.B.S. for deriding the art of Henry Irving, and Mr. Shaw cannot forget Mr. Craig's worship of it. Harris took the field burdened with no such inconsequent impedimenta, and by the time he has finished with the Swan of Malvern and revealed him as a second-rate dramatist, a third-rate economist and a tenth-rate lover, he has advanced lengthy and often cogent reasons for his conclusions. When, near the end of his 400 pages, Harris casually alludes to Mr. Shaw as "the greatest living man of England," the disillusioned reader rubs his eyes in astonishment. But it is precisely as a man that G.B.S. attracted F.H. to the point of becoming his biographer. And, although disfigured by a number of silly passages (he actually ranks George Jean Nathan equal with Mr. Shaw as a dramatic critic), his vigorous biography will certainly assist the ultimate establishment of its main contention, viz., that G.B.S. will live, like Dr. Johnson, as a personality, and in practically no other form. In all probability, Harris was already assured of immortality; but he has unquestionably strengthened his claims as a result of reducing his famous contemporary to life-size.

Here, in Harris' last work, even more than in most biographies, the interest is divided between the writer and the subject of his writing. A large part of the book—at a guess, at least a quarter—and not the least brilliant of its many brilliant pages Mr. Shaw contributed himself. To the task, bequeathed to him by the author, of editing his own pen-portrait he added the self-appointed labour (?) of writing a preface and a postscript; and he had already answered Harris' everlasting demands for information in dozens of letters, some brief, some extremely full, and all incorporated in the text. In these letters of reply, he often took the opportunity of revealing Harris' character and habits as well as his own, and thus we get, as I have said, two critical biographies, or at least a biography and a half, instead of one—Shaw on Harris as well as Harris on Shaw.

It is arguable whether Shaw or Harris is responsible for the best things in a book crammed with good things. But Harris, unlike G.B.S., can persuade us that he is in deadly earnest when joking; and I think that a good many of his judgments will stand. Here are one or two, out of hundreds :—

(*Continued on page 108*)

Recommended

Letters from Spain, by Karel Čapek. (Bles. 5s.)

A companion volume to the same author's popular *Letters from England*, this provides light and agreeable reading. The illustrations (the work, also, of the author) are particularly admirable, for they are complete in themselves. The letters themselves are not always so complete, and at times one feels that M. Čapek, having told us so much, must satisfy the curiosity he has aroused and tell us a little bit more. But he, as a rule, doesn't, and it may be that this is why we return to him.

KAREL ČAPEK, author of "Letters from Spain"

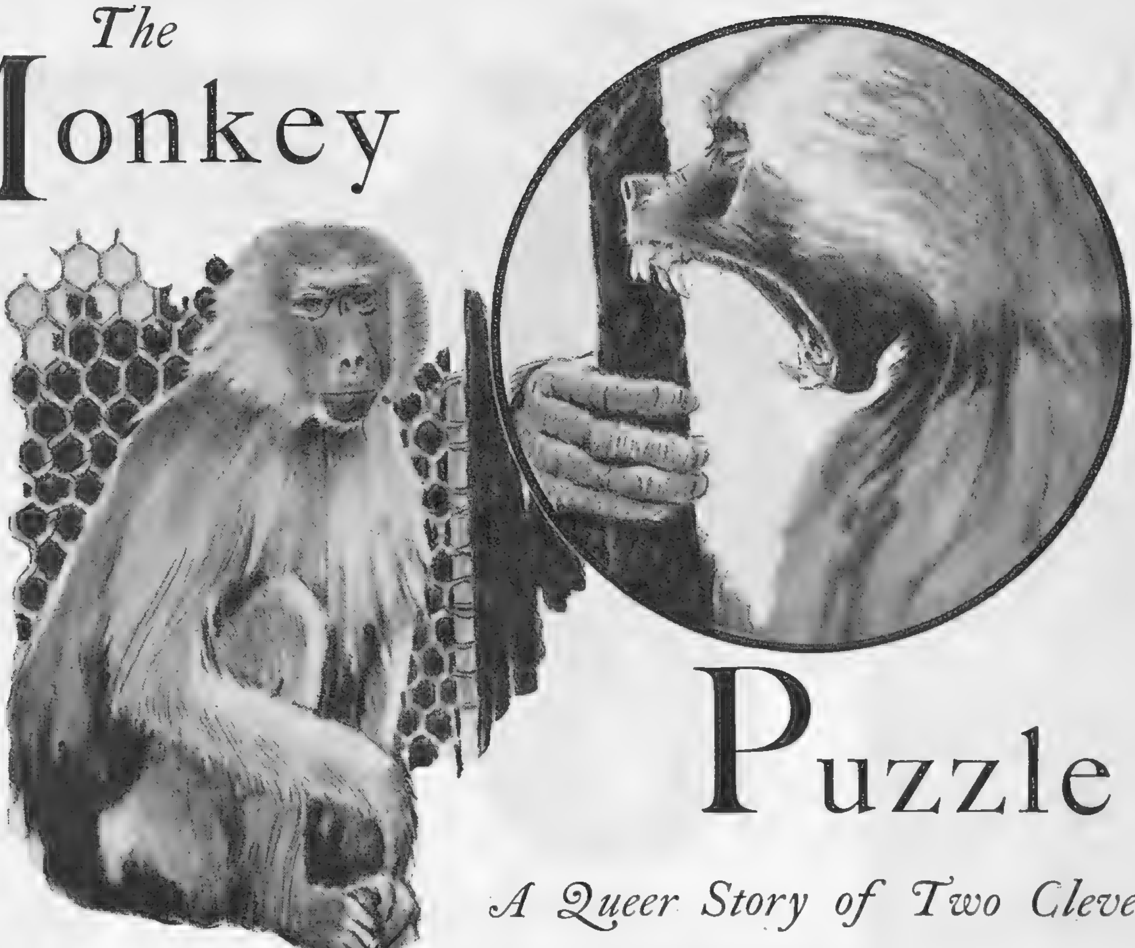
An Account of French Painting, by Clive Bell. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

To many intending visitors to Burlington House the timely appearance of this guide will be welcome. Mr. Bell, although he takes a very strenuous view of painting and has nothing but contempt for people who enjoy the wrong pictures, or the right pictures in the wrong way, is an extremely knowledgeable and reliable instructor, one of the best in England. He brings his essay down to the present day—*i.e.*, to Picasso, but he wisely refrains from upsetting its balance by mentioning more than two or three contemporary masters.

Contract Bridge Up-to-Date, by Bertie Hollender. (Bazaar, Exchange and Mart. 2s. 6d.). *Modern Approach and Forcing Bids*, by P. M. Smyth. (Bodley Head. 2s. 6d.)

These two excellent little books owe their origin to the success of the American players and their methods. It is perhaps significant that Mr. Hollender, who is a rather more faithful "American" than Mr. Smyth, has written the shorter and the simpler guide. The game, if it is to survive, needs to be freed of a lot of ivy. Too many writers on Contract spend their time planting more ivy.

The Monkey Puzzle



A Queer Story of Two Clever Men, One Unhappy Girl, and Seventy-two Monkeys

By Margaret Jepson

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

"THEY have instinct," said the yellow Professor, "but not what we know as 'intelligence.'"

He kept seventy-two monkeys, with blue faces and long tails, in a wire-netting enclosure; he kept them there in order to observe their behaviour and collect data for a book on the psychological evolution of man, which was to be the work of his life.

He was an Austrian and his name was Wüntzl; he was big and his face was big, and it was yellow. He wore a khaki shirt and shorts because of the great heat, and a dirty topee on the back of his head; he seldom tied up his bootlaces, and these made a flick-flack noise as he walked along the verandah of his sun-blistered bungalow.

The man was queer, and so was the district. It was very, very hot. Tracts of high grass were chequered by flax plantations, tangled jungle, and patches of the red swamp weed in which nothing else could grow. The damp was even worse than the heat and at times hung over the ground in a thin veil of steam. There was a small tin town which went by the name of Bulu; and here lived flax planters with a few of their women folk, though the place was not at all good for women.

Wuntzl was not a planter, but an anthropologist of European reputation, who had been a Professor of that science and a lecturer on it at Heidelberg University. He conducted most complicated experiments with his monkeys. At least they appeared complicated when he had finished conducting them, and had written about them and explained them.

By dint of patience and a whip and illustrative action he had taught the monkeys to dig systematically and was in process of making them build him a hut of latticed wands and mud. All the psychological and anthropological journals in Europe and America published articles on that digging and that hut. To you or to me the digging and that hut would have seemed simple enough; but Wuntzl would draw many little diagrams illustrating the relation between action and reaction in monkeys, from which he would deduce, in a great many words, that monkeys act not by reason but by instinct. And when he had finished explaining the difference between reason and instinct, Wuntzl had used up a great deal of paper.

A CERTAIN young, keen, modest, and bespectacled psychologist of the name of Markham, who lived at Oxford, became interested in the workings of Wuntzl's mind, and since he had money to burn on his whims, he came all the way by land and water to far-off Bulu to see the Professor conduct his experiments.

He was not kept waiting; for no sooner had he arrived and was viewing with a dismay not unmixed with dread the insect-eaten bungalow in which Wuntzl lived, than his host shambled out of it, grasped him by the hand, and, ignoring the heat, the intolerable noon sun, and the fact that Markham had just come some fifty miles from the railway in a Ford car, took him off to see the enclosure.

It stood under tall trees. There was the hut they were building for Wuntzl, and there were the monkeys, chattering, screeching, fighting, and scrambling up and down the wire-netting walls. Wuntzl walked in, flicking his whip, and they scattered before him to the farthest corners of the enclosure.

"They know me!" said Wuntzl, with satisfaction.

They did, for they crouched behind ferns and tufts of grass, and stared at him with bright little eyes of hate. Then he called to them in German, and they came leaping forward, and squatted before him, a silent, but uneasy, mob.

"I am master, *nicht*?" said Wuntzl; and he flicked his whip and laughed.

Knowing the intractability of the species, Markham was bound to acknowledge that Wuntzl's mastery was unusual, even uncanny. He watched Wuntzl grovel on the ground like a giant pig, or a rhinoceros, and dig in the moist earth with one of the small strong spades he had invented for simian use, and on the instant half a dozen monkeys took up similar shovels and began to dig also—in a row.

Markham was astonished.

"It is all imitation," said Wuntzl. "These apparently reasonable actions are only imitation, plus habit. Without me they can do nothing."

And he repeated, in the harsh, challenging tone he had used before:

"I am master, *nicht?*"

A faint, snarling murmur ran through the little mob, which sounded to Markham uncommonly like *intelligent* exasperated assent.

Wuntzl tested, with pride, the corner pole of the hut which had already been put up; here indeed was his mastery made concrete. As soon as his back was turned the nearest group of monkeys stopped quarrelling over a bunch of bananas to stare at him. They seemed to realise that he was no longer watching them. They glared and their lips drew back, baring their teeth in a hideous grimace of rage. Their sharp little eyes grew bright with a terrible malignity.

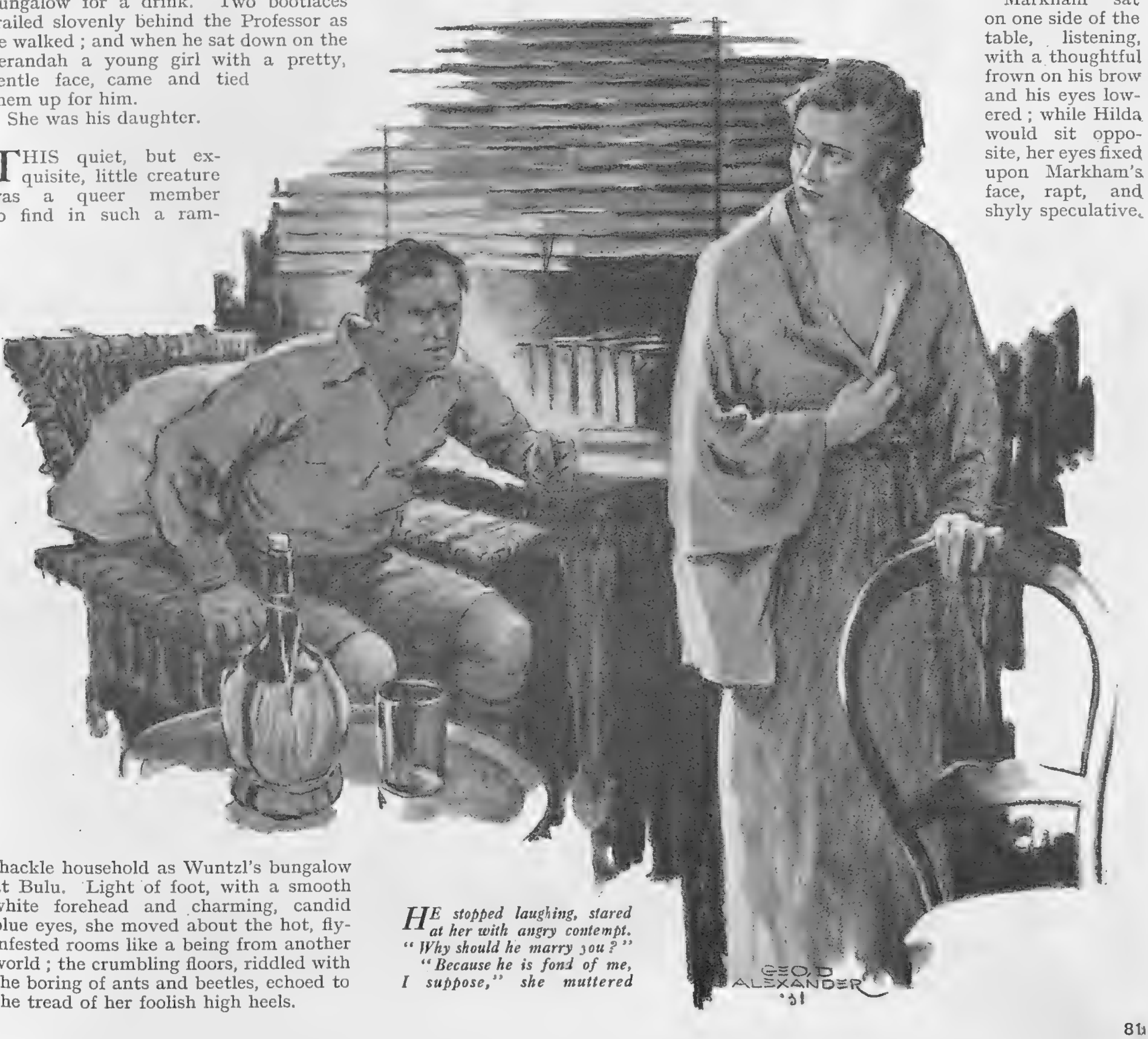
"They seem to dislike you!" observed Markham, startled by this grotesque travesty of human malice.

"So?" said Wuntzl, and he chuckled, and flicked his whip.

He looked like an ape himself, thought Markham, as they went back to the bungalow for a drink. Two bootlaces trailed slovenly behind the Professor as he walked; and when he sat down on the verandah a young girl with a pretty, gentle face, came and tied them up for him.

She was his daughter.

THIS quiet, but exquisite, little creature was a queer member to find in such a ramshackle household as Wuntzl's bungalow at Bulu. Light of foot, with a smooth white forehead and charming, candid blue eyes, she moved about the hot, fly-infested rooms like a being from another world; the crumbling floors, riddled with the boring of ants and beetles, echoed to the tread of her foolish high heels.



HE stopped laughing, stared at her with angry contempt. "Why should he marry you?" "Because he is fond of me, I suppose," she muttered

She was a shy enough girl, but that she was feminine at all was enough to plunge Arthur Markham into embarrassed silence whenever she was present. He was afraid of women, was Markham; he blinked at them timidly from behind his spectacles, wondered about them, and became gloomily monosyllabic when they spoke to him.

But there was nothing about Hilda Wuntzl to scare even the most timid scientist; she was pretty, and her eyes were kind, but all her attention was centred on her father, whom she followed about like a little dog. She ran to fetch him his pipe or his book, and she was always opening and shutting the windows in a vain attempt to regulate to his liking what little draught there was.

In return for this patient service he vented his extremely ill-humour on her. If she was silent, he shouted in German:

"Wake up, idiot!"

While if she spoke when he did not want to listen, he barked at her:

"Shut up, you ape!"

This was not lost upon Markham, who spoke German fluently. He found it disconcerting. But at first he was much too occupied with Wuntzl's theories, Wuntzl's experiments, and Wuntzl's monkeys, to give a great deal of thought to that fat gentleman's behaviour in the home; but he did perceive that the serene, indomitable spirit that illumined Hilda Wuntzl's face seemed never to waver. It was plain that to her Wuntzl was as the sun in the sky above. And like the sun of that torrid district, he was altogether too forceful a personality.

He would not brook contradiction. He made his views known in loud, strong accents which echoed through the house; his desires he expressed in a voice which was almost a shout. Hilda ran, the house boys trotted, the monkeys dug, capered, and raised houses at his bidding.

He sat in the stifling living room of the bungalow, with a cloud of black flies dancing round his head, and exuded personality, power and perspiration. He stood in the enclosure cracking his whip, and his attitude seemed to imply that not only had he mastered the secret of the souls of monkeys and of men, but that the whole universe had been leased to him for examination.

At meal times he would talk and talk about the psychology of the Catarrhine monkey. It was plain enough to Markham that there was barely matter for an hour's discussion in the psychology of any kind of monkey, but Wuntzl could talk about it from dinner till midnight and usually did.

Markham sat on one side of the table, listening, with a thoughtful frown on his brow and his eyes lowered; while Hilda would sit opposite, her eyes fixed upon Markham's face, rapt, and shyly speculative.

At first Markham was interested in what Wuntzl had to say, but when the yellow Professor started to repeat himself he began to grow bored. His wandering attention would turn to Hilda, he would begin to ponder the charm of her face, a subject which presently began also to occupy his mind at other odd moments. One evening, pondering this, he met her gaze across the table, and they looked at one another, really looked at one another, for the first time.

Both of them glanced quickly away, but not before either had seen in the other's eyes something that neither had meant to reveal. When Markham, deaf to Wuntzl's voice, rasping on and on, gathered courage enough to look at her again, he saw that her face was tinged with pink as though a blush had lately died there.

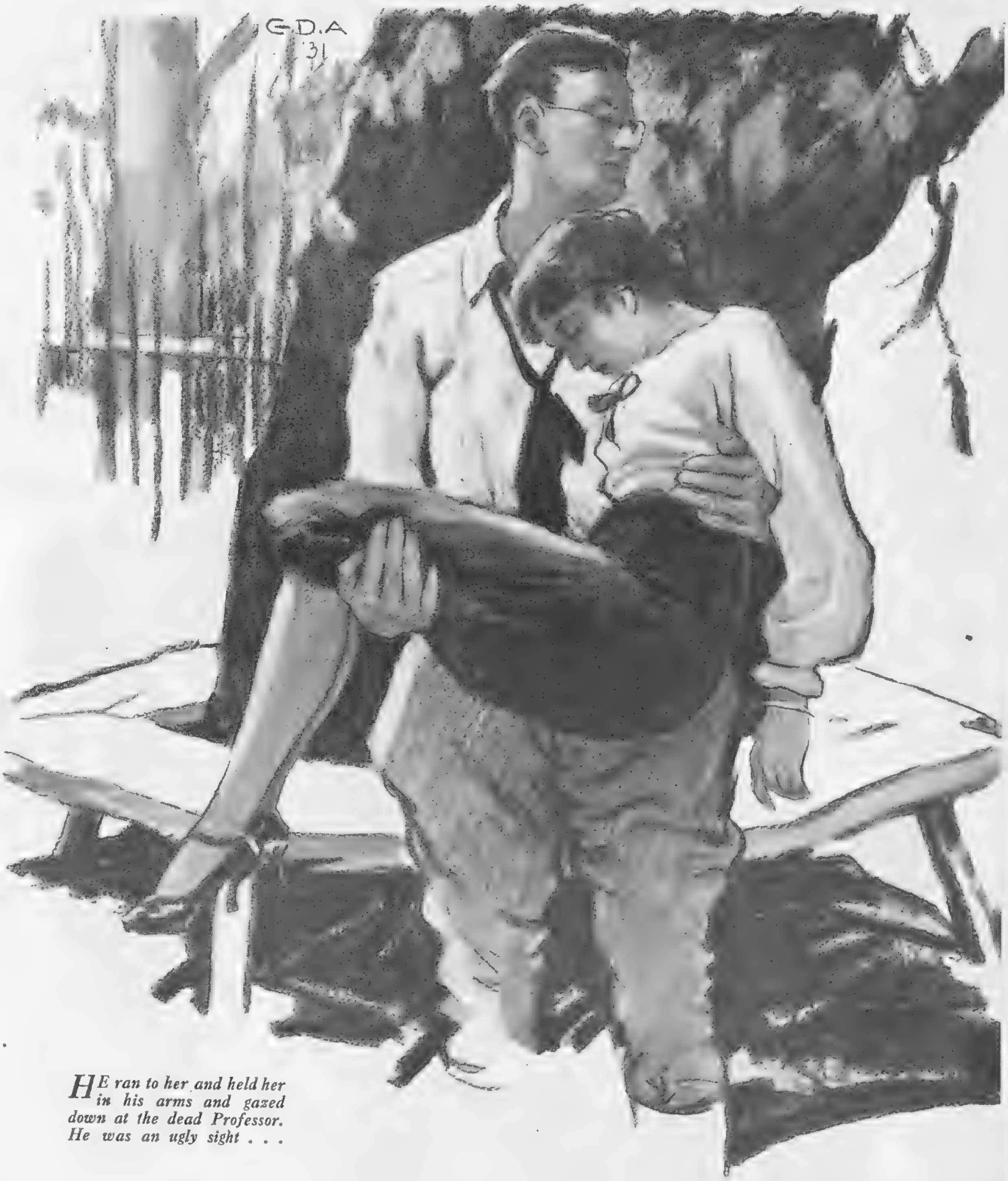
He was interested, softened, exhilarated; and thenceforward this earnest and intelligent scientist spent most of his evenings glancing from time to time at Hilda Wuntzl trying to surprise in her eyes the secret brightness he had that once seen in them.

But for this peculiar pastime he would have gone away, for Wuntzl bored him more and more. It seemed to Markham that the yellow Professor was not actuated by a thirst for scientific knowledge at all, but that he disciplined monkeys more from a desire to prove himself than to prove a point, that he was possessed by a domination demon who gave him no rest.

He even tried to bully Markham into an agreement with him on some of the finer points of his theory of the origin of instinct. Markham, however, quietly asserted his own opinion and then took refuge in an amiable silence while Wuntzl tried in vain to browbeat him into acquiescence.

For himself Markham did not resent this boorish treatment. But he grew furiously indignant at the way in which Wuntzl bullied Hilda.

It was plain that the climate was bad for her, and that she suffered from an intermittent fever caused by the poisonous air of the swamps. But she was steadfastly cheerful, even while she shivered in the ague brought on by the chill of the evening, pathetic as a canary singing in a cage too small for it.



HE ran to her and held her in his arms and gazed down at the dead Professor. He was an ugly sight . . .

One evening she was seized with a fit of shivering more violent than usual. Her eyes glittered feverishly, and her lips were blue. They were sitting on the verandah after dinner when, owing to her unsteady hand and the consciousness that Markham was watching her, she dropped the glass of lemonade from which she was drinking. It broke on the floor.

Wuntzl burst into roars.

"Clumsy little dolt!" he shouted. "What you want is a tin mug! Get up! Go to bed!"

And he pulled the shaking girl out of her chair by the wrist, and bundled her across the verandah. She wavered, grasped the doorpost to recover herself, and walked unsteadily into the house.

Breathing heavily, Wuntzl swept the remains of the glass under a chair with his foot; and then, turning to the staring Markham, said irritably, as though continuing a conversation:

"Bergson is all wrong about his Intuition! When he means instinct, why doesn't he call it instinct?"

Markham had no excuse to offer for M. Bergson.

Instead he said, with his face hot: "Possibly Fräulein Wuntzl ought to go away to some healthier place. These swamps are making her ill."

"I have my work!" said Wuntzl, glaring. "It takes my time, my life, my money! *I* am not ill, and I'm out in the sun all day. Hilda is hysterical, that's all. I have no time for hysterical women. If you show them sympathy they only get worse."

"But this place is notoriously bad for white women," Markham protested.

"You think she ought to go away, do you?" said Wuntzl, turning upon him the red gaze of a wrathful bull. "And who is to pay for her? You are so well off yourself, I suppose, that you never think of the struggle it is for some of us to carry on our work. Thank Heaven, I have a little! But what there is goes to my work, to my experiments—to launching my book when it is finished. We men of science are starved and ignored by an imbecile public; and then we sacrifice all that we have in order to give them the benefit of our genius! The Devil only knows why we do it!"

Having delivered himself of this bitter tirade, he stamped heavily off the verandah and went out to look at his monkeys.

THE hut they were building was nearly finished and they had begun to plaster the walls with mud. They threw a good deal of it about, at one another and at him. They plastered not only the walls of the hut but everything else in the enclosure, which was red with the dust of the swamp clay.

They were restless at night, and when the moon was up could be heard chattering among themselves, or uttering their long-drawn cry, a series of long-drawn "O—o—o—o—'s!"

"They are lively," said Wuntzl, to himself. "They jump up and down like the human child, for no reason. There is no reason in anything they do. But all that vitality can be put to good use—*ja*!"

And he stood proudly watching them leap and swing to and fro under the arch of the enormous trees, as demons might be supposed to leap and swing in the caverns of Eblis.

Markham did not share Wuntzl's belief that the monkeys were very like human children, for to his mind the atmosphere of the enclosure was growing more oppressive every day. It might have been fancy, an effect of the heat and the trying, irritating conditions in which he was living, but to him it seemed to have grown sinister, loaded with hate; it seemed that now the monkeys always had their teeth bared in that malignant snarl.

ONE morning he was watching them and Wuntzl at work, and he said idly: "Has it ever occurred to you, Herr Professor, that in forcing their instinct to these unusual and stimulating activities you may develop intelligence in them."

"An imbecility! They have no intelligence to develop!" said Wuntzl with his unfailing frankness.

"You might," said Markham. "After all, the gulf between instinct and intelligence was bridged some time. Why not under some such strain on the instinct as this?"

"Bah!" said the Professor loudly.

Markham had learnt from the Professor all that was to be learnt, to stay on was to waste time. But he stayed on. Growing daily more fascinated, but in his diffidence never dreaming that it would give her pleasure to know how she troubled him, Markham studied Hilda from behind his unrevealing spectacles and pitied her profoundly. With the protective instinct of a lover, which appears so unselfish and is at bottom probably selfish, he tried to discover a way of helping her. Most of the schemes he devised were too bold to be considered seriously. But at last he hit on one that involved no admission of his real motive.

A few days after that talk with Wuntzl on the subject, Hilda was too ill to get up. Not even her father's insistent urging could instil into her sufficient energy to stand, and so he and Markham dined alone that evening.

After dinner the yellow Professor began to talk about his theory of imitation, whereby his conception of the human mind as a kind of clockwork engine was going to be put on a much firmer basis.

"How they do love their lofty names for things!" said Wuntzl, scornfully. "Life Force—when what they mean is chemical equilibrium!"

He sucked up his long drink noisily.

Markham sat opposite, in silence. A little cloud of moths and flying beetles danced round the oil lamp, and now and again one of them would hit the hot glass with a faint thud. The perspiration gathered on the fingers with which Markham held his cigarette, and began to run down them. It was like sitting in a Turkish bath.

"It's all a maudlin desire to survive!" said Wuntzl. "*I* don't want to survive!"

Markham threw away his cigarette, and said that a man of Wuntzl's calibre ought to be able to get a State grant to enable him to carry on his work in comfort.

"I know you're hard up. It's pretty devilish when your work doesn't leave you enough to send your daughter away when she's ill."

He took off his heat-clouded spectacles in order to wipe them, revealing his keen but short-sighted brown eyes.

"My work is the thing of most importance," Wuntzl asserted. "That comes first, always."

"Of course," agreed Markham. "But I was going to suggest that *I* might do something. You see, I've got so much more than I want. It would give me great pleasure if you'd let me bear the expense of some of your experiments. You know how interested I am."

He put on his spectacles again and looked enquiringly at Wuntzl. A change came over the Austrian's face; a gradual crimson overspread its yellow. He clenched and unclenched his hands convulsively, seemed too angry to speak, then snarled at last:

"So that's it, is it? You want to finance my experiments so that you can use my ideas! You wish to pick my brains do you? I suspected as much!"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked

(*Continued on page 114.*)

“Wind-Jamming” *the* Horn

(*Continued from page* 31

he ought to be hanged; two other gents who somehow make you think of gents fleeing from justice, an ex-taxicab driver, and the reputed son of a millionaire. But what are reputations on a Horner?

The two wretched little puff-puff tugs which had clamped themselves to our battered 4,000-ton hull to drag us down to the ocean for our coming battle, have left us to drift where we will.

So far, this strangely helpless monster of a ship seems dead. This ship with her deck cargo of timber running flush from rail to rail to make it easier, when the time comes, for “the biggest roller on the two Pacifics,” as our ship is known, to roll us off her decks into the maw of the Horn, as she has already rolled half a score. *And*, don’t forget, to cover in all her capstans so that we may have an extra dose of hell, hauling every rope by hand.

I have been below to bury myself in the contents of a gigantic gallon-teapot, a pound or two of *delicatessen*, and a big bouquet of flowers. Flowers on a Cape Horner!

There has also been a white cloth on the table of the dingy mess-cabin. Can’t make it out. Going round the Horn looks easy to me.

May God forgive me! If at that moment I could only have looked into the future.

For all this was but shore-going tack.

Then all at once I feel something steal into our helpless mass of ship. *Life.*

I run on deck to find the explanation. Our gaunt 160-foot masts are being sail-clothed. Life continues to pour into the ship as she takes wings unto herself and leans over to the breeze.

As I turn away, I see a fin come up in the distance like a great hand, slowly turn like a wheel, and disappear. A white smoke blows up from the blue sunlit sea. It is our farewell. A whale.

As I turn back, I find my captain looking at me.

He, at any rate, is up to sample.

He looks like a bull who has got into a nice suit of light tweeds, on his massive head a trilby that perches precariously. On his feet a natty pair of highly varnished pale brown boots and violet “clocked” socks.

But, again, great Christopher Columbus, where are those oilskins? *You* know. The oilskins in which all captains live.

Captain indeed! Burlington Bertie, you mean.

But a Burlington Bertie weighing 250 lb. of bone and muscle, with a 22-inch collar trying vainly to clutch the neck of steel-rubber, a biceps that strains at the saucy little jacket, and a vast stern. A Bertie so solidly “bottomed,” if I may use the expression, that he could never lose his ship.

Captain Petreus Hellström, as I will call you for this occasion only, I salute you. You that I expected would kick in the ribs of your “cabin boy,” my rating when I “signed on.” That I believed would make it necessary for that cabin boy to pull out all he knew of his jiu-jutsu stuff to save his life. You I salute as the noblest Viking of them all.

You who taught me to steer a 4,000-tonner in a gale. Who in a voice out of the vasty deep sang to me “Blow the man down” and “Reuben Ranzo”—immortal sea-chanties. Who imparted to me the rudiments of navigation. Again, I salute you.

And I only wish to heavens you could get hold of “Snooky” for just a week, take his belt-corset off him, and show him life with the lipstick off on your Cape Horner.

I can’t make these queer editions of the modern sailorman out. About them I have learnt:

That Cape Horn captains never seem to wear anything else than saucy brown boots, blue shirts, and, as the voyage progresses, no collars or socks, and that they apparently have nothing to do but to lie on the broad of their backs, look at the sky or ceiling, and wonder when Christmas is coming. But that when wind comes they become volcanic in action.

That no Cape Horn seaman of to-day uses a nautical expression; that he loves and hates his ship; and that every voyage “is my last”!

That the modern sailor doesn’t chew tobacco, smoking only the gentlemanly fag, and that he often is teetotal.

That if a man had started walking with us from Vancouver a couple of months ago or so, he would have beaten our four-masted barque by several hundred miles to our present position, as weed and barnacle-fouled barques don’t *average* much more than three miles an hour. (But we *have* done 16 in an hour.)

And lastly, that we don’t look like reaching East Africa this side of Christmas and seem doomed to drift about the seas like a “Dying” not a “Flying” Dutchman.

Two other discoveries.

One, I am informed that keeping a light burning in the deckhouse which is our “foc’s’le,” keeps off the Norfolk Howards and other even less desirable relations. And that it is quite a mistake to suppose that Jack has a Jill in every port. He has several.

My shipmates for’ard, with whom I spend most of my time, are as interested in smart clothes as the modern “knut,” if he still exist.

“Oils” and their “cut” will occupy hours of foc’s’le talk. Not that they ever wear ’em, if they can possibly help it.

I have seen them go aloft in a howling storm, stripped to the waist, some of them barefooted—just to save those oilskins.

As you will have gathered, you can’t judge by appearances on a Horner.

There is “Pid” for example—Pid, our own Pid, a pure Finn. (But what *is* a pure Finn? I can’t imagine any Finn being pure.)

Pid is our “steward.” A wooden idol, the secret springs of whose being are not of this world. A small yellow mortal, one eye slightly turned out—or is it “in”?—who is a ferocious poker player and has the luck which only comes to the children of wrath.

I suspect Pid of black magic, of the working of spells, and of unhuman desires. He says to me one day in his monosyllabic idiom: “You want win at cards. Mak’ good friends of the Devil.”

Pid, I believe you!

We are furious gamblers. Always poker—a poker of our own which makes the real thing look like spillikins. We play on Sunday mornings on the onion chest near the binnacle. And in the tropic nights now showing, down in the *matsal* or mess cabin.

I am always afraid that the giant captain, who, invariably losing, must be a Child of Grace, as Pid, his destroyer, is one of Darkness, will one day slay himself with the 7-shot Browning which he carries against eventualities on a ship where all the officers are armed.

What he actually does is to take another couple of boxes of matches, raise the jack pot to double, and continue to give hostages to misfortune. For he can’t win, and our stakes are the most precious things of a Cape Horner—the rare and elusive match.

The name I have given my ship is “Mona Lisa,” for, to the end, she was as much an enigma as her original. I never knew, even on that 143rd day when I stepped off her, whether she was a thoroughly domesticated madam, or just what our sailorboys often called her . . . a bitch! Excuse the expression. We are not always “nice” on Cape Horners.

One of her favourite tricks was to get you settled nice and comfy at the wheel, dozing as one sometimes did, and then . . . whoosh! she would drive her nose up into the wind, the great sails would be flung back on the masts, and you would wake up to find yourself with a good chance of being dismasted.

Five times has this she-devil done this—and five times in her life has she succeeded in losing her masts.

I have let you into the life of the last of the wind-jammers and into the art of “wind-jamming” minus the jam. Now I am going to show you that if you want a riproaring time, by the side of which motoring and even flying become the toys of innocents, if you want sport and fun and the pleasanter side of hell with the lid off, you will at once by hook or by crook get aboard one of these Flying Dutchmen of the great waters.

(*To be continued.*)

Copyright throughout the world. All rights reserved.

Mushroom M*ovie* Towns

(*Continued from page* 20)

properties, furniture, china, glass, etc., used in this town. The caterer had a hard task. In two weeks 73,607 cooked meals were served to people living in the town and the camp. The average price paid for each meal was 3s. 6d., so the caterer made a lot of money, though his expenses must have been terrific.

On the “Cimarron” location nine cooks were employed, with nine assistants to do nothing but dish out the food as it was ready. During the whole time this town of “Osage” was on the map, a two-ton truck dashed backwards and forwards between the town and Bakersfield daily with groceries, and twenty people drew good wages simply to wash and wipe dishes all day long.

“The Spoilers,” produced by Paramount, was the first of the talking films to be filmed on location on the same scale as the big location pictures of silent film days. The town of “Nome” had to be reconstructed so that 750 people could live in it in much the same way as the inhabitants of the original town lived during the days of the gold rush.

The location manager, when he knew this city had to be made, found the site he was looking for on a bleak and desolate stretch of marsh-land and sand dunes, sixty-five miles up the coast of California from Hollywood, not far from Santa Barbara. On this unpromising spot he put up, inside a few weeks, a collection of houses, dance-halls, saloons, hovels, tents and rutted roadways—an exact duplicate of “Nome” as it was when the rush took place.

To send a complete film unit to the Island of Tahiti for the filming of “White Shadows in the South Seas,” was the great feat carried through by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with tremendous success. A studio was built on the island, where the complete work of developing and printing the films was done as the scenes were made. For four months the company stayed on the island, living sometimes in hotels and sometimes in their own specially built camp-town. They suffered a great deal from heat and insect stings, and for once the food was not as good as it usually is on location. But the picture was fine, and that is all they worked for, forgetting personal discomfort.

“Trader Horn” was filmed in the African desert by the same company, and it has been talked of in Hollywood as quite the toughest location trip that has ever been made.

So it goes on, this tale of enormous expenditure and frequent risk, to give the public the excitement and thrills it demands with insatiable appetite. To Alaska, to the jungle, to the desert, to the Islands of the South Seas, wherever it may be necessary, the movie magnates move their tents and pitch their mushroom cities that we may be amused.

END

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H M THE KING
DUNLOP REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H. 1265

Painted Ladies

(Continued from page 17)

rimless glasses, had the cold and business-like glint of your busy and unsentimental doctor. I observed him with some care, because I had always supposed that a beautician, if male, would of necessity display a flexible waist, limp wrists, and a Rudy Vallee hair wave. This man was an artist, a chemist, and the most discerning and pitiless critic of a woman's points I ever met. He could take your average beauty and tear her to pieces in a few incisive words. He could explain what was wrong with her hair-style, the way she placed her feet, her taste in dress, her stance. And as quickly as he destroyed he could make her over again; and it was like seeing a poorly-developed photograph come up sharp and fine under the acid.

Hollywood employs experts like this man. And it is the Hollywood beauties who to-day set the pace in beauty and grooming for the outside world. I don't know how the red-head craze started, but I do know where the platinum blonde rage originated. It originated in Jean Harlow. She is a natural; the others, who now range from Joan Crawford to Mrs. Gerald d'Erlanger, are synthetic.

These changes occur so swiftly now, and are discussed so much, that the women who a year or two back would as soon admit to theft as to hair-dye now openly flaunt a chemical change. They change the colour of their hair as easily as they change the tint of their face-powder or the height of a shoe heel.

Such is the latest victory won by business brains over feminine reticence in this beauty business. If they had not been able to get this thing going in this frank and candid way the beauty industry would not now be reaping the profits of the platinum blonde craze, because women would not have consented to tint their hair as casually as they paint their lips

NOBODY can yet estimate what the platinum blonde craze means to the beauty industry in terms of new business and additional profits. But it runs into millions. Millions. Besides which, no woman changes her hair without changing her hats, and by the time she's done that she finds she needs a whole heap of new things. If the Eton crop had stayed, the hairdressers, milliners and beauty salons would have gone broke. One cut a month, and a beret, and your Eton-cropped woman was through. No wonder the lords of the beauty business hastened to turn the massed batteries of their vast publicity and public-opinion-influencing machinery on to the great campaign to get women back into frills and furbelows, long skirts, waves and curls, and all the accessories that go therewith.

They are the great tax gatherers of the modern world, these beauty caterers. Into their coffers pour in a ceaseless and ever-widening stream the fivers of the leisured rich, the pounds of the professional beauties and the prosperous men's wives, the shillings of business girls, the pennies of factory wenches.

Girls used to stay at home and see their beaus in the evening, under soft lights and against backgrounds carefully arranged to flatter. Now they meet in the hot glare of hotel lounges and talkie theatre foyers and cocktail bars, or on tennis courts and golf courses in broad daylight (which is notoriously unflattering to all save the most dazzling and flawless skins). Any number of women of all ages, besides, have to hold their own in the unbecoming setting of bare offices equipped by efficiency experts with overhead lighting, excellent for the eyes but hard on the complexion. Statisticians have found, too, that cosmetic sales have a direct link with the number of cafés, restaurants, movie theatres and tea-shops in a town. The explanation is that where women go out more, they make up more; and if the thing means anything to you, you may deduce from it that women care more for their appearance when they are on public view than when they are with their husbands in the privacy of the home. (A clue, possibly, to the riddle of the ever-rising divorce rate.)

BEAUTY parlours are still much of a luxury in this island, but they are increasing fast. Soon they will be as plentiful as in the States, where there are over 50,000 catering for all classes, and your typist has her once-a-week facial for the price of a man's hair-cut and shave. I am told by caterers to the craze, and sufferers from it, that it is the women over 40 who spend the really big sums on beauty culture and preparations. The youngsters spend a lot, more and more each year in fact, but they don't go in for the really expensive things, which begin with special lotions to preserve fading complexions, go on to electrical massage with a variety of creams and astringents, and end up with facial surgery in all its complicated branches.

In these temples of synthetic pulchritude beauty, real beauty, grows and thrives like an orchid in a hothouse. Here faces are steamed, creamed, frappéd, patted, pulled, rubbed, pinched, frictioned. Electric vibrators operate against double chins, saggy cheeks and baggy eyes. Electric irons gather up the crumples of crow's-feet and smooth them out. Mud and ice packs, tissue creams, hair dyes, scalp lotion, wage an inexorable offensive against all the foes of good looks.

Adipose tissue is not a misfortune now; it is a social crime.

In the reducing chamber of the up-to-date beauty salon massage is mechanised. Fat globules break under the grinding of little rollers, replacing the human hand. Bulky shoulders are pummelled by leather pads, plump buttocks assaulted by powerful jets. In electric prisons, sweat streams from overweight bodies.

The victim goes a-hunting over ten counties—on an electric horse. If her hips are particularly large, she gets a session on another machine which imparts the rolling and pitching motion of a camel's gait; and if this makes her sick, well, it all helps the good work. She is put on a cycle, and she pedals till she nearly drops; and then she is put on a treadmill. Yes, she pays hard cash for being punished in a way now rejected in our prisons as a relic of the barbarism of a bygone brutal age. Finally she is bathed, massaged, frictioned, anointed with a mixture of oil and eggs or green mud, or some other equally nauseous mixture, bathed again, cold douched, and is released. She feels fine. If she went navvying she would feel the same, but one can't go navvying . . . .

Harley Street has not allowed this opportunity for earning an honest penny to go unchallenged. One of the most beautiful young women in England discovered a tendency to make flesh. She took to riding and golf in preference to dieting, and with this and a clever dressmaker managed to keep a fashionably slim line. But one day she went out with the guns, and some ass, aiming at a bounding hare, managed to lodge the bulk of the charge in her calf. Incapacitated from strenuous exercise for months, she found her skirts getting too tight round the hips, and, making panic-stricken inquiries, discovered that quite a bevy of her friends had been or were going to a fashionable Harley Street specialist, who had a special cure for fat hips, plump posteriors and too-ample abdomens.

She joined the rush. Six weeks' treatment, fifty guineas. The specialist laid his fair patients on a divan, wrapped them in lead sheets, piled on sandbags to keep the lead in position, and switched on an electric current. The resultant vibration made the patient sweat, and melted the fat deposits. The result was wonderful. But there was a snag. Soon after the treatment stopped the fat all began to come back, and there was nothing for it but dieting or another fifty guineas.

BEAUTIFYING, of course, is not new. Cave woman doubtless reddened her lips with bear's blood and her cheeks with berries from the primeval forest where the dinosaurs played and the mastodons sported; and it is on record that in the days of the very ancient Ming dynasty in China they knew all about brightening the eye, curving the eyebrow, painting the face, and titivating the hair. Yes; they even knew all about eyebrow plucking in Cleopatra's day. But they knew nothing about facial surgery. If the royal nurse slipped up on the palace cat, and the Imperial infant sustained an asymmetrical olfactory organ in consequence, they knew no remedy for transforming the defective member into a Grecian model.

To-day we are more knowledgeable. Beauty surgery is a recognised art—or craft, if you prefer. A complete new facial mask, guaranteed to make the fashionable woman, jaded by bridge and raddled by theatre dinners and cabaret suppers, look as sweet and fresh as Fannie Ward, may cost her £5,000; but a few minor changes, like false eyebrows, a new set of eyelashes, a sweeter mouth than the one you possess at present, permanently scarlet lips, elongated eyes, and hair that your husband won't recognise you in, can be had very reasonably to-day.

You see a woman faint in an overheated ballroom. Attendants hurriedly pick her up. She is, maybe, forty and very good-looking. They carry her past the table close to your chair, and you perceive with surprise that her satiny cheek still bears the faint flush of health. That will be our friend, the beauty surgeon. The fixed blush.

It has been known to come off or go bad. The papers have reported court cases of a woman whose cheek turned purple, and another who had a green stain splotched round on to her nose. Another woman had her *retroussé* nose straightened out with a wax injection. But something went wrong, and the flesh and skin on the upper part of her nose and around one eye turned lead colour.

Psychiatrists have begun to send some of their inferiority complex cases to the beauty parlours and the beauty surgeons for a cure. They argue that if the depressed woman cannot seem to get a grip on life, she may find a way back to an alert interest in herself and things generally through a course of brace-up treatments, accompanied by beautifying. A fresher, trimmer-looking face confronting her in the mirror will work miracles for a woman's morale.

Women, however, don't always go to beauty parlours to be straightened out, massaged, manicured, pedicured, electro-vibrated. Some of them go to be changed—not beautified, just changed. The fact is no woman wants to look *permanent* now. Any number of women, especially quick-living women, would be quite enchanted to wake up over every week-end with a new face—provided, of course, that it was a pretty one. They are always on the look-out for opportunities to change their looks, to add new intriguing angles to already decorative façades, because they are so afraid, in this blasé, swift-living age, that men will tire of them, as one tires of a foxtrot tune.

I applaud this beautifying movement. It has all the sweep and intensity of a new religion. It makes plain women attractive, pretty women intriguing, and lovely women stunning. It stimulates the sex instinct, makes women more excitant, and, I daresay, better humoured. It certainly adds colour to all the scenes of life in which women are on view.

But about this subsidiary craze for constant change I am doubtful. Analyse it, and you will find a subtle but nevertheless direct appeal to the polyandrous side of man. The woman who is crazy to adopt one mask after another, in quick succession, and is never so pleased as when you tell her she looks like somebody other than her old self, is suggesting that if she cannot be all women to a man, she can, at least, be half a dozen.

As a male, I do not reject the peculiar charm of this suggestion. As a sociologist I cannot do otherwise than view it with grave concern.

END

WINTER

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Different conditions demand different characteristics so

WINTER SHELL

petrol is specially blended to give quick starting in cold weather

Stuarts

When *Death* Presses *the* Button

(*Continued from page 7*)

this invisible barrier in the air, and on the ground? Extraordinary, too, is the fact that, well to the rear of the first lines, every motorcraft in a part of the sector has suddenly stopped.

Doctors and stretcher-bearers are sent forward. They discover there is need of mass-graves, not medical service. For all are dead.

Battalions and divisions, equipped in the pride of this scientific age, strew the ground in hideous death, annihilated with song, whistle, or jest upon their lips, now stiffened into demoniac grins of excruciating agony A hundred thousand sightless eyes, torn wide open, fix the sky in sickening appeal, or make inutile contact with the healing dew on soft grass.

The doctors and stretcher-bearers advance tentatively at first, expecting every second to be their last. Picking their way amongst the prostrate, and almost frozen with horror at the sights before them, they stoop now and again to turn over a body, seeking a flicker of life in this appalling harvest of death. The cause of death is not immediately observable. It is obvious that it is not gas, and that the Thing is not the same in all the casualties. For, while some show little or no outward marks, other bodies are limp lumps of apparently boneless flesh, whose bones have been shattered to tiniest atoms, almost pulverising the human skeleton. Hasty post-mortem examinations made later reveal that in many of the dead the whole nervous system has been completely destroyed.

The day, however, has not by any means exhausted its surprises or its horrors. From the interior of some of the tanks, living men emerge to find out why their machines have suddenly stopped without warning, and without apparent cause. Their first gesture is one of amazement upon seeing companion-tanks in the same plight. It is a little time before they take in the frightfulness of the surrounding scene—the uncountable dead, aircraft smouldering, wrecks of fuselages without wings and wings without fuselages, a few lorries and tanks meandering unguided, trundling their freight of dead.

THIS is the terrible picture, in momentary glimpse of a narrow sector, of a future battlefield, which I obtained the other day in a German laboratory.

The awful destruction, silent, invisible, in that vision comprised four things—the "Death Ray," the "Death Wave," the "Death Tone," and a new secret Gas which instantly stops any combustion engine within its reach. The first three are, in reality, "Death Vibrations" produced by different methods.

These new Terrors have been conceived in the brains of men, and born in the laboratories in Germany, which, under the Versailles Treaty, was disarmed twelve years ago, and now finds herself defenceless in the very centre of a Europe bristling with arms. This Germany, which is forbidden an army of more than 100,000, and without heavy artillery, military aircraft and tanks, has in consequence turned to other, and even more terrifying, means of national defence, not forbidden by the Versailles Treaty.

Necessity knows no Law! It is a principle that nations have always followed when self-preservation was the issue. The fettering too tightly of any nation which still has within it great, natural, inherent strength or force, acts as compression, intensifying that force, and in time leads to explosion.

That is the keynote of these twentieth-century wizards, weaving their spells of death and destruction in modern laboratories.

"We have not by any means been sticking our heads in the sand while other nations are bristling with arms," Professor Wilhelm Schlenk, gas expert of the German Reichsarmy, and head of the Chemical Institute of the Berlin University, declared.

"Our situation is dangerous. We are compelled to keep within a minimum limitation of armament, and that not even modern, which seems to purport nothing else but to make Germany helpless against attacks from even the smallest of her neighbours. But self-preservation is a strong force. Of course I am not permitted to reveal just what counter-gases and what other means of protection of our borders we have worked out. Our best scientists have concentrated on protecting Germany against invasion, and I think we have been successful to some degree."

The Germans are working on and experimenting with three different electric vibratory "Death Waves," as they are called in the laboratories. These "rays," "waves" or "vibrations" are also known to some extent to scientists in other countries.

The real secret upon which the German scientists are working, is the projection of such waves similar to radio broadcasting waves, and in focusing them in any desired direction, with such intensity as to cause death, and to be applicable for military defensive purposes.

The Gamma, or so-called "Death Ray," was a sensation in the newspapers soon after the end of the War, when the French claimed that the Germans had succeeded in bringing down near Stuttgart numerous French aeroplanes, flying from France to Czechoslovakia, before an agreement had been reached between France and Germany for French aircraft to fly over German territory. This was supposed to stop the magneto on the aircraft motors. Rumour had it that it was directed from the plant of the Bosch magneto works near Stuttgart.

About that same time, a British inventor named Matthews also claimed to have discovered this ray.

Although this so-called "Death Ray" was declared to be a myth, it was not a myth, but had not proved its practicability. It is an extraordinarily long radio wave. Doctor Arno Brasch and Doctor Fritz Lange, the two young German scientists, came across this ray again, but of far greater intensity during their experiments in atom-splitting with an electrical energy of two and a half million volts.

The real "Death Wave," with which amazing experiments have been made in projecting and focusing it with deadly intensity at a distance, is declared to be an ultra-short wave, very similar to the ordinary radio wave used in broadcasting, but many times smaller. It was described to me to be about the wavelength of radiating heat.

For this wave the claim is made in scientific circles that present experiments promise that it can be practically developed to the point where it can extinguish life within a fraction of a second, several miles above, several miles along, the surface of the earth, and hundreds of yards below. It pierces thick cement walls of a subterranean fortress with the same ease that it passes through the armour-plate of the biggest Dreadnought or cruiser, a tank, or aircraft in mid-air, exterminating all life in its passage.

A tiny electron tube, which shoots out waves at the speed light travels, is said to be the secret of the new invention.

THE mysterious effects of the "Death Wave" upon the nervous system of the human body were discovered by accident, during experiments with a short wave destined for broadcasting.

In the laboratories of a large electrical concern, the experiments were continued, until the first real success two years ago, when rabbits, guinea-pigs, rats and mice were killed at a distance of several hundred metres.

"The powerful electrons shot from the tube, and travelling at the rate of speed that light travels, were focused by crystal lenses upon a number of these animals. The instant the current was turned on, the animals fell over dead. Examination revealed that their whole nervous system, including the brain and spinal cord, had been destroyed."

The electron tube since then has been developed to far higher efficiency, the power and range of the "Death Waves" increased more than eight times, and they are now capable of killing all life within a radius of six and a half kilometres.

Though this was told to me by a good authority, all attempts to gain confirmation, or obtain details, met with a wall of stony silence.

The German Reichsarmy has been experimenting with the "Death Wave" at their Research Institute in Jueterbog for over three years, I was told, and still continues endeavours to increase the range.

The only known protection against these waves in their present stage of development, are heavy copper and lead plates, several feet thick, which would have to be welded together in such a way as to prevent even the slightest diffused "Death Wave" from entering the most minute crevice. No way of protecting an advancing army against the wave has yet been found.

I now come to the third of these fantastic invisible death forces, the "Death Tone." As the word "tone" indicates, it is a sound, but inaudible to the human ear. Theoretically, at least, based on laboratory experiments, this "Death Tone" can silently and as swiftly as Thought itself, annihilate armies, bring down aircraft, sink battleships, pulverize cities and fortifications. Some scientists profess to believe that it is the scientific development of that unknown sound-wave which, more than two thousand years ago, destroyed the Walls of Jericho.

I was present, the other day in Berlin, at a demonstration of these deadly sound-waves, by Professor Friedrich Trautwein of the Heinrich Hertz Institute.

Manipulating the buttons, knobs and handles of what might have been the familiar family wireless set, Professor Trautwein filled the laboratory with rising hurricanes of sound, shaking our very beings with the storm of vibration. Higher and shriller rose the note, piercing our bones to the marrow. Shrill, shrill, a tearing vibration—now almost inaudible—cracking our nerves, lacerating our senses. Sudden return to normal silence was a shock to our nervous systems, worked up to straining after attunement with 40,000 vibrations a second.

The Professor explained to me that the note "A" has 453 vibrations to the second. We had been following 40,000 vibrations to the second, every nerve mustered in sympathy. 150,000 vibrations a second are sufficient to kill a man, and Science, even at this stage of development, claims 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 as possible.

The fatal effect of the "Death Tone," tried out upon animals, is that of shattering the bones to atoms, so that they have no more resistance than gelatine, and "scalding" the skin. The sound-waves, in technical language, transform organic matter by destroying its molecular equilibrium, and causing it to take on another form.

Quoting Professor Gustav Leithaeuser of the Heinrich Hertz Institute of Wave Research:—

"For years we have been experimenting with sound waves which lie above the limit of audibility of the human ear. We were using a thin plate of quartz about four inches square, and no thicker than paper. This we covered on one side with an extremely thin layer of silver, which we connected at the two opposite corners with electric wires leading to a transmission valve. Up to this time, we had been unable to go beyond a certain limit in producing high frequencies. But this silver layer suddenly opened new roads, which led to the production of frequencies so high that we have not yet been able to establish their limit. The electric current which passes through the silver layer causes the quartz plate to contract and expand at an incredible rate."

"The oscillations thus produced, while wholly inaudible, have the same effect upon matter as tremendous explosions following each other in rapid succession. Imagine the effect of a bombardment during the World War, but with sound that cannot be heard!"

The effect of the wave in water staggered even the scientists themselves. Submersions of a thin crystal plate in a pool caused the water to vibrate with such rapidity that animals were killed (*Continued on page 90*)

MAKING • WIRELESS • SIMPLE

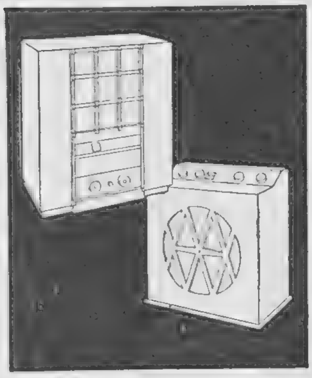
WHEN I sit back, as I frequently do, and review my policy of Making Wireless Simple, I am more and more convinced that it is the right road to take. There are those who buy radio sets because "knob twiddling" is a fascination. There are those who prefer complicated sets which receive a large number of distant foreign stations. But the vast majority of ordinary folk, like you and me, who want to switch on the wireless and sit back and listen, place quality of reproduction and ease of operation before everything. And they are quite right. Wireless should be simple—just like switching on the electric light. Every set should give as perfect reproduction as is possible with modern knowledge, and, above all, every set should give reliable service and be reasonable in price. Although you may have little wireless knowledge yourself, do not feel that you are not competent to choose a set. Let your own common sense guide you and you will not go far wrong. When you are thinking of buying a set, ask your nearest Murphy dealer for a demonstration of one of my sets and test it for yourself.

Frank Murphy

B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.I.Rad.E., Chartered Elect. Engineer.

★★★ I have written a book entitled "Making Wireless Simple," which gives you a simple explanation of how broadcasting works. It also contains brief particulars of Murphy sets. I shall be pleased to send you a free copy on application.

In writing for this booklet will you kindly mention the name of this paper!



ALL ELECTRIC MURPHY 3-VALVE SCREENED GRID RECEIVER, A.C. MAINS ONLY. (Not usable on D.C. Mains.)

1. Single Tuning Control. 2. Illuminated dial marked in actual wavelengths. 3. Self-contained moving coil loudspeaker with very high standard of reproduction. 4. Walnut cabinet of very distinguished appearance, by one of the leading designers in the cabinet industry.

CASH PRICE 19 GNS.
Hire Purchase Terms from 39/- deposit.

BATTERY OPERATED MURPHY 4-VALVE SCREENED GRID PORTABLE.

1. Single Tuning Control. 2. Dial marked in actual wavelengths. 3. Self-contained loud-speaker and batteries. 4. Beautiful Walnut cabinet. 5. No aerial or earth required.

CASH PRICE 17 GNS.
Hire Purchase Terms from 37/- deposit.

MURPHY RADIO

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. TELEPHONE: WELWYN GARDEN 800

M.C. 80

the moment they touched the water. "Their bones were turned to gelatine, and their skin looked as if it had been scalded."

"The effect of the inaudible ultra-short sound waves produced by a quartz plate fifty yards square, and about one centimetre thick would be tremendous.

"On-storming armies"—still quoting Professor Leithaeuser, "could not only be blinded, and made deaf at one single stroke by the new sound-wave, but could be killed outright. It is simply a question of developing the wave to a point where it destroys the molecular equilibrium of bone-matter and tissue. And that is only a question of enlarging the quartz plate, and supplying it with the necessary electric energy by means of a more powerful transmission valve."

THE gas that stops tanks and brings down aircraft is the invention of Professor Karl Hofmann, head of the Chemical Department of the famous Berlin Institute of Technology. The most minute particle of this gas, sucked in by the engine, will bring to a standstill tanks, lorries, motor-cars, motor-cycles, and aircraft in mid-air.

One wave of the gas, it is claimed, can paralyse the mechanized army of the enemy, leaving the human elements of the army at the mercy of their adversaries.

These new and terrifying instruments of destruction, threatening added nightmares to the accepted horrors of war which bloody centuries have taught us to expect, are the ghastly gifts of a generation to itself. Versailles put one nation in a capsule, a nation of natural scientists, ingenious inventors at that. Denied normal outlet for their ingenuity and activities, they simply developed all the same within the narrow limits admitted. They turned inwards, concentrating frantic, frustrated energy and ingenuity upon the "peaceful arts" of science, chemistry and engineering.

Their contributions to a post-war world made unsafe for civilisation are just what the world has invited upon itself by deliberately canalising the creative and expressive energies of not only the war generations, but their successors as well, into streams of scientific research and experiment.

It is an arresting thought to speculate whether the fortresses of the future will be enormous electrical power plants, generating these colossal energies for purposes of war and national defence. One can imagine a chain of these on the right bank of the Rhine. They do not come within the present-day definition of "fortifications," neither do they come within that clause in the Versailles Treaty prohibiting Germany from having soldiers or fortifications in that zone.

Leopard *in a* Cage

(Continued from page 27)

They were both sick with longing for home. And she got into the habit of lingering under the tamarind tree, talking softly to the leopard, who took no notice but went on staring, brooding and disdainful, into the hot sunlight.

It had not taken her long to feel that Quai-long was a prison. She was desperately lonely. Duclos was out nearly all day, and the hot hours seemed interminable.

The relentless heat and a horrible feeling of being shut in, a prisoner in the green vice that was the jungle, began to oppress her. Sometimes she was even a little frightened of Duclos. In Saigon he had seemed so different—more urbane, more civilised, careful in his speech. Here in Quai-long the streak of coarseness seemed to predominate in his nature, as though he had left off his manners with his Saigon clothes.

He was still tremendously attractive to her, but the attraction was mingled strangely with repulsion. She never saw him sitting about on their verandah, half-naked with the sweat glistening on his great chest and arms, without feeling that in reality he was nothing but an animal—a great, half-sensual, half-pathetic animal. Although she had made the tremendous gesture of burning her boats and marrying this foreigner in a foreign country, at heart she was still the prim little English governess. And all her upbringing had taught her that passion was "wrong," passion was "not nice." For a time Duclos and his startling un-English ardour had swept her off her feet; now she was reverting steadily to type. She began to dread his lips and his huge hands that were covered with dark hair from wrist to knuckles.

IT was almost inevitable that she would fall in love with Alan Grant. Two years after her marriage with Duclos, Grant had come to Quai-long on a shooting trip; he was a young Englishman who worked in an English firm in Saigon. He was the complete physical opposite to Duclos—blond and slender, with extraordinarily bright blue eyes shining in a narrow, tanned face—and mentally he was very different. He was the nice, clean, rather stupid young Englishman—the type with whom Barbara had danced and played tennis at home. He stayed at *le Bungalow* for two weeks, and before he left he and Barbara Duclos were lovers.

It happened in the most natural way in the world. Grant spoke her language; he seemed to stand for everything that she had lost. And it turned out that they both came from the same corner of Gloucestershire; their homes were not more than ten miles apart. Grant was homesick too. She listened, flushed and smiling, while he named all the familiar places. They sat a long time on the verandah, staring into the velvety, humming darkness, while Duclos and Brizat played cards under the lamp.

And suddenly her eyes filled with tears. He saw them glisten in the lamplight and roll slowly down her cheeks.

"I want to go home," she said like a child.

She looked like a child, crumpled up in a big wicker chair; in the half light her short white face was infinitely pathetic, framed against a damp, curling mass of reddish hair. Grant put out a hand impulsively and touched hers. It was small and moist; the hot little fingers curled into his own. Poor little thing! thought young Grant with a rush of pity and tenderness. He disliked Duclos. Their eyes met, and a stab of something keener than pity and fiercer than tenderness shot through him. For a moment the thought raced through his head that under that thin silk dress there was a warm living body; that her lips were soft, inviting and accessible. . . .

"*Peste!* What luck!" cried Duclos, and flung down his cards with a laugh.

They started and looked away as though a spell had been broken.

Alan Grant was no better and no worse than most men, and the way was made temptingly easy for them. Duclos was away a good deal at that time; once he had to ride over and spend the night in a camp near Phehn-Trang, over a hundred kilometres away. There was Grant kicking his heels at *le Bungalow*—Brizat was busy drinking cognac with two Frenchmen who had got off the bus that evening—and there was Barbara, alone in a bungalow half a kilometre down the road. It was full moon that night. The full moon is beautiful in Quai-long.

DUCLOS was not expected back until the following evening, but he returned just before tiffin. He rode into the compound of *le Bungalow*, tired and sweating, and saw Grant and Barbara standing on the verandah steps. For a moment they did not notice him. They were smiling into each other's eyes, and perhaps that smile was too revealing, or perhaps the slightest swaying together of their bodies lit a sudden lightning flash of intuition that pierced the mists of fatigue round Duclos' brain, for in that moment he must have realised what had happened. He knew it as certainly as though he had got the damning evidence before him. When they looked up and saw him there, they knew that he knew.

For a moment no one moved. Then, slowly and heavily, Duclos got off his pony and threw the reins to the waiting boy. Slowly and heavily he walked towards the verandah steps. He wore a khaki shirt, open at his great bull neck, and he was grey with dust. His face was a curious yellow colour. For the first time young Grant noticed that Duclos had extraordinarily long arms that he carried hanging loosely at his sides and rather forward, so that he seemed to shamble forward like an enormous ape. Young Grant thought stupidly, "My God, he's going to kill me!" but he did not move. He could not move. Duclos moved slowly towards the verandah steps.

It all happened so suddenly that Grant, trying to describe it later, said it was like a strip of film being turned too fast. Into that oppressive silence ripped a scream of fear and agony, and on top of it—flash!—a native boy came pelting round the corner of the cook-house, howling with terror, his shoulder hanging in red tatters, and—flash!—after him sprang a tawny streak of hell let loose. It was the leopard.

No one had time to wonder how the brute had got out, for suddenly it stopped dead in its tracks, turned its flat, wicked head, and saw Duclos. Slowly it began to creep forward, belly close to the ground and yellow eyes unwinking. Duclos stared back into those eyes like a man bewitched.

Barbara shrieked "Maurice!" and as though that were a signal, Duclos, grey in the face, took a step backward, and the leopard took a spring forward. It was like a steel spring launching itself through the air. Straight at its old enemy it sprang, and Duclos went down like a stone.

Grant had rushed into *le Bungalow* for his gun. A shot rang out, and the leopard leapt in the air. For a moment it coughed and struggled convulsively, then it sank on top of Duclos' body; their blood mingled and ran down into the dust. It looked as though they had taken each other into a gory embrace, the man and the beast, the tormentor and the tormented. The leopard's warm breast was pressed against Duclos' breast; its last hot breath had coughed itself out against his cheek. They lay quite still in the blinding white sunlight.

Brizat had run out and stood aghast, his fat moustachioed face a sickly white. And Barbara Duclos stood, holding on to the verandah post, swaying a little and staring at that strange pair locked together in a stiffening embrace. Staring and staring, her childish blue eyes wide with bewilderment. Staring and staring, even when they touched her gently on the arm and told her to come away.

"OF course," I said to the teller of the shell of this story—"of course Barbara Duclos married young Grant. So in a way the leopard didn't do its job so badly."

"Married Grant? Not a bit of it! That girl had had enough of Indo-China to last her for a lifetime. Young Grant hadn't got a bean, and he'd have had to stay in Saigon, or places slightly worse, for the next twenty years. No, Barbara Duclos wasn't having any, and I don't really blame her. She got together all Duclos' money that she could lay hands on, and took the first boat home—I saw her off myself. Soon after she got home she married again—suitably this time—a young doctor with a very flourishing little country practice somewhere in Hampshire. I believe they're perfectly happy. Barbara drives a pony cart and presides over mothers' meetings—that sort of thing. A bit different from Quai-long, eh? . . . Well, it's a strange country, Indo-China. All sorts of things go on there that one doesn't hear about. In this case I knew Duclos and I knew young Grant, so I could piece it together pretty well. Make quite a story, wouldn't it, if only you could write? . . . Boy! What are you going to have?"

END

WHICH USES UP MOST ENERGY?

SCIENCE SAYS . . .

"THE 13-YEAR OLD!"

Almost unbelievable — that a 13-year old child should use up more energy than a labourer.

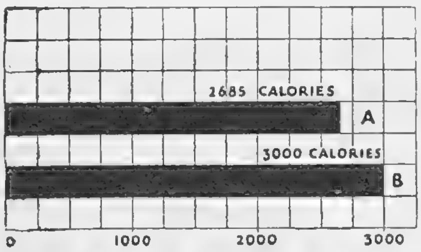
Yet it is a scientific fact — explaining why children — more even than adults — require a *balanced* diet . . . . one which includes an abundance of energy-giving food.

It is also a reason for supplementing the regular nursery meals with Horlick's Malted Milk!

Made from fresh dairy milk, fine wheat and malted barley, Horlick's is a rich source of energy and body warmth. It also adds a big quota of body-building nourishment to ordinary meals. Children who take Horlick's regularly do not get over-fatigued, nor do they run "underweight" risks. Delicate children quickly improve — robust ones thrive on Horlick's. And its delicious "malty" flavour makes it popular with young people.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT HORLICK'S!

Horlick's is obtainable from chemists and grocers everywhere in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Ask also for the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.



This chart, based on the work of well-known dietitians, indicates the different daily energy requirements of active grown-ups and children. A illustrates the needs of a workman. B illustrates those of an active boy of 13.

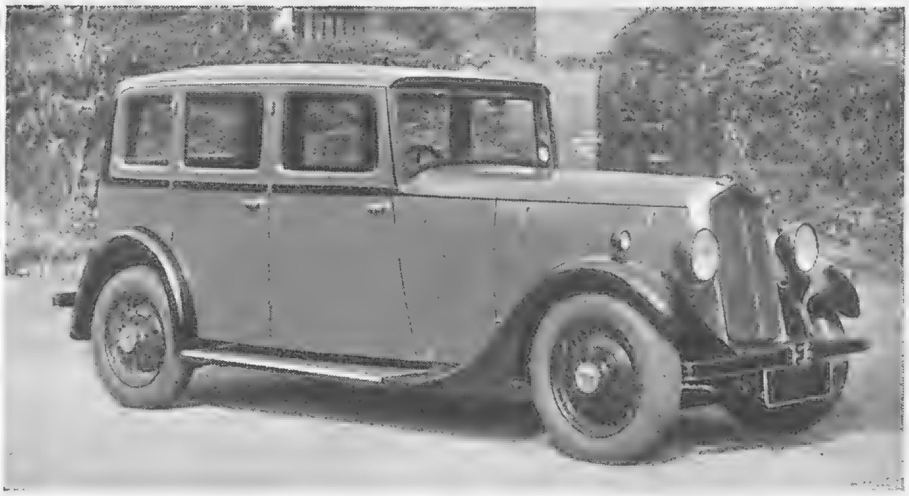
HORLICK'S BRITISH THROUGHOUT

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS FIT

A *New* Car of *Unusual* Interest

The Earl of Cardigan puts the 15/18 h.p. Lanchester through its paces



THE new 15/18 h.p. Lanchester, fitted with Daimler fluid flywheel transmission

OF all the new cars produced during 1931, few have combined so many points of interest as the 15/18 h.p. Lanchester. This was, in the first place, the original product of a brand-new amalgamation between the two historic firms of Lanchester and Daimler. What sort of car was such a union likely to bring forth? Could it contain within one chassis the dominant virtues of the two makes, or should I have regretfully to conclude "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Lanchester"?

A preliminary inspection of the new car, I am glad to say, soon set these doubts at rest. In much of the chassis layout, and particularly in the unusual forward position of the radiator, the Lanchester style could be clearly distinguished. Lanchester design has always tended to lead popular opinion rather than to follow it, and in this case valuable body space has been gained by placing a sloping radiator slightly in advance of the front axle. The effect is novel, but it is not displeasing, and a roomy interior is thus combined with an agreeable length of bonnet in conjunction with a relatively modest wheelbase.

The Daimler contribution is, of course, the justly famous "fluid flywheel"—fluid clutch would be a more accurate description—in conjunction with a four-speed "pre-selective" epicyclic gearbox. This type of transmission may require some explanation, which I will endeavour to give in the simplest possible form.

The function of the fluid flywheel is, generally speaking, that of an automatic clutch. When the engine is "ticking over," it automatically ceases to transmit the drive, whereas when the engine speed exceeds 600 r.p.m., the drive is transmitted to the road wheels with only a fractional loss owing to "slip." To set the car in motion, therefore, it is only necessary to accelerate the engine, whereupon, even in top gear, it will move off at once with a phenomenal degree of smoothness. In coming to a standstill, it is utterly impossible to stop the engine inadvertently, since the connection between engine and road wheels will cease automatically at the proper moment.

The advantages of the epicyclic gearbox are more generally known. It enables any gear to be engaged at any moment with absolute certainty and silence, a "crash" change being an impossibility. Any desired gear, *e.g.*, third, can be selected in advance by the movement of a lever, after which only the touch of a pedal is needed to engage it. All the ratios, moreover, are either dead silent or practically so.

Although this method of transmission is comparatively new, it has, of course, been fully proved and tested. I myself, for instance, recently drove a Daimler similarly fitted across the Pyrenees, and submitted it to a 3,000 mile test which would assuredly have shown up any imperfections which might have existed.

Not only did I fail to discover any flaws; I also gained a new respect for the fluid transmission as an aid to efficient driving over mountain passes. Its "foolproof" properties are not its only virtues; it makes a car definitely faster in negotiating hairpin bends, since the effect of a slipped clutch is obtained at the critical moments without any accompanying wear and tear. Probably, however, it is in London traffic that it will be most generally appreciated.

ENTERING this new Lanchester first in Pall Mall, I at once engaged top gear. I then started the engine—(no, this is not a printer's error!) accelerated slightly, and released the hand-brake. The car moved, and gathered speed. The slope of Lower Regent Street suggested a little more acceleration. I moved a small lever on the steering column into the third gear position, and touched the gear-engaging pedal which replaces the clutch pedal of the ordinary car. Instantly, without a sound, the well-pitched third gear gave me all that I desired.

All Lanchester cars within my experience have been pleasant things to handle, and this one proved to be no exception to the general rule. The engine, which is of course pure home-grown Lanchester, is exceptionally silent, smooth and lively; so much so that some of the Daimler experts have expressed themselves astonished that such a combination of virtues should have been achieved with ordinary poppet valves. Actually, however, the valve gear of this engine is not quite ordinary, since it permits of wide and even irregular tappet clearances without loss either of efficiency or silence.

The steering is extremely light and definite, and the four-wheel brakes, which operate on the Lockheed hydraulic principle, are everything that one could wish. While of very great power, they are never fierce, and can thus be used with confidence on all occasions. The hand-brake is not intended, and is, indeed, unsuitable, for ordinary use. Its function is solely to hold the car stationary for parking purposes, and this it does by exerting an appalling grip on the transmission. It may be that nowadays this scarcely calls for comment, but it must be remembered that I am writing of a car in which all the other controls are remarkable for their efficiency, smoothness and ease of operation.

MAXIMUM speed is in the neighbourhood of 70 m.p.h. Greasy roads prevented me from obtaining an exact figure, but I saw enough to realise that the engine at 60 m.p.h. or so is merely beginning to get into its stride. At lower cruising speeds, between 40 and 50 m.p.h., one's chief impression is that the Lanchester scarcely exerts itself at all, and the easy, floating movement is quite exceptional in a car of these dimensions. The springing is admirable, and the seating arrangement provides, as I have indicated, unusual space and comfort.

At £565 for the saloon models this is, in my opinion, an extremely low-priced car. It is, indeed, a complete vindication, if any were needed, of the Lanchester-Daimler combine. If the object was, as I imagine, to pick out the salient virtues of the modern Daimler, add them to the traditional Lanchester qualities, and incorporate the whole into a medium-sized car saleable at a moderate figure, then a remarkably ingenious selection has been made which should have every prospect of success.

This Month's

Motoring Hint

Driving *through* Snow

GIVEN normal weather, we may expect some snow in January, and many new motorists may be nervous of taking a car out upon roads which are thickly covered. Actually there is little danger under these conditions, provided that proper allowances are made. Roughly speaking, the distance allowed for bringing the car to a standstill must be doubled, and the speed at which any corner can be taken must be halved.

If difficulty is experienced owing to wheel-spin when climbing a hill or setting the car in motion, it should be remembered that the wheels are most liable to spin when a low gear is engaged. This is one of the few occasions, therefore, when it is permissible to let the engine labour somewhat in top or third gear, rather than allow the wheels to lose their grip in "first" or "second."

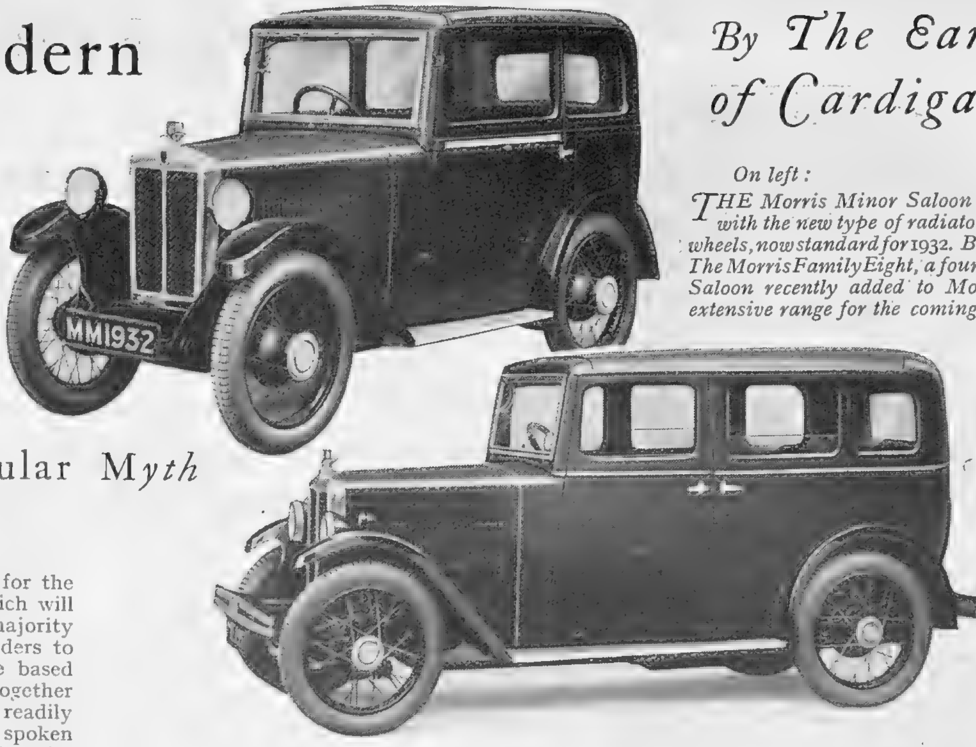
“This Modern Craze for Speed”

Some reassuring facts *about* a popular Myth

By The Earl of Cardigan

On left :

THE Morris Minor Saloon fitted with the new type of radiator and wheels, now standard for 1932. Below : The Morris Family Eight, a four-door Saloon recently added to Morris's extensive range for the coming year



I MUST apologise for having used for the heading of this article a phrase which will probably be odious to the vast majority of those who read it. One shudders to think how many misconceptions are based upon these five words which run together with such deplorable facility, and how readily they still inspire the written and spoken idiocies of which the motorist is unhappily the victim.

I write with bitterness as one who has suffered much. At a tea party, for instance : “ Oh, Lady Cardigan, I have just been reading one of your husband's articles. It was in the paper, and it was all about some car that goes at eighty miles an hour. Dear me, this modern craze for speed ! I'm afraid he must be *terribly* reckless——” At this point the object of these remarks is heard to clear his throat in a marked manner, and tactful people rush in with observations on the weather.

In sober fact, is there, I wonder, any such thing as “ this modern craze for speed ” ? I rather doubt it. When I first bought a car, I used to drive it mostly at 40 m.p.h. In an average day's run I used to find that only two or three cars would ever pass me. Nowadays roads are 50 per cent. safer, and cars 15 per cent. faster. I drive my present car mainly at 45 m.p.h., and still only two or three other cars pass me in the course of an average day's run.

Now if “ this modern craze for speed ” had any real existence, cars should be passing me continually. Many modern main roads are safe for speeds of 60 m.p.h., and the majority of modern cars are capable of travelling at that speed. There is only one reason why the motorist of to-day continues to drive at 40 m.p.h. or so, and that is that he finds this a convenient and agreeable pace. “ This modern craze for speed,” therefore, would appear to be entirely confined to a few young men desirous of impressing a few young women with their “ nerve ” and daring. It should be unnecessary to point out that this type of young man was doing exactly the same thing in 1863.

Incidentally it is worthy of note that 35 to 40 m.p.h., the pace adopted by the ordinary man or woman, is actually about the best speed at which to run the ordinary car. It represents something in the neighbourhood of 2,000 engine revolutions per minute, and, although few drivers have ever consciously realised it, this is a very convenient rate of revolutions for the modern petrol engine. It is high enough to provide very nearly the full power output, and yet not so high as to cause unreasonable wear and tear. Civil aero engines, in which reliability is of the utmost importance, are, in fact, habitually run at 1,800 to 2,000 r.p.m.

All that the average driver realises is that the engine seems “ comfortable ” at this speed, and he would no doubt be surprised to learn how closely his notions agree with mechanical facts. It is largely for this reason that a big car can be comfortably driven at much higher speeds than a small one. It is true that the longer wheelbase and other factors combine to make the speed less apparent, but it is chiefly because the same engine speed of 2,000 r.p.m. represents 50 or 60 or more m.p.h. in the case of larger vehicles. Indeed, I once drove a car in which this engine speed was equivalent to no less than 80 m.p.h. !

TO drive safely, however, at such very high road speeds as this tends to become rather more tiring than enjoyable. It is necessary to be so very much on the qui vive, and to concentrate one's attention so rigidly upon the road ahead. Even with a high-powered car on a first-class road, 60 m.p.h. is the highest speed which I personally have found to be pleasant. When I say “ pleasant ” it must be understood that I also mean “ safe,” for no one except a fool could find it pleasant to drive at a speed which he felt to be unsafe.

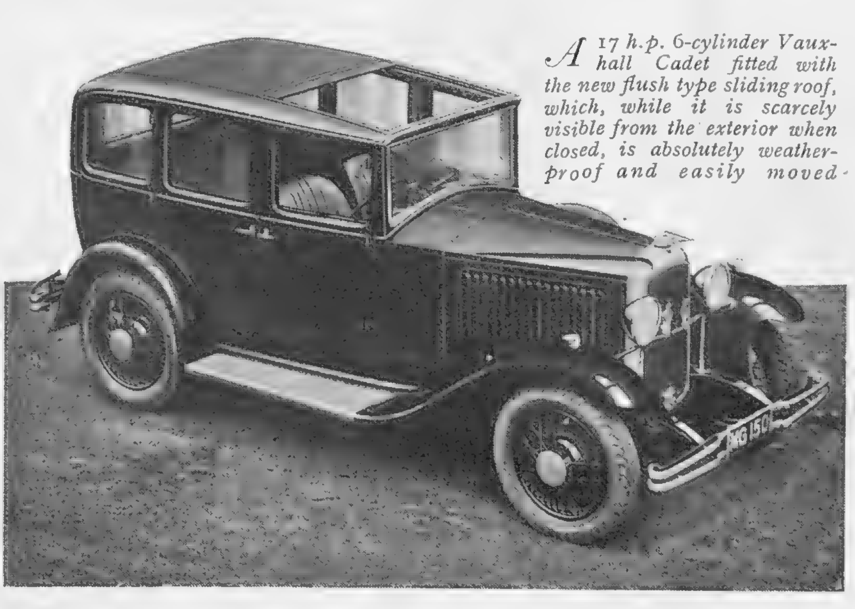
Why, then, it may be asked, are big cars built to do 80 or 90 m.p.h., and even cars of medium size to do their 70 m.p.h. ? The answer is that it is most unpleasant to have to drive a car at, or anywhere approaching, its maximum speed. There is a special type of fool—he generally drives a fast American machine and wears a bowler hat—who delights in waiting for another car to overtake him and then accelerating when the two cars are abreast. If the overtaking car is already going very nearly “ all out,” the driver of it will find himself in an extremely dangerous position.

In any emergency, in fact, the danger to a car which is running at or near its maximum speed is approximately doubled. There are only three methods of avoiding any accident —by accelerating, by braking or by steering. The latter method may, of course, be used in conjunction with either of the former. At ordinary cruising speeds, however, very little can be done in the way of steering, since a bold use of the steering gear is only possible at moderately low speeds. There may, therefore, be only two alternatives—to brake or to accelerate.

It is thus no exaggeration to say that a car which has little or no reserve of power and speed is involved in double danger, or rather that its ability to extricate itself is halved. It is therefore reasonable to suggest that a top speed of 60 m.p.h. is actually needed before a cruising speed of 40 m.p.h. can be considered entirely safe.

Obviously there will always be a few drivers who will misuse their reserves of speed, but even these are, in my opinion, less of a danger than is popularly supposed. I have seldom been frightened by the rash driving of others, since the rash driver generally possesses some degree of skill. He may put me into an awkward situation, but I can rely on him for some degree of assistance in getting out of it. He is more often a nuisance than an active danger.

While I should not like to be thought of as in any way supporting the conventional “road-hog,” I must confess that my own nerves have always suffered far more from the man or woman whose driving displays a dangerous degree of incompetence. In other words, I am much less concerned about “this modern craze for speed” than about “ this modern craze for trying to control a machine which one does not fully understand” !



A 17 h.p. 6-cylinder Vauxhall Cadet fitted with the new flush type sliding roof, which, while it is scarcely visible from the exterior when closed, is absolutely weather-proof and easily moved

More than meets the eye!

There is more in this lady's beauty than meets the eye; for her way to beauty is a way to health, too.

To wash with WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP is to accomplish a double purpose. First, you bathe your skin in soft, foamy Wright's lather, which protects your complexion. In that lather, too, is the valuable antiseptic, Carbonis Detergens, which kills all germs—the germs we *all* pick up—thus safeguarding you against infection. That, briefly, is why doctors recommend this soap. *It does more.* It protects your beauty; it guards your health.

WRIGHT'S
COAL
TAR
SOAP
6d. per tablet
British Made

SAPO CARBONIS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
DETERGENS

DOCTORS USE AND RECOMMEND IT

The Double-Purpose Soap

Streets

Elizabeth Pepys, Wife *of* Samuel

(*Continued from page* 37)

to the dining room, where the excellent food soon restored their accustomed good humour.

SAMUEL returned late from the Navy Office upon the following evening, very weary, his eyes troubling him sore. They had become very troublesome of late, paining exceedingly after a long session at the playhouse or office. And their condition now was aggravated by a severe cold, got, Samuel was convinced, by sitting too long with his head bare on Sunday last, for Mercer to comb his hair and wash his ears.

His arrival home proved disappointing, for he found the house deserted. Madam Pepys had gone forth with Jane and Tom, her maid and man, to eat some pasties at The Bottle of Hay in John Street, the cookmaid informed him. It was a dish of which he knew her to be mighty fond, and, indulgently, he settled to his solitary meal.

Dinner over, he sallied forth to the King's playhouse, where a smile and stolen kiss from the charming Knipp put him in a good humour despite his poor opinion of the play, "The Indian Emperor." From the playhouse, he went, in the company of the poet, Shadwell, to Will's Coffee House, thinking to listen for a time to the witty discourse of Samuel Butler and others gathered there. But Shadwell, upon finding the poet, Dryden, holding court, refused to stay, and Samuel followed suit, only to find upon his return home that Mrs. Pepys was still abroad. The lateness of the hour troubled him. Well he knew the danger of being abroad at night.

As he restlessly paced the floor, a prey to anxiety, the door opened and Betty Pepys tripped gaily in, followed by Jane and the boy. She was looking extraordinarily handsome in a new suit of laced cuffs and perquisites, to the purchase of which he had that morning consented, her velvet mantle over all, her eyes sparkling with animation.

Despite himself, Samuel's irritation vanished before the irresistible attraction of "a pretty black woman," even though that woman was his wife. "You are mighty late, Madam," he chided. "I have been troubled for your safety. Where have you been?"

"Eating pasties at The Bottle of Hay. And, oh, Samuel, I had, too, a cup of tea, that China drink of which you told me!"

"Hark ye, wench, none of your dissembling now," he retorted harshly, irritated by his former anxiety, and the brightness of her mood. "Where have you spent the time since leaving there, and with whom?"

"I warrant me that you will be with child until you get it out of me," she answered saucily, being in high spirits from the evening's merriment.

"You saucy trollop!" roared her husband. "You have grown mighty forward of late. Keep a civil tongue in your heard or I'll——" and stepping forward he seized her pretty nose between his thumb and forefinger and tweaked it sharply.

With a loud shriek of pain, Betty broke free, burst into a flood of tears, and fled, loudly lamenting, to her chamber. But Samuel, following close upon her heels, thrust his foot within the door, as she would have closed and bolted it against him, and so, with many protestations that he had but meant to offend, not hurt her, made his peace at length and dried her tears.

Presently, seated before the fire in Mistress Pepys's closet, Samuel suggested a game or two of gleek. But his wife had other plans. "Here is something of which the meaning is not quite clear to me," she told her husband, bringing him a volume from her cabinet. "I beg that you will read it out to me and expound its meaning."

"With pleasure, my love," Samuel assented, always glad to play the instructor to his pretty wife. But what was his chagrin on opening the book at the spot indicated, to find that what she had searched out for him to read was a letter of Sir Philip Sidney's upon the evil results of jealousy. When he had finished, he laid it aside without comment. "Now that I have read to satisfy a whim of yours, 'tis only just that you should fetch your flageolet and sing a song or two for me," he told her quietly. And Elizabeth graciously complied.

"You play and sing most prettily, my dear," he assured her gallantly when she had done. And Elizabeth, mellowing under his compliments, made a clean breast of the evening's merriment. Having encountered Will Batelier in the way as she was returning home from the pasty shop, he had prevailed upon her to go with him to their house, where was gathered a merry company, Henry Sheres among the number, singing and dancing.

Upon Samuel's expressing hurt surprise that he had not been sent for to join them as formerly, she made him an evasive answer. Experience had taught Mistress Pepys much wisdom, painfully acquired. There had been the affair of Pendleton, the dancing master, four years since, a pretty man with a leg that was the envy of all beholders. His open flattery, his amorous glances, had scarcely quickened her pulses. Yet his attentions had created a veritable frenzy of jealousy in Samuel's bosom. He would rush home from the office at the most surprising hours and burst in upon them at their dancing lessons, or coming home unseasonly would refuse to join them, pacing the floor below stairs in a passion of suspicion.

A month of this had been sufficient for Mistress Pepys. Pendleton was not worth the succession of violent scenes which he had caused. But Henry Sheres was of a different breed, a man with brains as well as legs, an accomplished courtier yet, withal, a skilful engineer; a man who could turn a pretty compliment in her beloved French with an accent of sincerity, backed up by boldly tender glances. Henry Sheres was a new experience to Betty Pepys—one that she was determined to cling to as long as possible. And to the furtherance of this design, the less Samuel saw of the two of them together, the better for all concerned. If she played her hand carefully, mused Betty——

And play her hand she did, so exceedingly well that a fine April morning two years later found Samuel still blissfully unconscious of how matters stood between the handsome engineer and his pretty wife.

"ARE you coming to church with me this morning?" he inquired hopefully, taking advantage of her mood of tenderness to put a question so vital to his peace of mind. For since she had frighted him by declaring her leanings towards the Catholic faith some time since, he had not dared to press the matter of her attendance at church.

"Not to-day," protested Mistress Pepys. "I will not dress myself for church with the house all in dirt as it is from the upholsterers' changing of the hangings in the parlour, and the new chimney-piece being put in the great chamber. To-morrow I will have Deb to go to a hot house with me to bathe myself. And next Lord's Day I shall accompany you."

This announcement put Samuel in the best of spirits, her voluntary offer of attending church dispelling somewhat his fears of her actively espousing the Catholic faith, an action, the very thought of which threw him into a sweat of terror. Without further argument, therefore, he donned his fine new gold-laced suit, his silver-buckled slippers, and fine new beaver upon which he had laid out £5, and sallied forth, his new gilt sword at his side. Elizabeth watched him go, her heart swelling with pride at the fine figure he cut. Let their enemies envy and criticise their rich attire and their handsome coach, resplendent in its new coat of varnish with the window frames freshly gilt. Far

(*Continued on page* 96)

BURBERRYS SALE

Burberrys' Once-a-Year Sale not only offers the opportunity to

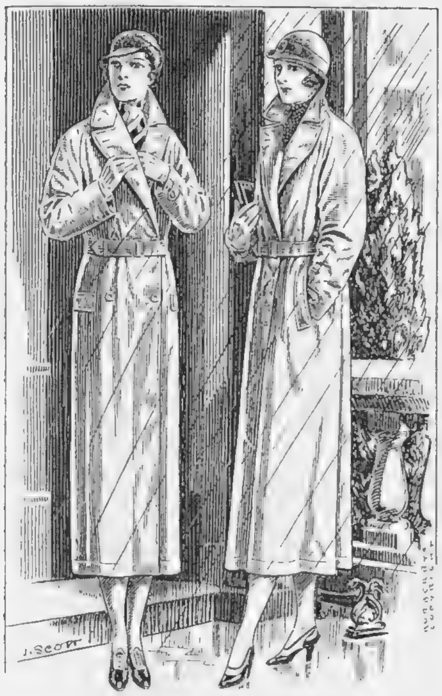
Buy British and Save Money

but the chance to replenish one's wardrobe with high-grade

Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Travel Coats, Town and Country Suits

cut and tailored by Burberrys' own workmen from the best BRITISH materials, at

A LITTLE ABOVE OR BELOW HALF USUAL PRICE



BELTED 'BURBERRYS'

S.B. and D.B. as shown in sketch on left; made in Burberry Gabardine, lined throughout Proofed Check. All sizes and colours.

SALE PRICE 4½ Gns.

NAVY 'BURBERRYS'

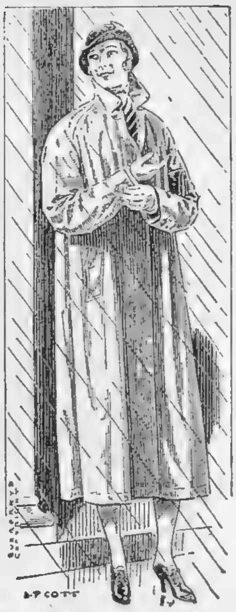
Single-breasted model with step collar. Made in Navy blue Burella, a fine corded wool cloth dense in texture to resist wind and wet, lined all through Proofed Check.

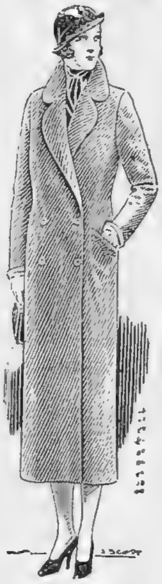
SALE PRICE 5 Gns.

THE BURBERRY

The World's Best Weatherproof and One of the World's Best Overcoats, as sketch on right. Made from Burberry Wet- and Wind-proof Gabardine, lined Proofed Check. Fawns, Tans, Dull Red, Greens, Blues, Red-Brown and Dark Grey. All sizes.

SALE PRICE 73/6





OVERCOATS

as illustration, and other S.B. and D.B., loose-fitting and belted styles. Perfectly tailored from fine Saxonies, Cheviots and Homespuns. Colours and patterns for all purposes.

Usual Price 8 to 12 Gns.

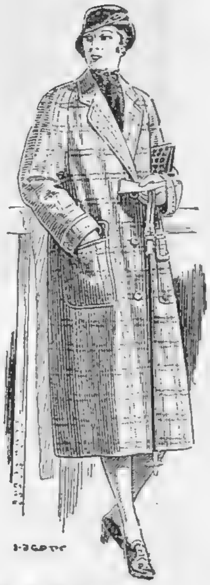
SALE PRICE 4 & 5 Gns.

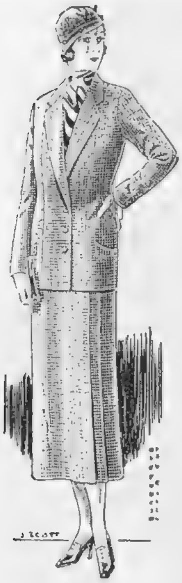
URBITOR OVERCOATS

Smart S.B. models in Weather- and Wind-proof wool Urbitor Coatings. Fawns, Heather Mixtures, Browns, Greys.

Usual Price 8½ Gns.

SALE PRICE 5 Gns.





COSTUMES

as illustration and a variety of other styles for town, country or sport. These suits are made by Burberrys' own workmen from choice Saxonies, Cheviots, Cashmeres and Worsteds, in all colours; also Navy and Black.

Usually 10 to 14 Gns.

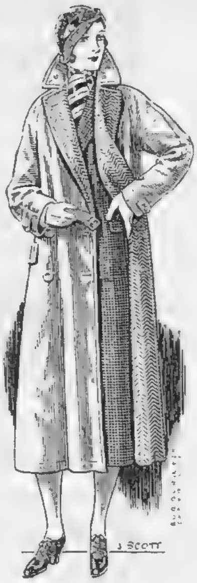
SALE PRICE 6½ Gns.

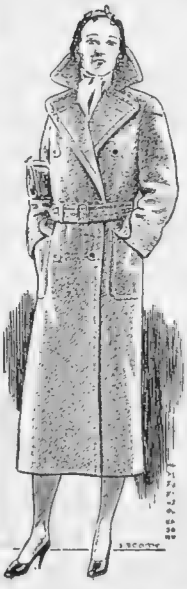
DUAL 'BURBERRYS'

Built in two distinct materials—Slimber or Gabardine one side and Coating or Tweed the other—these coats provide the service of a smart overcoat on fine days and reliable weatherproof on wet. Instantly converted from one to the other by simply turning the coat inside-out.

Usually 10 to 13 Gns.

SALE PRICE 8 Gns.





FLEECY OVERCOATS

for travel or everyday use, as illustration and other attractive styles, in Scotch Fleeces and Scotch Tweeds; Fawns, Browns, Lovat shades, mottled effects, also bold checks.

Usual Price 10 to 12 Gns.

SALE PRICE 6 Gns.

● ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST containing full particulars of the above and thousands of other money-saving bargains for Men, Women and Children, post free. Please mention "BRITANNIA and EVE." ●

BURBERRYS LTD. (Dept. 60) HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Warm as toast

A gorgeous glow of heat in a few seconds—what a boon Belling electric fires are! Without smoke or fumes; always reliable; always ready—No wonder more Belling fires are sold than any others!

"BELLING" ELECTRIC FIRES

Obtainable from every Electrical Shop or Showroom.

BRITISH MADE

THE PROJECTOR FIRE

A beautiful fire with hammered copper reflector. A kettle or saucepan can be heated, or bread toasted on the firebar.

1kW. Size £2·0·0

★ WRITE FOR FREE 72-page Catalogue giving details of over 30 different "Belling" Fires from 17/6.

BELLING & CO.,
ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.

London Showrooms:
313, Regent Street
(2 mins. north of Oxford Cir'us).

SEE THE BELLING COOKER ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 104.

better to be the envied than the envier. She had had a full stomach of the latter in those first lean years.

Her thoughts went back to their first house in Axe Yard, where the rats had been so troublesome, and the rains and easterly winds had more than once drowned out the yard and filled the house with water. Nine years now since they had taken possession of this house in Seething Lane. It had been a good enough sort of place at their purchase of it, though she recalled the noon that Samuel had come home to find the stairs fallen down, and had been forced to enter by mounting a ladder. No danger of such a happening now. Within and without, it was in excellent condition, handsome and substantial, a home of which to be proud.

And as the house had improved steadily in the last years, so had her fortunes. She was mistress now in her own right of £30 a year to lay out as she chose upon laces and gowns and hats. The agreement had been merrily made under both their hands and put into the hands of Will Hewer for safe keeping. But though it had been settled merrily, much that had not been merry had preceded it.

Her jewels had increased steadily until now they were worth £150. And she would be still richer, by £40 at least, if Samuel would but consent to her acceptance of the diamond locket that Will Hewer had pressed upon her for so long. But this Samuel would not permit, declaring that it did not become him to let her accept so valuable a gift from his clerk.

Samuel was beginning of late to look askew upon Will's kindness to her. True, he still trusted him to escort her to the playhouse and upon various expeditions. But he had taken it amiss that Will had commissioned Hales to make her portrait for his chamber. Will would have to be more cautious. But at present, she would say nothing to Hewer, welcomed his attentions rather, in order to divert Samuel's attention from other quarters. For scarcely a day passed now that she did not manage a surreptitious meeting with Henry Sheres.

Only the previous day, when Samuel had entertained a merry company at dinner at the Cocke, their own house being in such disorder, Elizabeth had sent them word at the last moment that she was ill and could not join them, and she and Sheres had had the house to themselves for two ravishing hours. It was not often, however, that she took such risks as this. Their meetings usually took place in safer spots.

At safe intervals, Sheres came to dinner, and upon these occasions Elizabeth was careful not to set too handsome a dinner before him. During the meal there was much pretty discourse of foreign lands, especially of Spain, where Sheres had last been with my Lord Sandwich. Elizabeth enjoyed these conversations mightily, though Samuel was wont to grumble afterwards that Sheres was a good enough fellow in his way but too fond of dwelling boastfully upon his travels.

He was a skilful draughtsman and had already made Samuel a drawing of the Tangier fortifications, for which plate Samuel had paid him £100. He had offered to give Mrs. Pepys a few lessons, professing great admiration, as had my Lord and many others, at the skill with which she had executed a number of pictures. Already he had given her two lessons, grumbling thereafter to her husband that he feared he would make little progress with her on account of her ignorance of the principles of line.

In such pleasant reflections the time passed away so quickly for Mrs. Pepys that, before she deemed it possible, Samuel had returned home. He bustled in in a mighty peevish humour, which he attributed to the fact that his new beaver had fallen down through a hole in the pulpit during the sermon and had been retrieved afterwards only with great difficulty with the help of the clerk. His ill-humour had been caused in some measure by this happening, 'tis true, but more especially by another matter which he thought best not to communicate to his wife, namely, his unsuccessful attempt to hold the hand of "a pretty black woman" by whom it had been his good fortune to stand during church, and his final defeat at the point of a pin which the lady produced from somewhere about her person and used effectively as a weapon of defence.

However, an excellent dinner put him in a good humour, which was further enhanced by the arrival of a messenger bringing Mariana's *History of Spain*, handsomely bound, in two volumes, from Sheres. Samuel accepted the gift with reservations, torn between the desire to add these choice volumes to his fine collection and a vague feeling that it did not become him to accept gifts from the engineer.

"At least I shall pay him for them," he solaced himself aloud as he carried them to his presses to find a place for them among the other handsome volumes.

"You cannot do that with any degree of courtesy, husband," Elizabeth protested. "Why should you wish to insult him, when he is but making a small return for the many favours he has had at your hands? Has he offended in aught?" she added, in well concealed trepidation.

"No," Samuel admitted, "I have naught against him, though methinks he has rather too good an opinion of his own person and understanding."

"And with good reason," thought Mistress Pepys fondly. But aloud she said, "He is to carry us to the Mulberry Gardens tomorrow and treat us with a Spanish Olio."

"I shall be mighty pleased to taste it," Samuel remarked. "It is a dish I have not yet tasted."

On the morrow, accordingly, Mr. Sheres met Mr. Pepys at his office at noon and together they repaired to Unthanke's, where Mrs. Pepys in her coach was awaiting them, Betty Turner in the coach with her. They made a merry party of four, for Elizabeth had chosen her companion wisely, a pretty dark girl, for whom she knew Samuel to have a great fondness, and who, in consequence, would keep her companion in an excellent humour. The Olio, a savoury dish of meat and herbs and numerous other ingredients, prepared by a cook of Sheres's acquaintance, who had been with my Lord in Spain, was pronounced by Pepys a most noble dish.

Dinner over, they left the remains of the feast, for a cold collation later, and drove out towards Branford in order to catch a glimpse of the Prince of Tuscany, then turned back for a drive in Hyde Park. There they encountered the Turners, Talbot, and Will Batelier with his sister, and alighted for a stroll together. A very few minutes of skilful manipulation on the part of Mr. Sheres and he had drawn Betty Pepys aside, down a bypath away from the others. A few steps farther and they were in the midst of a thicket, concealed from spying eyes, and she was in his arms.

"Sweetheart, I go to-morrow," he cried, holding her close. "How shall I bring myself to say farewell—how force myself to leave you. Yet I dare not delay longer. Already I have long outstayed my Lord's commands. I am expected in Spain long since. I could not bring myself to leave your angelic presence before. Where shall I find the strength to tear myself away now?" He had grown pale with emotion, and trembled so violently that his knees would scarce support him. And his fair companion was no less violently moved. They clung together, exchanging fond and endearing names and passionate caresses.

"I dare not contemplate my life with you gone," whispered Elizabeth. "How odious it will be, what a dull and deadly thing!"

"If only I might prevail upon you to fly with me! I would be the happiest man on earth, and I swear you would never have cause for a moment's regret," he begged passionately, as he had begged many times before.

"What you propose is madness," his companion answered. "My Lord is fond of Samuel. He would (*Continued on page* 98)

Teeth like pearls

HER perfect teeth are indeed a precious possession. They mean so much to her—in appearance—in freedom from dental troubles—in health both now and in the years to come.

And she owes her strong, healthy teeth very largely to "Ovaltine" Rusks. When the first tiny teeth were coming through Mother gave her "Ovaltine" Rusks to chew. The exercise given to the baby jaws and teeth made possible the formation of a flawless second set.

She still has "Ovaltine" Rusks every day. Those perfect teeth must have plenty of exercise every day if they are to remain strong and healthy.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are delightfully crisp, yet they break up easily in the mouth. They are made of pure, unbleached wheat flour. The addition of "Ovaltine" makes them delicious in taste, easy to digest and most nutritious.

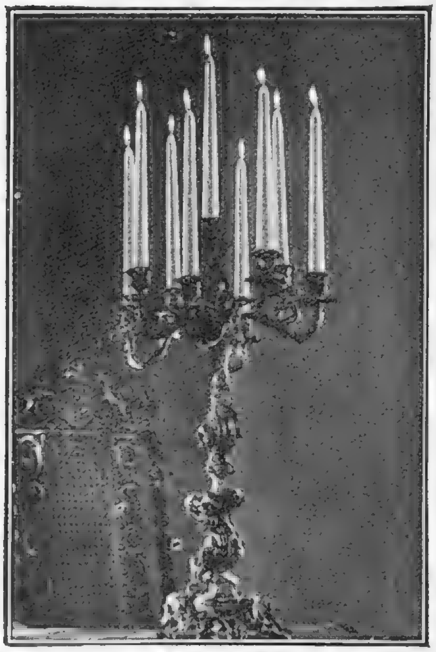
Remember that teeth which are not exercised cannot remain healthy. Safeguard your child's teeth with "Ovaltine" Rusks.

'OVALTINE'
Rusks
APPETISING
DIGESTIVE &
NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R05

"NELL GWYNN" CANDLES ARE FASHIONABLE



FOR DECORATION

FOR THE DINING TABLE

The 5/- Gift Box illustrated above is ideal for table decoration and contains four "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match. If unobtainable locally, send remittance and we execute, post free.

FIELD'S "NELL GWYNN" Solid Dyed Candles

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. L, London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

never countenance your betraying Samuel thus. Your punishment would be swift and sure, loss of your place, at the very least."

"What of that, dear heart? We could flee into France. I have no doubts of my ability to secure another place there as good as this. And you would be happy there."

"Yes," Elizabeth agreed, "I would." She had always loved France since her years there as a girl. She recalled swiftly how, only the year before, things had come to such a violent pass between Samuel and herself that she had begged him to send her away from him and his amours, into France to live, where she would be at peace. Now that opportunity was before her.

But sleepless nights of mental struggle, days of turmoil, had shown her the answer she must make. "You know that I cannot desert Samuel," she told her lover sadly, but with the accent of finality. "Now that his eyes are troubling him so mightily, he needs me as never before."

"You do not love me," cried her lover violently. "If you were capable of loving as I love, nothing, no one, could prevent your coming with me."

"Ah, how little you know of my love," she answered sadly, "what agonies of doubt and distress and fear I have suffered on your account! Yet have I not fully proved my love! Have I not dared all, risked all, for love of you!"

"Forgive me, dearest one," he murmured contritely. "I know not what I say, I am driven to such madness of despair at the thought of losing you. Well I know how tenderly and truly you love me, that you speak truth when you say you must not go with me. Yet it breaks my heart to leave you. I must see you again to-morrow, a last few minutes alone together."

"I can arrange it," his companion told him. "To-morrow is the first of May. Every year I go early into the fields to gather May dew and bathe my face, as Madam Turner hath instructed me years since in order to preserve my beauty."

"Is that, then, the secret of your angelic beauty?" interrupted her fond lover, but she went on quickly, "We must hurry. We will be missed. I shall meet you beyond the meadows in the wood this side of Epsom town at five in the morning. There is a copse of willows there, a pretty spot. You cannot mistake it. Keep well concealed. I shall try to come alone. Until then, farewell."

A tiny silver chime wakened Samuel at an unseasonable hour the following morning, the pressed watch, under his wife's fingers, announcing the hour of three, and a moment later she slipped quietly between the silken curtains of the bed.

"'Sdeath! rising at this hour of the morning," he protested irritably.

"I go to gather May dew," his wife informed him. "I told you of it yesterday."

"Call up Deb to go with you then," he ordered sleepily.

"There is no need," she protested. "The coachman is sufficient."

"You shall not stir a step without Deb," her husband ordered sharply. "Methinks this gathering of May dew is a great piece of fondness——"

"You have always, Samuel, been well content with my going, and ought the more so since both the King and Duke of York have complimented you on having a great beauty to your wife," she reminded him slyly, repeating a recent occurrence which he had related to her.

"Ay, there's no great harm in it, if no misfortune befalls you in the way," he grumbled, sinking back on his bolster. "But you shall call up Deb." And, reluctantly, she obeyed. She would be forced to trust to the girl's discretion and the efficacy of silver to seal her lips.

"Remain here by the coach," she ordered her maid when they reached the appointed spot. "I shall be gone some time. I wish to bathe my face well, and the May flowers are mighty pretty. And she wandered away across the fresh morning landscape and disappeared in the woods beyond the commons.

If there were traces of tears about her eyes when she returned a full hour later, if her cheeks were flushed and her hair disordered, both maid and coachman were apparently oblivious to it. "I am sorry I kept you waiting so long," she told them kindly, slipping a shilling into the hand of each.

At home she found Samuel already up, called up by Mr. Pim, his tailor, and clothed for the first time that year in a summer suit. His wife forced an interest in his attire which she was far from feeling until the door had closed behind him. Then she hurried to her closet, locked the door and, flinging herself upon the floor, gave herself over to an ecstasy of grief. She had made her decision, to remain with Samuel, give up her lover. But the thought of never seeing him again wrenched at her heart strings.

The storm spent at length, she rose and busied herself during the remainder of the morning in repairing its ravages and preparing herself for her last visit with her lover. For they had found that morning at parting that they could not bring themselves to forgo the exquisite torture of spending his last hours in London together, even though her husband must be a member of the party. Accordingly, when Samuel returned home at noon for dinner he found his wife dressed for going out, extraordinarily fine in her best flowered tabby gown.

SINCE the day was lowering, he expressed surprise at her fine attire. But Elizabeth, bent upon having the whole family look their best upon this memorable occasion, not only persisted in wearing her best gown but insisted that Samuel likewise don his fine gold-laced suit. Grumbling, he complied, and set out in an ill-humour, Betty Turner, whom he had expected to make one of their party, having failed to put in an appearance. His mood was lightened, however, by his knowledge of the fine showing they made as they drove through the town.

But his satisfaction in the envious and admiring glances bent upon them was soon dispelled by his wife's announcement that they were to meet Henry Sheres in the Pell Mell. Which they did presently, and having stopped to chat, Samuel showed him a glum and sullen face, and conducted himself in a manner scarcely courteous, for Samuel had carried himself somewhat distantly towards Mr. Sheres ever since the day, recently, when, coming late to the Duke's playhouse, he had found that gentleman to have joined his wife and Will Hewer in the pit. But Mistress Pepys, disregarding her husband's lack of complaisance, invited him to join them in their drive.

As they circled the ring in Hyde Park they discoursed pleasantly of poetry and poets, Sheres quoting feelingly and at great length the works of Richard Lovelace, to the obvious delight of his companion and the increasing sullenness of her husband.

Though the afternoon was windy and cold, with a drizzle of falling rain, Mistress Pepys repeatedly professed a keen delight in their airing, disregarding utterly Samuel's frequent suggestions that they return home. With the coming of evening, however, Mr. Sheres reluctantly asked that they set him down at St. James's Gate, it being near the hour when he must set out for Portsmouth on his way to Tangier. This they did, Samuel with a frank pleasure he was at some pains to dissemble, the other two with the most intense misery, which they were at still greater pains to conceal. And so, with a last long lingering look, which was a caress in itself, Henry Sheres took himself out of Elizabeth Pepys's life for ever.

For when he returned again to England, he found that Elizabeth had left on that long journey from which there is no returning. She did not live to see her lover win distinction and a title under Lord Dartmouth at Tangier, nor to know that, until the day of his death, he carried in his heart the picture of his pretty, vivacious, black-eyed mistress and the memory of their many stolen hours of happiness.

END

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Let there be no doubts about your Children's Underwear. CHILPRUFE leads the World. Such leadership is maintained only by the trust and faith of the wearer, and this has never been betrayed, proved by the fact that each year more and more Chilprufe is sold.

Every strand of CHILPRUFE is the Finest Empire Wool. It is made by British workpeople under ideal conditions.

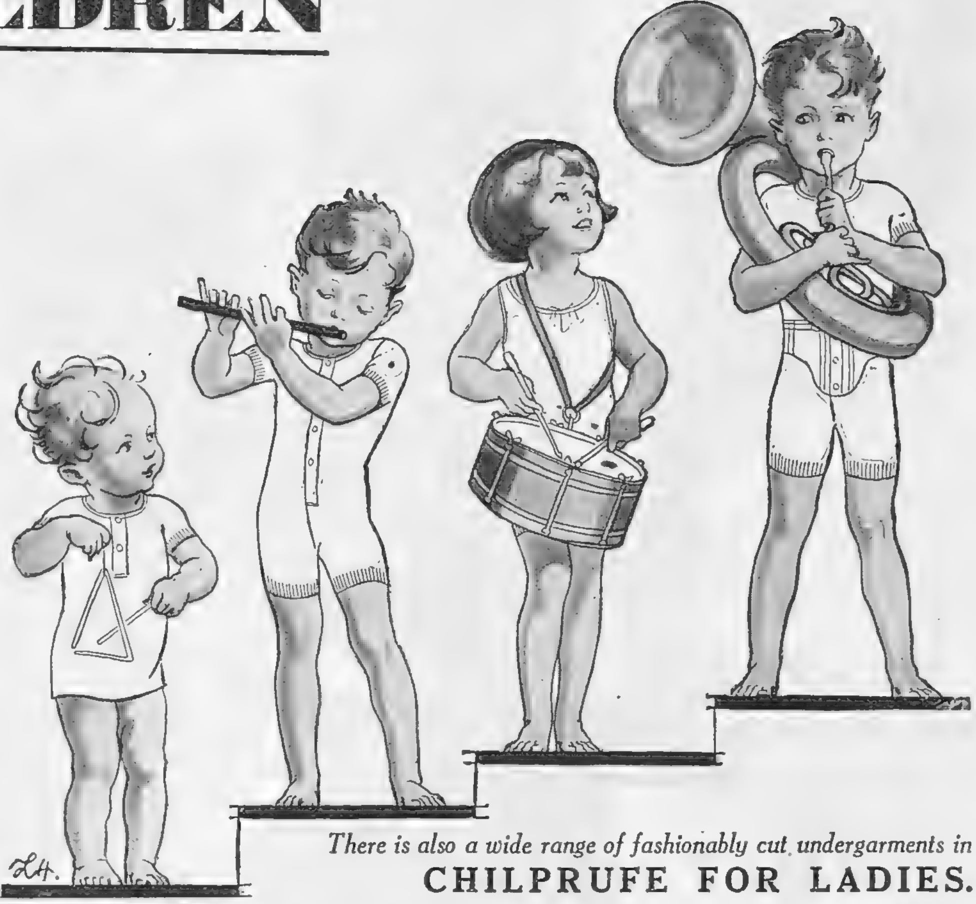
Every single garment is cut by hand, no mass production, and treated by a secret process wherein lies the superiority over all other underwear.

Remember also the unique CHILPRUFE RENOVATIONS SERVICE, by which garments can be enlarged and repaired, thus doubling their life. As to price, even in these days of economy CHILPRUFE is easily the cheapest in the end.

Ask your Draper, or write direct, for the

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.
(JOHN A. BOLTON, Proprietor), LEICESTER.



There is also a wide range of fashionably cut undergarments in
CHILPRUFE FOR LADIES.

TO-DAY and until 30th inst.

HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every purchaser values in Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For Example:*

Hamptons B.7. 24 only. Very attractively designed Bedroom Suites in limed Oak, with the base mouldings and handles of turquoise blue. Comprising 4ft. Wardrobe, 3ft. 3in. Sunk Centre Dressing Table with triple mirrors, 2ft. 6in. Tallboy Chest Cupboard, and one upholstered Seat Stool.

Reduced from £42-10-0 *to* **£33-10-0.**

Separate Prices:—

Wardrobe £15-0-0	Pedestal Cupboard to match £2-2-0
Dressing Table £11-10-0	Bedstead to match
Tallboy . £6-10-0	(3ft.) . £4-19-6
Stool . . . £1-9-6	(4ft. 6in.) £5-19-6

For 64 pages of illustrations, many in colour, of other unequalled Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics, Linen, Wallpapers, Pianos, Antiques, China, Ironmongery, etc.,

SEE HAMPTONS' SALE CATALOGUE sent free. PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1

HAMPTONS PAY CARRIAGE ON SALE GOODS to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and all C.O.D. charges on purchases of 20/- and upwards.

THE PASSING OF 1931

By Eleanor E. Helme

Above: *MISS ENID WILSON dominated the first part of the season and won the Women's Open Championship for the first time*

Right: *MISS WANDA MORGAN, an outstanding personality of 1931, was runner-up in the Open, and won the English Championship*

MISS JEAN McCULLOCH regained the Scottish Championship

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE YEAR

To Miss Joyce Wethered on her approaching marriage to Major C. K. Hutchison, from every golfer in the wide world

WHETHER judged by quantity or quality the ladies' golf of 1931 has been astounding; never have entries been so overwhelming as they were for the majority of competitions early in the season, never such public interest taken in them, as at the end of it. The standard of the golf, too, has been extremely high. That is speaking of the general ruck of players, for a year in which Miss Joyce Wethered makes no Championship appearance is, of course, deprived of its greatest performer. Yet the other players have shown themselves better than ever before, so that the trend of women's golf may be taken as definitely upward.

Miss Enid Wilson dominated the first part of the season. She won the Ladies' London Foursomes with Miss Rudgard; she did some remarkable scores in Open Meetings, particularly 73 round Beaconsfield, and then came Portmarnock where she won the Open Championship for the first time, and headed the qualifying list as well. If she had stayed in England for the English Close Championship she might very well have added that title to her others and so have emulated Miss Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch, the only players who have held both in the same season. Instead, she went out in an attempt to capture the American and Canadian Championships. It would have been a grand adventure could she have won them, and though she failed there is no disputing the fact that she has probably gained experience which will stand her in good stead this season.

The other great match player of the year has, of course, been Miss Wanda Morgan, who was runner-up in the Open and won the English Championship. In score play Miss Gourlay's name inevitably comes to mind, for she opened the season with a 73 at Wentworth and a 72 at Camberley Heath in the qualifying round of the Surrey Championship, and ended it with a 75 at St. George's Hill, all of these being scores better than the respective pars of these courses. Miss Dorothy Pearson was another who did great things in the scoring line early in the season.

In foursome play nobody has been more successful than Miss G. E. C. Rudgard, the Yorkshire golfer, who partnered Miss Wilson to victory in the London Foursomes, won the BRITANNIA AND EVE'S Northern ones, which she held, with Mrs. Bradshaw, and won the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes with Miss Cotgrave.

These are English players, but a great many honours this year have gone to Scotland, first and foremost the International Shield, which was played for at Portmarnock. It was a Glasgow player, Miss Vyvienne Lamb, who won the first big meeting of the year, which is also one of the most important, the Roehampton Gold Cup, and won it, moreover, from a good field. It was a Scottish golfer who won the Veteran Championship, Mrs. Mungo Park (whose daughter is an International), defeating a previous holder, Mrs. Arnot, in the final. And the winning pair at Ranelagh in the Autumn Foursomes contained the holder of the West of Scotland Championship, Miss Nan Baird, who won the Foursomes with Miss Marjorie White. The next week Miss Doris Park, who has been runner-up in the last three successive Scottish Championships, was the runner-up with Mr. Stuart Forsyth at Worplesdon.

The year has seen added interest in Mixed Foursome competitions. The Camberley Heath Inter-Club Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes created a great deal of interest; they were won by Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. C. K. Cotton, of Stoke Poges. The Welsh Open Mixed Foursomes at Southerndown also saw a larger entry, a very notable pair winning, Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mr. Zair. Worplesdon were just as popular as ever and there was an almost inevitable win for Miss Joyce Wethered and the Hon. Michael Scott. Woodhall Spa took the field with the Central England Mixed Foursomes under handicap, which proved a triumphant success and gave a win to a great couple, Miss Phyllis Lobbett and Mr. Straker.

It has not, on the whole, been a good year for holders, except in County championships, although Miss Diana Fishwick has well consolidated her position. Nobody played very much more faultless golf than she did in the International at Ranelagh, when she had a 66 on the first day and won the Scratch aggregate by adding a 72 to it on the second. But it will be remembered that she was put out of the Open Championship at the 19th hole by Miss Dorothy Pim and in the English Championship on the last green by Mrs. Percy Garon.

Ireland have a new champion in Miss Pentony, Scotland a familiar one in Miss Jean McCulloch, whilst in Wales Miss Jestyn Jeffreys proved the exception to the 1931 rule of holders failing, for she qualified first and won the Championship again.

The year has seen various innovations, the most important being a qualifying round for the Open Championship and the first organised International match in the autumn. Qualifying at Portmarnock was a terrifying experience, not only because of the inherent difficulties

IN score play Miss Molly Gourlay has had a good year, beginning with a fine 73 at Wentworth

Oval: *MISS DOROTHY PEARSON won the Welsh Open Mixed Foursomes with Mr. Zair*

"BRITANNIA and EVE" FIXTURE LIST, 1932

April 5 to 8.—Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes.

April 21. One Day Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill.

June 14 to 17. Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay.

Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges and Autumn Foursomes to be announced later.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

of the course but also because torrential rain had flooded all the bunkers and during part of the first round a violent thunderstorm raged. In spite of that Miss Enid Wilson handed in 75, to which she was only able to add an 83 on the second day. Her golf in the final was absolutely brilliant and relentless, with a sort of sparkle in it which has never before been associated with Miss Wilson's golf. It seemed to mark a definite step forward in her career and it will be interesting to see how she fares this year.

The International match, a fitting crown to the labours of Mrs. McNair, Miss Huleatt and others of the Ladies' Golf Union who have worked so grandly for an ideal, was played at Oxhey with teams of six a side against France. Great Britain, headed by Miss Wethered, outplayed France, as was perhaps to be expected. The home country won all three foursomes and five of the singles, the sixth being halved. But what was more important than mere victory was the delightful spirit of friendliness and good sportsmanship, sure promise that International golf will be a great power for good in the future.

"BRITANNIA and EVE'S" GOLF COMPETITIONS

NEXT MONTH: THE NORTHERN ENTRIES

Entrance form and conditions will appear in the February number of Britannia and Eve for the Northern Foursomes, which will take place at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, on Tuesday, April 5th, and following days.

Results of the NOVEMBER Monthly Medal Competition

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely :—18 and under in the Silver division ; 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Evans	Rowlands Castle	81	14	67	72	5 Below
Miss Ritchie	Formby	82	13	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Alice Palmer	North Hants	90	18	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. W. B. Edwards	Holywell	85	18	67	70	3 ,,
Mrs. Pickbourne	Seacroft	86	13	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. J. Towler	Rowlands Castle	81	11	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. A. Spence	Horsforth	82	8	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. Rostron	Tollygunge (India)	81	10	71	73	2 ,,
Miss E. Butler	Worthing	87	17	70	71	1 ,,
Mrs. Edmeston	Worsley	86	13	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Telling	Hockley	90	14	76	75	1 Above
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	89	13	76	74	2 ,,
Miss Sabin	Oakdale	87	8	79	76	3 ,,
Mrs. G. F. Playford	Thonock	84	8	76	70	6 ,,
Mrs. N. W. Wright	Thonock	94	18	76	70	6 ,,

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss N. Pickles	Shipley	100	33	67	77	10 Below
Mrs. Harrison	Princes Sandwich	91	20	71	80	9 ,,
Mrs. Neill	Northenden	102	36	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. Truscott	Hockley	99	33	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. David Evans	Creigiau	81	22	59	68	9 ,,
Mrs. Millett	North Hants	99	32	67	76	9 ,,
Miss Towler	Rowlands Castle	88	24	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. Sales	Waterlooville	97	31	66	74	8 ,,
Miss Lewis	Tees-side	100	36	64	72	8 ,,
Miss M. Mollet	La Moye	95	29	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Butterworth	Brand Hall	99	34	65	71	6 ,,
Miss P. Robinson	Gosforth Park	89	19	70	76	6 ,,
Miss Elsie Beddard	Penn	91	23	68	74	6 ,,
Miss Berts	Exmouth	88	22	66	71	5 ,,
Miss N. Warren	Chislehurst	85	19	66	71	5

The "EVE" Club Competition

Leading Results for November

	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage		Membership.	Entries.	Percentage
Ryde	64	50	77.11	Kingsthorpe	87	2	2.29
Thonock	80	33	41.25	La Moye	45	1	2.22
Langholm	68	19	27.94	North Hants	150	3	2.00
Cowes	42	6	14.28	Camberley Heath	140	2	1.43
Rowlands Castle	60	4	6.23	Derbyshire	75	1	1.34
Hockley	80	2	2.50	Brand Hall	76	1	1.32
Holywell	42	1	2.38	Southport & Ainsdale	98	1	1.02

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club.	Percentage.	Club.	Percentage.
Ryde	63.29	Thonock	45.41
Langholm	55.21	Cowes	30.48

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

Britannia and Eve has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one.

Mrs. E. Squire .. 14th at Hockley.
Mrs. M. Summerling .. .. 4th at Leck.
Miss Thomas .. 4th at Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
Mrs. M. Eccles.. 4th at Croft.

All entries for Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the Cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **JANUARY**

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address...................................

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of................*of which I am a member*

Miss Nan Baird, holder of the West of Scotland title, won our Ranelagh Autumn Foursomes with Miss Marjorie White

Miss G. E. C. Rudgard, the Yorkshire golfer, is the year's most successful Foursomes player with three notable victories

THE NEW YEAR: SOME GOLFING RESOLUTIONS

By Eleanor E. Helme

A NEW year without resolutions would be worse than a Christmas pudding without any raisins, and the golfer certainly cannot claim exemption. What shall her resolutions be? And does it depend on whether she is that exalted sort of mortal who goes in for championships, or merely a rank and filer, what those resolutions should be?

Most certainly every golfer has her own peculiar problems, but for the rank and file as well as for all championship golfers there is no better resolution, of the purely practical kind, than: "I will be past the hole with every putt."

The chances of some of those putts dropping are enormous: at all events it is merely trite to remind anyone that no putt can ever drop, however straight, unless it reaches the hole.

To that resolution may be added:

"I will keep my head down and my feet steady."

A wandering head and feet moving all over the place are the cause of more missed shots from the majority of mediocre players than perhaps any other two factors in the whole list of golfing crimes.

Then, for the championship golfers only, how would it be to add two more resolutions:

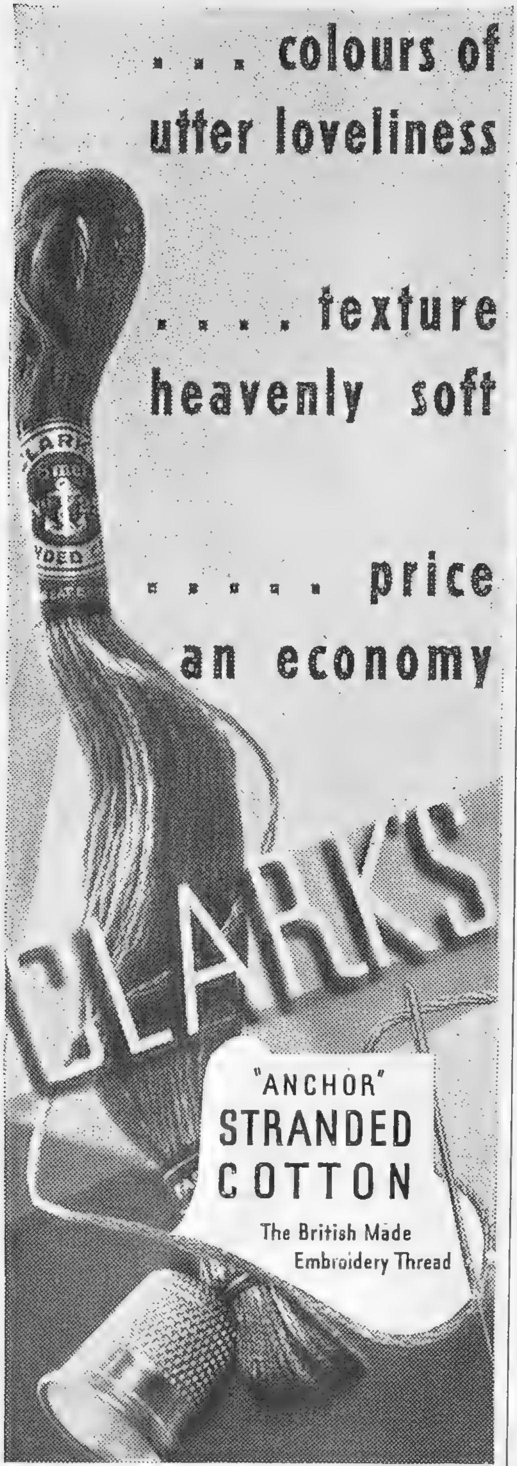
"I will do my best with every shot up to the hole to make it so perfect that one putt is enough."

AND

"I will remember that it is only a game and that, if I lose, nobody is a penny the worse except myself. And *I* don't matter."

Smiling, cheerful and charming losers—the French ladies lost to England at Oxhey, but the fixture is a happy augury for International golf

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE 101



Mr. C. H. WILLI, of 40, Baker Street, W.1, the well-known Pioneer in Plastic Cosmetic Surgery, said in a recent lecture in which he introduced a number of treated cases that "if the Public knew of the miraculous results which he achieves in making the face permanently beautiful in a few days, his Consulting rooms would be stormed." Mr. Willi is here seen restoring the facial beauty of a well-known London Actress, by his new electric method. Free consultations are given by Mr. Willi to readers of this paper'

CHILBLAINS CURED

IN ONE WEEK—Irritation disappears in a few days. **Doctors** recommend **FRANCHON CHILBLAIN** tablets. Price **5s.** (post free **5/3**). Sold with a money refund guarantee. Send to-day—FRANCHON LABORATORIES, (M), 14/15, Fulwood Place, London, W.C.1, *Booklet sent Free on Request.*

George Sand

(*Continued from page 39*)

had been published in his teens, and his first book of prose, written but a year earlier than hers, had brought him recognition before he was yet of age. Not a salon but welcomed his debonair spirit and happy epigram. With his mane of curling hair, his regular features, and his sensitive mouth, he was Greek god made man. He shared an Olympian taste, unhappily, for the juice of the vine. George was almost glad of this, for she could hope to make him over. Both were fantastic idealists. It was not enough that they love each other, they must bring gifts. From her novels, he perceived that she had not yet had the opportunity to know a man of the proper sphere, a true gentleman, *un homme convenable*. He would remedy that. She, for her part, proposed to lead this tender, over-confident poet gently back from the paths of dissipation, and above all to prevent his candid, open-hearted, generous nature from being spoiled by the admiration of other less understanding women.

Their love was a flame. Since it could not burn freely in the grey basin of Paris, they raced off to the forest of Fontainebleau, and for a fortnight they lived in a love-nest at Franchard. Every day they rode along narrow bridle-paths, where the encroaching trees made their horses close together and brought the two lovers into the most enchanting propinquity. They were in that stage of love when to work was utterly impossible. They sketched each other. The cold, swift, impersonal photograph had not yet taken from amateur artists the joy of posing in intimacy and silence.

Venice tempted them, since always they demanded more romance, more local colour. George talked to her publisher. Yes, he could manage it, if she promised to write hard while she was away. Madame de Musset, Alfred's mother, objected. George called upon her and secured her consent. Alfred, who had quite renounced the trip, was won to it again. George bought the tickets and arranged the itinerary. She put her children in school. She gave a last party to bid their friends—all but the duellists—farewell. Like a queen bee, she was ordering the nuptial flight.

TRAVEL tests love. George Sand and Alfred de Musset shared the discomfort of roads which had not been repaired since Napoleon, and of narrow hotels where not even the cooking was good. They tried to do as much of the trip by water as possible, but Alfred was seasick. At Genoa George came down with a malarial fever, and when they reached Venice she suffered a relapse. Alfred's nerves were on edge. He protested that there was nothing so boring as an invalid. Here they were, on the threshold of the most romantic city of the ages, and he had to do his sight-seeing alone. Worse still, no sooner had George become convalescent than she began on a novel. Alfred came in from the Canal Grande to find her writing. He woke in the night to find her writing. It was as if she had recovered from one malady only to fall into another. He was outraged. Somebody had to pay for their trip, she reminded him. He called her *une vache à écrire*, and informed her that he did not love her any more. From that day, although they could not retreat to Paris before her book was finished the door between their rooms was locked.

George Sand was fickle as a man. She wore male clothing only part of the time. She smoked only part of the time. But in promiscuity she attained her masculine ideal. During the years from 1833 to 1835 she changed her lovers almost with every book she wrote. Sometimes, as with Mérimée, she changed because her expectations had been dashed; sometimes, as with Sandeau and Musset, because her faith had been betrayed. Had she and Alfred been in Paris, they might not have quarrelled so soon. Certainly, once the break had come, they would not have lingered on to hurt each other. But in Venice Musset turned from her to sample the night life of the lagoons, and ruined his health. He fell ill. Because of his fever, because of the cost of travel, and because of her mad desire for self-torture, it was impossible for her to break cleanly off. She had to start her next affair in his very presence.

When Alfred's crisis came George called for a consultation of physicians, and chose the youngest and handsomest as the best qualified to save him. Gradually she permitted herself to discover that she and this Dr. Pagello were in love. How much premeditation entered into the discovery it is hard to say. Passing along the quai des Esclavons weeks before, he had caught sight of her upon a balcony, her jet black hair bound up in a scarlet turban, her eyes bent down upon the piazza with a masculine intentness. She was smoking with all the nonchalance of a trooper.

"That woman," Pagello told his companion, "is either a romantic English tourist or a Polish exile. She is surely a person of rank and of fascinating eccentricities. I shall meet her!"

Whether George Sand realised that he lingered in her neighbourhood or not, it seems more than a coincidence that she hit upon an admirer when she had to search out medical help. Their hands met more than once while they tended Musset together. During the evening watches their whispers wrought a sort of spell between them. George found at last a man who seemed really indispensable, if only because she dared not move without him in the sickroom. It was very easy to enlarge the sphere of his activities and to make him her master everywhere. Musset, waking one morning, saw the two of them drinking from one cup, and realised that he had lost her.

Men loved George Sand to madness. There is no other explanation for Planché's desire to duel with all her critics, or for Musset's amazing inability to recover from their passionate interludes at Venice, or for Pagello's resolution to leave his medical practice in Venice and follow her back to France. She planted something in men's hearts that they could not shake out.

"Ah, George, what love!" Musset was writing to her months after their separation. "Never man has loved as I love. I am lost, I am drowned, I am overwhelmed by love. I no longer know whether I live, whether I eat, whether I breathe, whether I speak. . . . I only know that I love you. I love you, my flesh and my blood. I am dying of love, of a love without end, without name, mad, desperate, abandoned. You are loved, adored, idolised, to the point of death. Ah, no, I shall never recover. They say that you have another lover. I know it but too well; I die because of it; but I love, I love, I love."

IF George could inspire this very delirium of love, it was not because she was more beautiful than all her contemporaries, or more witty, or in any way more captivating. Indeed she was not *belle*. Her nose was too long. She and Liszt called it a *pif*. It made her so self-conscious that in her private journal she always speaks of herself as "Dr. Piffoël." Real wit she never cultivated. Silent, she was too engrossed in her own thoughts ever to spar for the thoughts of others. In company, she usually sought out the first corner and flopped down in it. Conversationalists were nonplussed to find her, after their most brilliant *mot*, sitting unmoved, her large eyes studying them abstractedly, without a sparkle of kindled recognition or humour. When a hostess, she let her guests ramble and talk as they pleased. What, then, was the secret of her charm? She was certainly not entertaining. No, yet she was a complete and contradictory personality. She captured the imagination. Men knew that she had vowed herself to love.

(*Continued on page 104*)

HAVAS

SUNSHINE
SPORT—BEAUTY

Golf at Mont-Agel, 820 metres above sea level, in the unforgettable surroundings of the golden mountains (open all the year—ideal temperature).

Tennis at the Country Club (21 courts).

Unique European Events. Monte-Carlo Automobile Rally. Concours d'Elégance. Monaco Speed Grand Prix. International sailing regattas.

HOTEL DE PARIS ∴ HOTEL HERMITAGE
AND 80 HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO

All information from

STÉ DES BAINS DE MER,
Service V.E.,
MONTE-CARLO.

PLAYER'S

make a delightful present for everyone at any time

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
CASTLE TOBACCO FACTORY
NOTTINGHAM
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S
"Medium" Navy Cut
Tobacco ¼ lb Tin 4/4

PLAYER'S
"Medium" Navy Cut
Cigarettes 100 Tin 4/10

N.C.C.89

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Happy ladies!

Belling Electric Cookers from - - £5 . 17 . 6
Model illustrated - - - - £12 . 12 . 6

Write for a free copy of the "Happy Ladies" book, which tells you all about these wonderful new Belling Electric Cookers, at prices lower than you have ever seen.

① NEW "VISIBLE" HEAT BOILER-GRILLER —THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD
② "TEMSET" AUTOMATIC OVEN CONTROL
③ ALL GLEAMING WHITE MOTTLED ENAMEL FINISH

As reliable as the well-known Belling Electric Fires.

"BELLING"
has made electric cooking cheap

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
313, Regent Street,
(2 mins. north of Oxford Circus.)

BELLING & CO., ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX
(25) *See the Belling Fire advertisement on page 96*

Love was such a necessity to George Sand that when she had found it wanting at home she had left husband and family to go after it. "If only you were loved, Piffoël," she said, "you would be ambitious." All the resources of her nature she was ready to squander upon the first man who brought her a sincere affection. She went through life as if it were a fairy tale, and she the enchanted maiden whose words were to be gold and silver as soon as she found a hero worthy of her. If she but had a lover, she wrote in her journal, she would wear away the stones of churches in thanksgiving. In her search for love, she went from one extreme to another. After having dominated Musset and Pagello, she became the temporary slave of Michel de Bourges. Although it was not a role which she relished, she was willing to make concessions to this solid, puritanical advocate of Berry, to whom she had confided the legal aspects of her separation. He was not handsome, yet his will held hers like a trapped lark. He tried to develop her intelligence. Since France was still under a king, she was delighted by his long, vigorous arguments for republicanism, and thrilled when, at the conclusion of his theorising, he hustled her off to her bedroom and locked her in so that she could do nothing but think over what he had said until he consented to let her out. For months she adored him. His mastery made his love unique.

It was only her passion for music, personified in the handsome, dynamic personality of Chopin, which finally set her free. If George Sand loved not only too well but also too much, she at least rang all the changes on the passion.

BACK in Paris, dressed in grey trousers and a coat, she would force her way into the seats reserved for men in the Théatre Français. It was difficult to imagine that this creature following a play intently was herself the heroine of so many love dramas. She seemed to strive for mannishness. Not for a moment, however, could she forget the blond women up above her, "white, enamelled, rosy, with their feathers, their great locks of hair, their bouquets, and their naked shoulders." George had cut off her own locks months before and sent them to Alfred de Musset in a moment of exaggerated penitence. She made no attempt to paint her face in the mode. But she had her own coquetry. It delighted her to hear the loges whispering, "Is that George Sand? Let's see! Let's see! But where! Ah! My faith, she is most comely." When she heard a venerable dowager exclaim, "But what a pretty and refined little manner she has in spite of it all," she treasured the phrase to carry home and jot down in her diary. At the very moment that she was trying hardest to hide her sex, she most betrayed it. George Sand may have been eccentric, but there is no doubt but what she brought her lovers a reserve of passion and sensitiveness which was but the greater for her having sought to repress it. Why did she fail to hold her lovers, or why did they fail to hold her? She was so terribly sincere in her search for a pure, eternal, and inspiring love, that she could not see the man of her temporary choice quite clearly. He was always hidden by the mirage of her ideal. She tried to embrace an illusion, and that left neither her nor her lover satisfied.

"You seek for man as he should be," Balzac once scolded her. Balzac was a realist. He looked upon woman not as she should be but as she really was. That is why his love affairs were happier than George's.

Perhaps she had been a mother too long before she commenced her life of novel writing and poet collecting. Her lovers remonstrated that in her vigilance for their comfort she was too domineering. "I thought that you were my mistress," wrote Musset to her on his way back from Venice to Paris. "But you were my mother. It is an incest which we have committed."

She scaled down Chopin and Musset and Liszt, none of whom was more than seven years her junior, until she was treating them like her own children. When, three years after her nuptial flight with Musset, she and Chopin eloped to Majorca, she never wrote of the great musician in her letters unless it was in one breath with Maurice, her son, and Solange, her daughter.

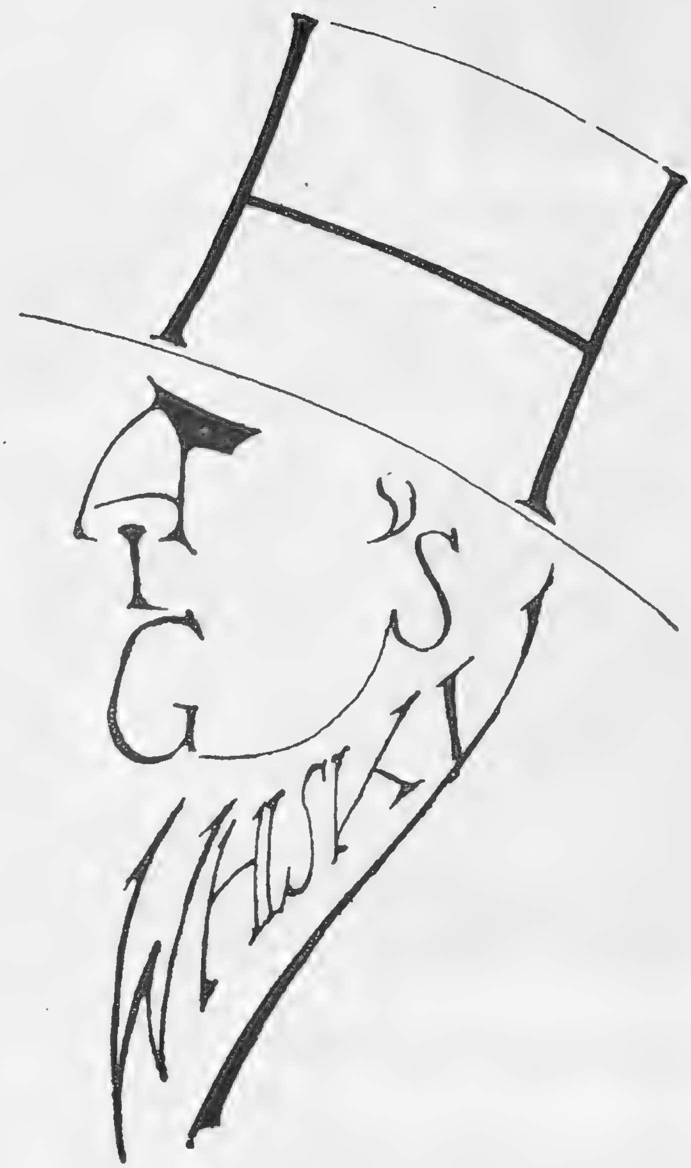
"Happily Maurice is well . . . " she writes, "but little Chopin is prostrated and coughs continually. . . . I have plunged into Thucydides and company with Maurice, and into the participial agreement with Solange; Chopin is playing on a miserable Majorca piano, which makes me think of Bouffés and *Pauvre Jacques*."

The mother-mistress is a role which not even George Sand could play. Chopin she found in the first throes of the pulmonary trouble which finally carried him off. Her audacious ambition was simply, as she says in her *Histoire de ma Vie*, "to snatch him away from his *gâteries*, and to set him up in a routine at once simple and regular and constantly studious—him who had been raised on the laps of princesses." Her solid good sense in forcing him to leave Paris for the southland undoubtedly saved his life, and her insistent care sustained his failing health throughout ten of his most productive years. Yet Chopin was not particularly grateful. He was finally estranged, just like her political protégé Leroux, who at last fled away to Jersey, or her greatest love, Musset, who never came back to her, in spite of his passionate letters.

GEORGE SAND saw every climax in her life as but another place to start a chapter. Her impulsive nature inevitably led her into such tangles that it was only possible to unravel them in a novel. "Her style," said one clever woman, "is the man." Musset gave her *Elle et Lui*, Chopin *Un Hiver en Majorque*. Sooner or later, indeed, every one of her lovers found himself between the covers of a book. Most of them resented it, yet during the period of infatuation blissfully ignored what was to follow. What they could not ignore and pardon was her preoccupation with her writing even while they were about. It was to her books that religiously, from 10 p.m. until 5 a.m., she gave her nights. Musset was fiercely jealous all the time that she was earning their bread and butter with her pen in Venice. But George could do nothing else. All her lovers she subordinated to her art.

An initial—almost biological—disequilibrium made her a writer and a pilgrim of love instead of the faithful, mediocre, country wife of Baron Dudevant. The blood of almost legendary kings and generals flowed in her veins. Her great-great-grandfather was Augustus the Strong, King of Saxony and of Poland. Her great-grandfather was Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France. Although the bar sinister crossed every proud quartering of her escutcheon, George could never forget that she was one flesh with the lovely, impassioned Countess of Koenigsmarck, Augustus's mistress, and that her grandmother, before becoming a Dupin, had been the wife of Count Horn, the natural son of Louis XV. George's father, by exception, had been the legitimate offspring of a wealthy old collector of the revenue and of Count Horn's widow, but the impulse toward wedlock had never been strong in him. He became entangled with a girl of the Quai des Oiseaux, whose father sold birds and whose own commercial transactions would not bear scrutiny at all. Only four weeks before George was born, he married her mother as by an afterthought. George never knew whether to emphasise the aristocracy or the irregularity of her lineage. When her lover was a Leroux or a republican Michel de Bourges, she inclined towards the people. When her lover was a Chopin or a Vicomte de Musset, she remembered her blood royal. With all her lovers, however, she lived up to her pedigree of impetuous women. That was not politics, but love.

END



Don't be vague, ask for (———). You will find the missing word in the face above

No finer whisky goes into any bottle

Dimple Scots
John Haig & Co. Ltd.
Gold Label

STOP SCRATCHING!

But he can't help it. It's 100-1 it's Fleas or Lice.

It's your fault not his. He can only scratch, whereas you can get

PULVEX
VERMIN POWDER

which REALLY KILLS Fleas, Lice, Nits and all parasites and prevents fresh attacks. Harmless even to puppies and free from any objectionable odour.

On sale everywhere

9d. ... 2/6 ... 12/6

COOPER DOG PRODUCTS

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd.,
Berkhamsted.

20545

BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST
Earn Money with Pen or Pencil in Spare Time

IT is more natural for a man to draw than to read or write. But nowadays most men read and write—yet *they fear to draw.* Long before man had invented an alphabet, he drew pictures with the burnt end of a stick snatched up from his blazing cave-fire. Drawing is a *natural* way of expressing what one sees or conceives. Whether by eye-vision or mind-vision, man instinctively "pictures the thing to himself."

Copy this sketch for free criticism.

Send NOW a copy of the accompanying sketch (or a specimen of your original work), together with coupon below, and you will receive, without any charge or obligation, an *expert* and quite candid criticism of your work. Learning to draw by the JOHN HASSALL WAY is a fascinating pursuit which always brings pleasure and often profit.

A handsome BROCHURE containing many illustrations of the work of John Hassall, R.I., and his pupils, will be sent free. This book gives graphic details of the John Hassall Postal Course—what it is, what it has done, and what it can do for you.

COUPON—Post Now!

Please send me—without charge or obligation—a copy of the Illustrated Brochure, "The John Hassall Way," and free criticism of enclosed sketch (my own work)."
H 9/1.

NAME ....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS ....

Brit. & Eve
Jan., 1932. ....

(Age if under 21)..............

The John Hassall Correspondence Art School
Dept. H 9/1, St. Albans

It Can't Be All Sex Appeal

(*Continued from page* 43)

The reason that all his imitators have, till now, fallen so far short of Walt Disney is that his invention is unparalleled and that the concept and the detail of his pictures are so perfectly harmonious. In his pictures every movement, whether of flora or fauna, is correlated; every leaf, every whisker, every eyelash, every swerve, every bound is imbued with significance, drama or humour. Take, for instance, one of the earlier (and best) of the "Silly Symphonies," "Frolicking Fish": the sub-oceanic vegetation was as germane to the film as the fish themselves; the swaying of the seaweeds and the music which accompanied the action all suggested a dim underwater life. The rhythmic and terrible progress of the octopus was as alarming as it was beautiful. The dances of the lobsters and the oysters had a delicate, ironic pathos. . . .

AMONG the more recent Symphonies, one of the most brilliant is "Egyptian Melodies." In this, as in others, we find the quality of accuracy—rare in so inventive an artist as Disney. People who know Egypt will recognise those corridors with their great cube-stone walls which the adventurous spider enters through the doorway between the Sphinx's paws and by which he descends, blithe and bow-legged, little knowing what terrifying sights await him below. There is something definitely macabre in the opening of the coffins and the dance of the swathed mummies, of course to "appropriate music." When the frescoes on the walls and pillars come to life there is a positive orgy of movement—an exquisite burlesque of the Pharaohic art formula and of all the pseudo-Egyptian dancers who have ever waggled their tummies, with angular joints and static profiles, to the throbbing music of the East! Only Disney could make of those age-sanctified warriors and wild beasts a comic and yet terrifying mobile force and have transformed the hieroglyphs which bespectacled antiquarians have painstakingly deciphered into the perfect decor for a cinematic cartoon.

In another symphony, "Monkey Melodies," tropic splendours and the terrors of the jungle are composed into a pattern of comic, simian adventure. The clue for the movement and the melody is the swinging of the two amorous monkeys by their tails from the tree tops. With palms and tropic trees as a background they dance and swing from branch to branch by those fibrous tendrils with which travel films have familiarised us. Their adventures follow swiftly on one another. First a little misunderstanding with the alligators, then in and out of the jaws of the hippopotamus, they mistake the body of a great snake for a branch with almost disastrous results and have a terrifying encounter with a tiger. . . . Then back to the safety of their "home branch" from which they swing and flirt in sentimental, aerial transports, thus finishing the cycle with a technique worthy of René Clair himself.

The scope of the Symphonies seems to allow of an even greater inventiveness than the Mickey Mouse series, and I think that artistically they surpass them, but they are not richer in humour and "human appeal"! We all know and love Mickey and his Minnie.

Walt Disney's cartoons are a joy and a refreshment, they contain humour in its most modern and mobile form, satire at its kindliest, rhythm, sound, melody most expressive, and they satisfy the contemporary craze for speed. The invention and combination of all these elements is the work of a genius in his own medium and, if the definitions of the *cinéastes* are to be accepted, this is surely "pure cinema."

In Praise of Toys

(*Continued from page* 61)

time to time, a home in which its word is law. It seems as if the young of other creatures had something of the same need. But as a cat's life seems to be simpler than ours, so a kitten's play appears to be a good deal less varied than that of a child. The kitten uses a ball or a fallen leaf for just one thing—to perfect eyes and curved claws for the work of mouse hunting, or (to see the same thing from another aspect) to make up for being too young to catch a real mouse by succeeding magnificently with something less nimble. Lambs and young calves at play seem to have even simpler ideas, and to content themselves with flourishing about for the sake of the pleasant muscular sensations they get. Perhaps domestication has forced very little adaptation on them. Certainly they have not had to adapt as much as a dog. For there is no doubt that it is in the business of adapting—of changing from a wild to a civilised way of life—that games and toys serve children most vitally.

WE have all sorts of old instincts that find very little outlet in the modern civilised world. The world has changed more quickly than we have, so that the boy still develops the strong hunter's instinct that he once needed. Now he turns it into play and feeds it on dreams and games. This hunting instinct will perhaps never be useful to most of us town-dwelling English people; but there are also whole sides of a boy's nature that he will use later in the real world, and that he has to develop in mimic by-playing, day-dreaming and pretending. For example, children to-day seem to realise the extent to which they will need road sense later on, and boys and girls alike like scooters, toy bicycles and so forth. This is play like that of the kitten—direct practice for the business of adult life.

But without its characteristic "play"—its recreations—modern adult life would make monsters of us all. The man who works indoors in factory or office likes to play tennis or golf, or to work on an allotment in his spare time, for the sufficient reason that he wants to use the other half of himself. Here we have the use of play as compensation. Just so the toy that you give to the child is no sooner out of its brown paper than it is being used to fill a gap—to soak up some energy for which the real world temporarily or permanently makes no demand.

Now you, who give the toy, may or may not know in what particulars its world is falling short in regard to the child to whom you give it. But the child's need may be real and insistent.

When children use a toy for what we choose to call the wrong purpose, it is often because the child has been given the wrong toy, and is gallantly making the best of unsuitable material. Nor has the wrong toy necessarily been given out of stupidity or even inexperience. A present to a child is necessarily more or less a shot in the dark, for no one, least of all the child, knows what tool will be wanted next in the complicated work of turning a baby into a man.

One more thing should be remembered by the toy giver. Toys can be pure misery. The world is going to give every child all the disappointment it needs. Don't add a hammer whose head comes off, pencils too hard to write, pincers whose points won't meet, spades that crumple when you dig, clock-work mice that run once and no more, trains whose lines don't fit. Makers of bad toys ought to be boiled in oil, for a badly made toy is enough to make a careful child careless, a careless child desperate, and a pessimistic child believe more than ever that the world is a hard and chance-governed cheat.

What most children need is encouragement. Growing up is hard and sometimes anxious work and they need all the fortifying they can get.

Kind Bears, and Obedient Trains can do a great deal to help young travellers in a world otherwise all a size too big.

END

Baked Jam Roll.

Baked Jam Roll — crisp,— delicious,— most nourishing,— is no more trouble to make than a milk pudding, if you use 'Atora,' the ready-shredded Suet.

Recipe for BAKED JAM ROLL.

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin.

Serve hot. *Sufficient for 6 persons.*

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

Make it with —

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good **BEEF SUET**

434 a

Beauty is Priceless

but young and old can obtain it by using Dr. Dys's preparations.

FOR over 50 years smart Parisiennes have used Dr. Dys's wonderful products to retain their youthful appearance. **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** and **CREAMS** form the basis of a simple but effective beauty treatment which can be carried out in your own home with great success.

Send for Price List and Brochure "Plus que Belle," which will be sent post free on application to the sole agent

ROBERT SERVENTI, 23/25 MADDOX ST., W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 5854.

Obtainable from all leading Hairdressers and Stores or direct from the Sole Agent

---

P 22

IT'S A PLEASURE TO GET UP

even on the coldest mornings, when there's a rug like this at the bedside, luxuriously warm to bare feet. Its deep, soft pile is thicker than the richest of carpets, and its beauty of colour and design gives lasting pleasure. Turkey Rug Wool, renowned for its durability, is the material from which this rug was made. And RUGCRAFT is the book which describes the art of rug-making and gives six coloured diagrams to work from, besides many illustrations of rugs for which charts or stencilled canvas can be obtained, whichever is preferred.

TURKEY
TRADE MARK REGD

TURKEY
RUG WOOL

BEST AND GOES FURTHEST

Send for Rugcraft, price 6d., post free, with free samples of wool, to Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins, Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

Quick, safe relief!

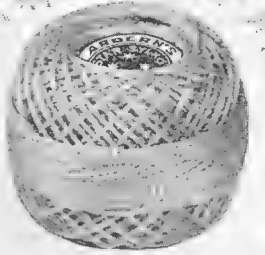
"CHEST COLD removed overnight"

"There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'."

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion—without burn or blister. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Insist on the genuine Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Obtainable from all chemists.



Radiant, Permanent

The beautiful, radiant colours and the rich, silky lustre of Ardern's "STAR SYLKO" are the more wonderful because they are permanent. For finest embroidery and knitting use

Ardern's
STAR SYLKO
(BRITISH MADE)

Supplied in balls: sizes No. 8 (fine), No. 5 (medium), No. 3 (coarse), at needlework shops. Free shade card from Lawrence Ardern Ltd., P.O. Box 413, Manchester.

See "Fancy Needlework Illustrated," bi-monthly, price 2d., from newsagents and needlework shops.

Books

(Continued from page 79)

"While I know of no other man living or dead who has made a capitalist fortune out of being a Socialist, Shaw, you must remember, has made it all honestly, though he denies this."

"Shaw can't draw characters for nuts."

"What, then, did he accomplish or give to the world that will secure him immortality? Nothing that I can see. How could he? All he had was a clear eye for seeing what the trouble was. He didn't kill, nor was he killed by it. All he did was to spit putty balls at it from his ivory tower, and laugh."

"Simple questions take Shaw pages to answer, but the problem of all problems he could answer in a word."

On this last point, compare Mr. Craig's remarkably similar comment: "Thus, the simplest clues to life escape him, as he scales impossible pinnacles of unnecessary thought, only to slip down the other side."

HARRIS' book transcends the ordinary biography for the reason that, as Mr. Shaw shrewdly notes in one of his letters, "when you tackle a great man you really do know the sort of animal you are dealing with." But the same rare claim can be made for all the compilers of the volumes mentioned at the beginning of this article. Mr. Craig (like Harris) often has a weak page, but there are chapters—on Irving and the Lyceum régime and Ellen Terry in the theatre and the other Ellen Terry of the home—which could only have been written by a man great enough to understand greatness. He is not a polemical writer, he is not as good at quarrelling as Mr. Shaw. But when he allows himself to be the son of his scatterhearted mother and to think only of the many things and people and moments he has loved, his words become suffused with what is known a little vaguely but quite unmistakably and to all the world as the Terry charm.

I take the opportunity of repeating my advice that all the volumes should, if possible, be read, and Ellen Terry's own autobiography into the bargain, by those who wish to derive the maximum pleasure and to understand, as far as may be, a group of highly talented mortals. Still, it is not difficult to see why this volume, in spite of its price (all the books are too expensive, except the Gollancz), will be read by everyone who is drawn to examine, however perfunctorily, the newly opened corner of theatrical history. The letters, extremely well edited by Miss Christopher St. John, do more than satisfy the common curiosity about the lives of stage-folk, do more than cover the entire theatrical world of the England of thirty years ago, do more even than show Mr. Shaw in yet another light. They contain and yield up the voice, the expression, the gestures, the very presence of one of the most loved and lovable women who ever lived.

END

Making the Most of the Small House

(Continued from page 55)

of space. Walls and ceiling were distempered with a very light peach colour, and the door and one or two mouldings picked out with a narrow apple-green line. The curtains were of a light straw-coloured cotton, costing 3s. 6d. a yard, so light in tone that they did not break the continuity of the walls. The pelmet valance was bordered with a piping of apple-green and a two-inch border of tomato-coloured linen.

The chairs were of bentwood in a modern design (28s. 6d. each) with squab cushions of the same tomato linen as the valance border. The only rather costly item was the dining table of beautiful wood, the colour of sable, with metal supports, which was built to special measurements and cost £10.

END

How Sanderleys came to Sampits

(*Continued from page* 13)

despair, Sir Justin. Give me a day or two, and maybe I'll wait upon ye with a solution. Meanwhile, do nothing. Sanderleys and Sampits shall come together yet, willy nilly; never you fear. Conduct Sir Justin to the door, my Dickon."

A few moments later Richard Underdown returned. He strode up to the table, his face set and angry.

"Look ye, uncle," said he, "if you think I'm going to marry a travelling tinker's wife or mistress, free her how you may, you've mistaken your man."

"Na, na, Dickon—gently, gently," replied the old man in a soothing voice; he clipped his negatives when in an insinuating mood like a soft, canting Scot. "And who said you should marry her?"

TRUE to his promise, Enoch Underdown set out in a couple of days to return his neighbour's visit. The squire of Sampits waiting upon the lord of Sanderleys cut a very different figure from the knight when riding to him. Sir Justin's form was elegant, his dress rich, prim and formal like his own pleached alleys and neat, topiarian arbours. Old Enoch, however, sat hunched up upon an ancient white farm horse, grog-kneed and raw-boned, whose ribs and general framework looked as if they would start at any moment from his stretched skin. He wore a leathern jerkin, several sizes too large, which was belted about his middle; and into the belt were stuck an Ironside's sword with an edge like a saw—it having been used for thirty years cutting thistles—and, for safety's sake, a pair of horse-pistols—vain precautions, seeing that not even the most starving, abject footpad could have got a picking out of him! He had an old black Ramillies wig on his head, all uncurled and hitched up here and there with knots of dried reeds, and, to crown this, a great three-cornered hat that had once been laced but was now as green as cheese, tarnished and so much alive with the moth that when he broke into an amble one or two would rise from it and wing away.

Behind him rode black Jerry Coalsham on a useful nag, a stout thornwood cudgel in his hand. He sat well back on his mount and looked jauntily at the sunlit sky, the trees, the daisied meadows and the swooping martins, as if he were monarch of all he surveyed instead of body-servant to the old Death-in-Life jogging before him.

They found Sir Justin in melancholy mood, drinking claret beneath a hornbeam on his well-clipped lawn. Enoch joined him there, once Coalsham had freed him from his boots and pulled a pair of fur slippers upon his swollen feet. The horses were taken to be watered and fed, and black Jerry himself wandered to the buttery, where he pledged old Carless, Sir Justin's butler, in much ale, until that worthy, growing strangely mellow, discovered an odd flask of Canary which might as well be sampled then as at any other time.

In the meantime Sir Justin and his colleague settled themselves speedily to their business. Even as he poured the old lawyer his first glass of claret (and, in the particular of accepting proffered hospitality, it was noticeable that the visitor set a singular example to his host) Sir Justin inquired eagerly: "Well, have you hit upon anything?"

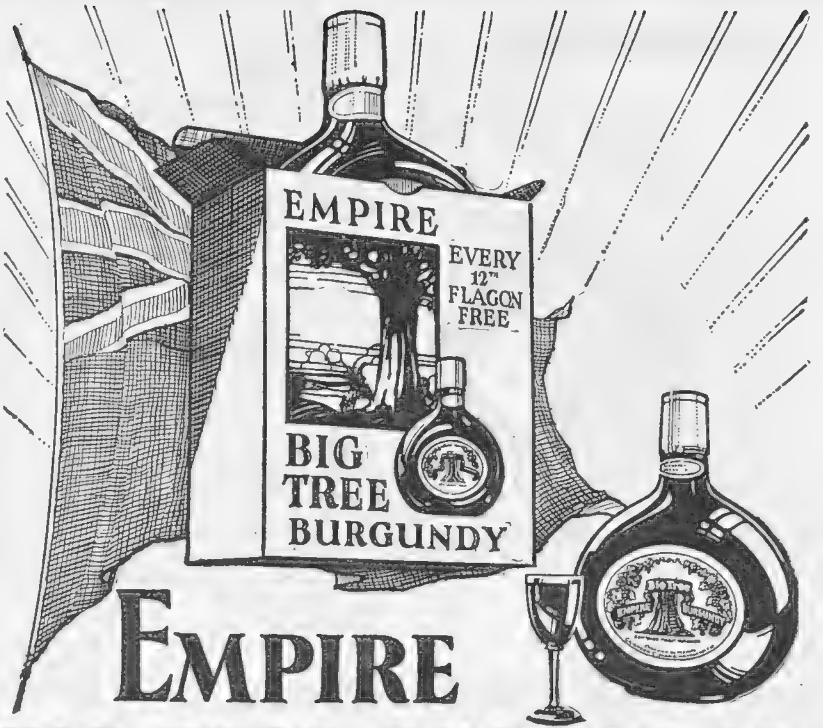
Enoch was guarded in reply.

"I think I may have," said he, cautiously. "Answer me first this question. Does the little miss love her home?"

"I hope so," put in Sir Justin.

"Na, na," cried the old man. "Softly—softly. You don't take me, my friend. All children love their homes—or at least most do. But there is love *and* love. Has she that feeling which is born (sometimes) in the blood, that ancestral appreciation of an estate which will one day be hers to pass on? Or has she that carelessness of inheritance which is (sometimes) the affliction of heirs—especially among

(*Continued on page* 110)



EMPIRE
BIG TREE BURGUNDY

We have gone to the Empire for its finest wines. Big Tree Burgundy is pure and unadulterated, and an Empire product throughout. Here are two more important improvements:—

THE NEW CARTON
—more convenient to handle, and—most important—the wine is protected from the light.

THE NEW STOPPER
—cork instead of vulcanite and rubber. No threads in the neck of the flagon, so pouring is easier. No corkscrew required. Experience has long proved that cork is the best method of sealing wine.

For those who find a French wine more suitable, we shall continue to supply the original Big Tree Burgundy.

When you have collected 12 capsules from Big Tree Burgundy flagons your supplier will give you a FREE flagon in exchange for them.

4/6 Empire Big Tree
Sample Half-Flagon 2/3 Every 12th flagon free

GRIERSON OLDHAM & CO., LTD., *Shippers of Fine Wines since 1820*, 25, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

M.C. 7

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES
THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

ADD APPEAL
MAGGI'S SOUPS
TO A MEAL
14 VARIETIES 2d Per Tablet

Here's "HAWICO" Undies!

This luxurious underwear is woven to shape *individually*, so tailored yet elastic fit is certain.

Hold HAWICO to the light, note absence of ugly seams and the neat reinforcing where wear is heaviest.

It is hardly surprising that HAWICO should be the choice of many members of the Royal Family, as it is of their most discerning subjects!

HAWICO

Underwear of Excellence

168 *Regent Street London; and Trinity Mills Hawick.*

The Furnishing opportunity of the Year!

SPRIGGS'

ONCE-A-YEAR SALE IS TOO GOOD TO MISS . . . . . .

Whether you are setting up a new home or merely making necessary additions, you will find something of interest in every department.

Genuine reductions in Furniture, Curtains, Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics.

Visit

SPRIGGS'

January Sale

Wm. Spriggs & Co., Ltd.

Complete House Furnishers,

238, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1

women ? I speak as one old in the law," he added with cunning.

Sir Justin, evidently struck, paused a moment before he replied.

" I verily believe she worships Sanderleys," said he, " as I do. But for this one folly she's a little Tory to the backbone."

Old Underdown was elated by what he had just heard.

" That being so," he said, " this is what I would propose. Your house and lands—or so I understand it—are free from entail ? "

" They are," said Sir Justin, a little stiffly.

" Good," said the old man, looking deeply at the other. " Good. Now, do you go to your attorneys and make a new will by which you leave little miss nothing—not a guinea, not a groat, not a rood, not a furlong."

" What ! Dispossess my Daphne ? " cried the knight. " It's not to be thought of ! "

" Na, na," said the old man, laying his hand on Sir Justin's arm. " Not so fast, my friend. You don't take me. 'Season your admiration for a while'—as the poet saith. Let your attorneys think that you are in earnest. Let them, by your instructions, write to little miss with a copy of your will, giving it as your unalterable determination that she shall be dispossessed so long as she remains obdurate. But that, so soon as she leaves her tinker-tailor husband, you'll receive her back and revoke your disposition against her. They'll add their persuasion to yours, you may be bound. That, if she loves Sanderleys as you say she doth, should bring her home within a week."

The knight's eyes brightened. For a moment he kept silence, but Enoch could perceive that the little leaven was wrestling within the lump.

"I believe thou'rt right," he said at length. " I do believe thou'rt right."

" I'm convinced on't ! " cried the old man, striking the table with his fist. " Dost take me now ? Once we get little miss home we'll soon find a means to rid her of master tinker."

" But how ? " queried Sir Justin, his face clouding again.

" Oh, we'll get him put quietly out o' the way," returned Enoch, with a devilish airiness of demeanour.

" God forbid ! " cried the knight. " I'll be no party to anything of that ! "

" Whisht ! " said the old attorney. " Not so fast ! I meant we'd have him pressed—for the Navy. They do say that many of 'em don't live long after they're aboard."

" God forgive me," returned Sir Justin ingenuously. " I thought, for the moment, you meant—murder him."

" My sweet Sir Justin ! How *could* you ? "

" Forgive me," said the other earnestly. " I'm almost distraught with the worry of this. But would it not do," he went on, " if I made a mock will ? "

" Why, that's precisely what 'twill be ! "

" Ah, but, I mean, if I made no new will at all, but simply said I had done so ? "

" She'd see through it," returned the old man, pursing his lips and wagging his head. " She'd see clean through it. Besides, your attorney would never put his hand to a bold lie. Na, na ; the law's not such a simpleton as that. And the whole subtilty of the scheme lies in the innocent use of the law. Trust me, Sir Justin, a lawyer persuaded is the most convincing argument under Heaven."

" Well, well," said the knight with a smile. " To whom shall I bequeath my property for a—week ? "

" If I might suggest it," returned the other—" 'tis a mere suggestion—why not to my nephew Dickon ? He was to have been your son—will be still, we hope. And it will draw little miss to him if she knows that he is your heir in her default."

" Sound," said Sir Justin, pondering aloud. " Very sound. Astute. Very astute. I'll do it, Underdown. I'll do it. I'll post up to London in the morning. There's my hand upon it."

He grasped the old man's cold, claw-like fingers in his own, unable to repress a start at their extreme smooth chilliness.

They took a turn about the rose garden, and another through the maze, talking of many things, but no longer of the one thing they had at heart. Sir Justin marvelled at his ancient guest's shrewd humour, his occasional *diablerie*, his dark knowledge of men and women. As they strolled back across the lawn the moon was shining through the larch plantation, and Carless was putting the final touches to a table, white with napery and gleaming with glass and silver and candles, that was laid beneath the hornbeam.

The Rector of Sanderleys, the Reverend Doctor Judd, came across to sup, his rosy face, a-flower with pimples, glowing beneath his white wig ; and, with him, his nephew from Cambridge, a Trinity man. They showed no outward surprise at the strange untowardness of Sir Justin's third guest, but applied themselves with vigour to the cold repast spread before them.

TINKER MERVYN lay in the ling looking up at his wife as she sat upon a grey boulder. The buttons of his blue, skirted coat sparkled in the sun ; his chestnut hair was tied back in a tail, and his freckled, sun-browned, smiling face watched her attentively while she read from a much-folded paper that, for all the amusement in her voice, shook from time to time in her hand. A sprig of heather danced between his lips as he listened.

" 'Madam,' " began Mistress Daphne, with a provoking irony in her emphasis, " 'Madam,—Sir Justin Sanderleys obliges me to address to you his Desires and Complaints. He complains that you, his Daughter, without Warning given or Consent obtained, have contracted a Covenant of Marriage with one Wilmshurst, lately a Tinker (so he saith) and for the while resident in Scotland. Your Father commands that you return at once to him at Sanderleys, leaving your Husband until such time as the Matter of your Espousal shall have been discussed between ye. Moreover, I have Sir Justin's Authority to warn you that he hath this day duly signed a new, short, modified and explicit Will (whereof a Copy I have sealed hereunder) whereby (as you shall see) he bequeaths his Lands, Monies, Goods and Estates, including the Manor and Lands of Sanderleys, to him that should have been in Wedlock yours : to wit, Richard Underdown Esquire, Nephew to Enoch Underdown Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Sampits in the County of Kent. Sir Justin obliges me to acquaint you with his Determination to persist in this Bequest unless you do forthwith return alone (as aforesaid) in which Event he doth undertake presently to revoke, destroy and make null the said Testament.

" 'If neither this Deed nor its promised Reversal should move you to his Desires, let me, Madam, an old Man many times a Father, beseech you to reflect most earnestly ere you disavow that implicit Obedience which the Principles of Law, the Usages of Religion, the Piety of the Ancients and the universal Practice of Mankind alike have taught us that it is a Parent's Right to expect. For I would not have you aggravate the Cares of your own old Age by the Remembrance that you were the Occasion of Sorrow to your Father's, for which Advice pray, Madam, pardon your humble, obedient Servant and Well-wisher,

SIMON FLUKE
Attorney-at-Law
Lincoln's Inn.' "

Mistress Daphne ended her reading. Her bright eye was certainly a touch brighter, it may be a touch moister, when she stopped.

" Well ? " queried Mervyn, still smiling, the heather still dancing between his lips.

His wife looked laughingly down at him.

" Fudge ! " she said at length. " My father's persuaded him to write in that vein. I don't care ! " she went on, pulling off her hat and shaking back her hair into the breeze. " There's time enough for that. Are we to forsake all this—that will never come back to you, Tinker-Tavy, or to me—to wrangle over a few hundred acres ? There's time enough for it. Fathers in their first rage should be left until their second—when the fever's dwindled a degree ! "

And, leaning forward, she pulled the heather from Mervyn's mouth and transferred it to her own. Her husband did not, seemingly, espouse her views. His bonny face had grown both grave and practical. When he spoke it was with the bluntness of a getting man.

" But, doesn't thou think," said he, " that 'twould be wiser—more politic, I mean—to humour th' old gentleman a trifle ? "

" Do you mean——" began Daphne imperiously.

" I don't want thee shut out o' thy estates, love. I'd rather have thee rich than poor. Nay, nay ; we must be politic. Your father's made the first move. Do you follow it up. That letter's been delayed three days a'ready with the stopping of the mail on Bramham Moor. What I mean is, dear—where money's concerned a man mustn't play the fool, d'ye see."

Mistress Daphne's breath came and went with unnatural sharpness. This plebeian trait in her lover must be quashed at the first lifting of its head.

" Thank God I wasn't taught to be so—shrewd ! " she retorted hotly.

" Ay, I know. That's why I'd have you learn now," returned Mervyn quietly.

" Listen to me, Tinker-Tavy ! " cried his wife, her eyes flashing. " You'll understand, if you please, that, in the matter of us, I'm master. You'll do what I say and what I choose to say. I didn't marry—to be ridden ! "

Wilmshurst clambered slowly to his feet. The lines from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth had become suddenly taut and grim. His blue eyes, deepened in tone, looked his lovely lady through as though she had been a saint in church glass.

" No ; but I married to ride," said he.

Before this little quarrel could smoulder into a blaze, a daft lad, whom Mervyn recognised as belonging in some capacity to the Golden Ram, where they were housed, came running towards them across the heath.

" Leddy ! " he exclaimed. " Leddy ! There's a postboy at the inn come fra England for ye. An express post, leddy !

" Well ? " Daphne demanded.

" He's brocht ye this." And he held out a letter.

She took it from him and tore the seal. Twice she read it, her cheeks turning at first white, then a violent red, and after a dreadful muddy hue that was neither white nor grey but had the earthiness of both. Then she threw herself upon her face among the heather and fell into a very storm of tears.

Wilmshurst stooped and, firmly untwining her fingers from the clenched paper, opened it as he knelt, the plaided boy standing, hot and sheepish, at his elbow. This is what he read :—

" deer Miss, in opes this finds you as it leaves us in good elth but perplexd the wether is fine but the newes ill yore father was found in the spinny yester morn (by the stile that leads to the park meddow) bloodjohned and robd there is amissing is chaine purs is gold watch and fob and is great wring cut with the undressed ladye throtling a Goose he is stone ded alas stabbed to the Art two this is the work of villins revrand judd will right you more he is much put out and will preech upon it Sunday next do please deer Miss come home martha bids me tell you james as three kittans so he was femail as you supposd

" Yore obdt srvt
" DIGG. CARLESS."

FOR all the richness of the sun without, the great hall at Sanderleys seemed full of a gloom appropriate to the days of mourning for its master.

The orange sunlight fell upon a carved chair where, in black, almost Puritan weeds, Mistress Daphne sat, white-faced and red-eyed. Near her, but in shadow, sat her tinker husband. His attitude had none of her regality. It was, above all, homely.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then, with the sudden unreality of human noise upon these occasions, the

(*Continued on page 112*)

Bed time is Benger time

From infancy to old age, in sickness and in health, *Bed time is Benger time!* Since the first medical sage advised the unrestful never to go to bed on an empty stomach, the world has learned the soothing and sleep inducing effect of Benger's Food. The Medical Profession especially recommend a cupful of Benger's Food taken in sips when overtired.

FROM A DOCTOR:

"Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."

Why Benger's is distinct from any other food obtainable is explained in the Benger Booklet. Please write for it, post free.

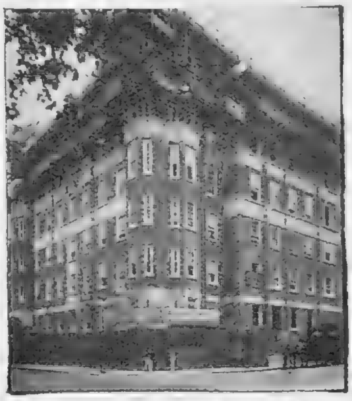
BENGER'S Food

Regd. TRADE MARK.

BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.

NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 41 Maiden Lane, SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 350 George Street. CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 732

282



Please Help—

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

The illustration on the right is of the new wing of The Cancer Hospital. It comprises a new Radiological Department and accommodation for patients who can contribute towards their cost.

Please send a donation to the Secretary.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

great doors opened and old Carless appeared, ushering in the two Underdowns, first nephew and then uncle.

Richard Underdown came forward. Daphne rose in formal greeting, lowered her head slightly as he approached and then throwing it back to regard him proudly and coldly. Enoch, for the while, hovered by the doors, resting himself first upon one foot and then upon the other like an old he-cat on hot bricks.

Richard was the first to speak. His voice was precise, constrained; his bearing dignified and gently prim. For a man in so trying a position he bore himself honestly and well.

"We're late, I fear," he began. "My uncle's horse slipped a shoe."

"Sir, my time is of little moment," was Mistress Daphne's answer.

"Madam," he went on, "this is a painful meeting. I'm sure we would neither of us prolong it."

She inclined her head.

"I'm informed," said he, "that your late father, in the anger wrought in him by your marrying, bequeathed his whole estate to me, for the reason, apparently, that he had intended it to pass to me and to my issue when he bespoke me as your husband."

"'Bespoke' is a good term, Richard," broke in Mistress Daphne with a curl of her lip.

"It was not unkindly meant," he said gravely. "I did not know of what your father had done until he was dead—else I should have protested. I've little relish for so tragic a benefit. But I'm persuaded of his wishes. In my presence he spoke in the harshest words of the humiliation—the disgrace he called it—which you'd brought upon him and upon your own station. Later, apparently, to my uncle, he affirmed his displeasure and his intentions even more strongly. This being so, I feel it my bounden duty to implement his wishes. But, if it conveniences you, Madam, I shall be happy for you to occupy Sanderleys for the remainder of this year, after which I shall place the old parsonage of Sampits at your disposal, without charge, for so long as you choose to occupy it."

Mistress Daphne faced her one-time suitor quietly, without either moving or flinching. "Richard," she said, in a low voice, but mighty clearly, "I think my father scarcely meant to leave me desolate, seeing that he promised me, if I should return home, to reinstate me in his favours. But, since by some evil chance my poor dear was slain before either he or I relented, I can't complain at his debarring me from what was mine, nor that you should be willing to profit by my—exclusion. I thank you for the offer you've made me; but, if there is one thing which redeems my emptiness and makes a very summer of my winter, it is the thought that I'd die—gladly and happily—rather than be beholden to your charity for a crust of stale bread. I doubt if we shall meet again, Richard. I hope you prosper. I'm sure you will make an admirable Prime Minister. You have the manner born." Then, seeing that he stood for a moment shame-faced, she cried out impatiently: "For God's sake, go, man!"

And for all that she had done him a wrong and knew it, so that the defeat of their encounter should by rights have fallen on her rather than on him, yet so circumspect and stately was her mien that he bowed and went from the room in the veriest hang-dog fashion, with his face an ugly brick-red in hue.

When his nephew was gone old Enoch came forward.

Mistress Daphne knew the old man but little. She had met him now and again as her uncle-to-be. She was aware of his starveling reputation, but, beyond that, he was virtually a stranger to her. She seemed, however, to stiffen at his approach with some sudden sense of loathing and of danger, as if an adder had wriggled towards her.

"My poor miss!" cried the old rascal, clasping his skinny hands together. "My poor, pretty miss! A heavy day! Woe's me! A heavy day! My unhappy friend—Sir Justin! Alack, alack! How my old heart bleeds for him, and for you, my poor, pretty, forlorn one!"

And he put out his hand as if to pat hers, but Mistress Daphne drew back.

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Underdown," she said uncertainly. Any warmer remark would have been insincere.

"Na, na," wheedled the old man. "No stiffness with me, pretty. 'Tis a terrible thing my Dickon should be ousting ye from all this. I'm sore for ye. But life's a pottle of ups and downs, gettings and losings. We're all fleas on a whirligig. Your father was prodigiously roused, poor man. You trifled with him, my honey. Ah, me! His cursing of you was truly patriarchal!

"Mr. Underdown, Richard said just now that my father told you he'd made a new will?" questioned the young woman, when Enoch's calamitous exclamations were come to an end.

"He told me of his resolve to make one—yes," corrected the old man, looking keenly at her from under his pendulous eyelids. "I did what I could to dissuade him. I told him it would put us Underdowns in rather an invidious position. . ."

"But why—if he wished you to succeed him at Sanderleys?"

"Not I! Not I!" put in the old man hastily. "Richard—not I!"

"But why—not for love of me, surely?"

"Because—well, ye see, 'tis a delicate thing to reap where you've not sown."

"But if he wished it?"

Now, either because he came unprepared for such a pressing of this matter or because there was some virtue in her youth and misfortunes in face of which the old knave could not lie, try as he would, he stood there, stammering and havering, until at last, with the sweat dappling his brow, he mumbled out: "Violent deaths are ill things to be mixed up with!"

"But," cried Mistress Daphne, "you could have had no thought, when my father spoke to you, that he would be murdered?"

The old man saw his slip.

"Na, na," said he. "Of course I couldn't. I mistook ye, I mistook ye."

At this moment an access of unnatural suspicion took hold of Mistress Daphne. Already she had supposed this hoary equivocator to be the author of her disinheritance. Now he was taking the shape in her imagination of that cloudy figure who, by his own hand or another's, had struck down her father in the lonely spinney. However, she was not come to that point where she could blazon out an accusation; so she said merely, in a cold, level voice: "Come, come, Mr. Underdown! Don't tremble so, man. You're not the first in the world who's benefited by violence."

He could not take it ill, for the words were veiled; but he broke out with: "Not I! Not I! 'Tis Dickon who inherits—not I! But, see, my dear," he went on, pulling a little bag of leather from his side pocket, "here are ten guineas." He poured them out upon the great table, his hands dreadfully tremulous. "Every month there shall be ten more. I cannot have my old friend's daughter begging her living. Na, na. That's not old Enoch's way." Here, reading nothing but white and blazing hatred in Mistress Daphne's face, he turned, almost pitifully, to the stolid Mervyn, tumbling the guineas from purse to table and back again to purse. "Ten golden guineas every month of every year, Master Wilmshurst."

And so, nodding and mouthing, he took up the bag, laid it on Mistress Daphne's lap, and sidled, crab-like, away.

Mistress Daphne sprang from her chair. "Mr. Underdown!" she cried in such a tone that he turned to her aghast. "I think you paid too big a price for this to squander it! Take your blood-money!" With this she snatched up the bag of coins and flung it with all her force into his face.

It struck him full upon the forehead and he dropped like a bullock at the shambles. As he lay upon the paved floor the dark blood came welling through the cut and ran down between the stones. Mervyn rose and, picking him up as readily as if he had been a child in a swoon, conveyed him from the room.

From that day until his death Enoch Underdown stumbled and havered in his speech, and carried upon his brow a livid scar that was shaped like a gibbet.

The Wilmshursts had no remedy. They lacked the means to prosecute their suspicions, which, nevertheless, they knew to be the truth. Mervyn, however, who was always of a practical turn, went privily—that is, without his wife being aware of it—to Enoch and borrowed from him a thousand pounds (which the old villain pressed on him as a gift, but which he scrupulously returned later with interest added), and with that he and his lady set sail for the New World.

In America he started an iron-foundry, and with such success that, when the first amalgamation of the steel industry in the United States was brought about in the mid-nineteenth century, the second largest firm concerned was that of Wilmshurst, and the tinker's great-grandson was its first vice-chairman. So, in two hemispheres, the Wilmshursts and the Underdowns, for all the sorry tragedy which marred their outset, got much prosperity and honour and, in their diverse fashions, made history.

NOW, this is the true history of how the great family of Underdowns—who, in the course of the nineteenth century, gave England a Chancellor, an Archbishop and a Lord Chief Justice, to say nothing of an Admiral or two and a moderate sprinkling of Field Marshals—came by the greater portion of their landed estates.

There is, however, one more fact to be made known, and one chronicle more to be closed and sealed.

Some sixty-five years after the events related, a man of well-nigh incredible age in those days—for he was turned a hundred and two—lay a-dying in the tiny hamlet of Ivory on the marshes. The earlier half of his life was lost in obscurity, but he had been left some legacy and, later, had turned to the trade of those parts, which was smuggling, and thus had amassed a comfortable sum, of which his nieces and their daughters and their daughters' daughters, in the course of his extreme old age and the blindness which came upon him, had artfully despoiled him. His name was Coalsham.

The Vicar of Ivory had sat with him during his last moments, and had been not a little impressed by the aged man's evident desire to touch the low-browed ceiling above his bed with his gaunt, trembling hands. At last, unable to do this, he had lifted a spear-like finger and pointed tremulously to a particular spot in the plaster.

The *ci-devant* smuggler passed away, but the Vicar remembered and at length felt it his duty to inform the nieces, their daughters and their daughters' daughters of what he had seen. Thereupon, his reverence being duly present, the plaster was pulled down, and there, lying along the laths, was found a massive gold watch with a gold fob and bunch of seals attached, among which was a tiny gold whistle; and, lying separately, a great intaglio ring intricately enchased with the Rape of Leda by the Swan, a very fine and detailed piece of workmanship. Near these (whether it was connected with them was impossible to say) lay a bone or ivory oblong, bound with bands of metal, which might have been the handle of a carving knife or even the haft of a stiletto, but, if so, the blade had rotted completely away.

The bereaved family, clearly perceiving the hand of Providence in this discovery, took the trifles into Ashford and sold them to a silversmith. The worthy parson himself fancied the ring, and, seeing it was through his vigilance that the treasure trove had come to light, the nieces let him have it cheap—at thirty shillings.

The writer can vouch for the truth of this epilogue, for he had it by word of mouth from the grandson of the very vicar who attended Coalsham on his death-bed and recommended him to Heaven.

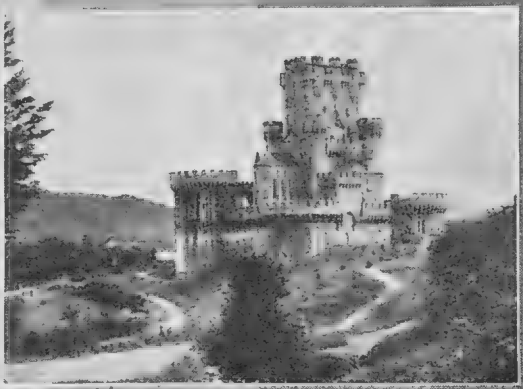
End

CASTLES OF SPAIN

Avila. General view.

Alcázar of Segovia.

Castle of Mombeltrán.



Castle of Butrón.

Castle of Guadamur.

MORE than two hundred command its plains and crown its mountains. Here are some examples.

Castle of Coca.

Castle of Manzanares el Real.

VISIT SPAIN WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING

For full information: PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; ROMA, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits. American Express. Dean & Dawson, Compagnia Italiana Turismo or any other Travel Agency.

MATERNITY FROCKS

At TREASURE COT you will find many attractive styles in Maternity Wear—smart frocks, coats and corsets at really moderate prices. Treasure Cot specialise in every requirement of the mother-to-be, babies and children—call r write for catalogues.

Model M.447

Smart Maternity Frock in wool crepe-de-chine with revers and cuffs of beige georgette. Can be expanded as required. Brown, Bottle, Navy, Burgundy, Saxe and Black.

57/6

Plain crepe-de-chine - - 4 Gns.
Printed crepe-de-chine - - £4 10 6

Customers may order by post with confidence.

THESE CATALOGUES ARE INVALUABLE to MOTHERS & EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Choose those you require.

Sent Free in Plain Envelope.

- **M—MATERNITY WEAR** (Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.)
- **A—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT** (Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites.)
- **B—EVERYTHING BABY NEEDS** (3 mths. to 3 yrs., Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Clothes, Hats, Shoes, etc.)
- **D—EVERYTHING CHILDREN NEED** (3 to about 12 years.)
- **P—BABY CARRIAGES** (Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, etc.)
- **X—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN**

BABY CLOTHES AND LAYETTES

A delightful collection of reasonably priced garments for babies and children is always to be seen in our showrooms (see catalogues above).

WOOLLEN TWO-PIECE SUIT. No. 462. Trimmed with Angora. White/Sky White/Pink and all White. Size 12-in. **9/9**
Size 14-in. - - - - **11/6**

Agents for Harringtons Squares

TREASURE COT
COMPANY, LIMITED

(Telephone: Gerrard 4951.)

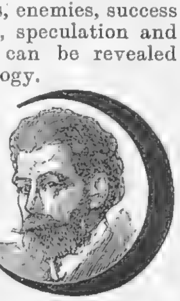
Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies and Children.

(Dept. S.V.24), 103, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.
(Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's)

(Flynn's)

Can you stand the truth? Let me tell you free

Some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters as indicated by astrology, the most ancient science known to History. Your prospects of life, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vital questions can be revealed by the great science of Astrology.



Let me tell you free startling facts that may change the whole course of your life and bring success, happiness and prosperity, instead of despair and failure which may now be staring you in the face. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain, simple language and consist of not less than two full pages.

Be sure to send your birth date, with name and address distinctly written by yourself. If you wish you may enclose 1/– postal order to cover cost of this notice, mailing, etc. There will be no delay; you will hear from me at once. This offer may not be made again, so act now. Address ROXROY, Dept. 24, Emmastraat, 42, The Hague, Holland. Postage to Holland 2½d.

The Monkey Puzzle

(Continued from page 83)

Markham, astounded by this unfortunate development.

"I've suspected this all along!" bellowed Wuntzl. "You think you can come in when everything is almost done, put a little money into it, and take all the praise! You think you can buy my ideas, my brains, my genius! They are not for sale! No!"

And then he bounced up out of his chair and shouted:

"Get out!"

"Be reasonable!" said Markham. "I make you a most harmless offer——"

"Next you will steal the spoons! Go! Get out of my house! Go away!"

Markham rose, exasperated.

"You're a fool, Herr Professor," he said. "I know you are hard up, and can't afford to send your daughter away, and I merely want to relieve you of a little of your burden. That's all."

"It's a lie!" cried Wuntzl, gibbering with rage like one of his own monkeys. "You want to use my ideas. Get out, I say!"

"Very well," said Markham, almost as angry, and he walked out on to the verandah, without any thought of where he was going, or of fetching any of his belongings from his room.

HUMILIATED by feeling that he had done a silly and awkward thing for a reason he could not think of without embarrassment, he strode along the verandah and down on to the path which leads through the grass to the road to Bulu.

Someone panting softly came running to him along the path, and his heart leapt as he recognised Hilda.

Her face was white in the moonlight, her fair hair cloudily dark about her head, while her eyes shone with a liquid brilliance.

"I heard father shouting at you," she said, tremulously. "Why are you going? Please don't go!"

"Thank you—but I really can't stay any longer," stammered Markham, hardly knowing what he said, so intent was he upon drinking in this new aspect of her beauty.

She stood waist high in the swamp grass which grew on either side of the path, no taller than the seed-heads which flowered above it. The humid air seemed to glisten with the light of the moon, and the swamp grass filled it with a sweet aroma.

"You shouldn't have come out, Fräulein Hilda, ill as you are," said Markham, and he felt something rising within him that would in another moment burst out and find utterance.

"No, indeed: I am quite well now. I am only sorry——" she broke off, and murmured sorrowfully, "Good-bye!"

He held out his hand, and she took it, grasping it tightly in both of hers as though she could not bear to let it go. It was too much for him. Carried away by a wild conviction that she wanted him to go as little as he wanted to go himself, he poured forth a rambling, incoherent declaration of all that he felt for her.

"I can't leave you here! If only you'd come away with me! I want you to marry me, Hilda!"

She stared at him with an expression of mingled doubt, astonishment and delight, and then he saw the brightness of her eyes brim over and run down.

"Oh, I never hoped for this!" she whispered. "Do you love me, then?"

She clung to him, and he kissed her with awkward, but passionate fervour.

At length, he said:

"I'll go to the Planters' Club at Bulu and stay there. The padre who visits Bulu is due in about ten days' time—he would marry us. He's usually here once a fortnight."

She asked:

"Have—have you been caring for me for long?"

"For many miserable weeks, Hilda."

"I loved you from the first day you came," she said quietly, and she drew his head down and kissed him.

"How can I leave father?" she asked. "Will he be angry, do you think?"

"He may be at first. But you're of age. And you can't stay here for ever, Hilda."

"No, I can't. It's dreadful here—terrible, sometimes."

After a while she began to shiver, which reminded him that she had no business to be out. Promising to come round in the morning and let her know what arrangements he had made about the padre, he walked back with her, holding her awkwardly to him, to the beginning of the path, and watched her enter the bungalow. Then he set out to walk the mile to Bulu.

In her room Hilda lay down on her bed, trembling in a return of the feverish ague, brought on by joy and emotion.

Gradually the ague subsided, and a little later she got up again and went in to her father in the sitting-room, inspired by happiness to forget her usual fear of him.

WUNTZL was sitting in a chair with his feet stuck out in front of him and the toes of his big brown boots turned up. His head was wet with sweat, his chin sunk on his chest, his eyes closed.

"Father," said Hilda. "I am going to marry Herr Markham."

Wuntzl awoke. His feet rasped on the floor as he sat up with a jerk and snapped:

"You're what?"

"Arthur Markham has asked me to marry him."

Wuntzl broke into a roar of laughter, his hoarse bellows filled the stuffy bungalow. Then suddenly he stopped laughing, stared at her with angry contempt, and snarled:

"You silly little fool! Do you think he'll do it?"

She winced; her face grew white as paper, and her eyes very dark. She looked as though she were going to faint; but she stood, clutching her dressing-gown about her thin body, and stared back at him, never moving.

"Why should he marry you?"

"Because he is fond of me, I suppose," she muttered.

"Oh ho! Oh ho, ho ho!" shouted Wuntzl; rising from his chair, he pointed a thick yellow finger at her, and said: "I'll tell you why he wants to marry you, the swine! He's trying to steal my ideas. He knows you're the

(Continued on page 116)

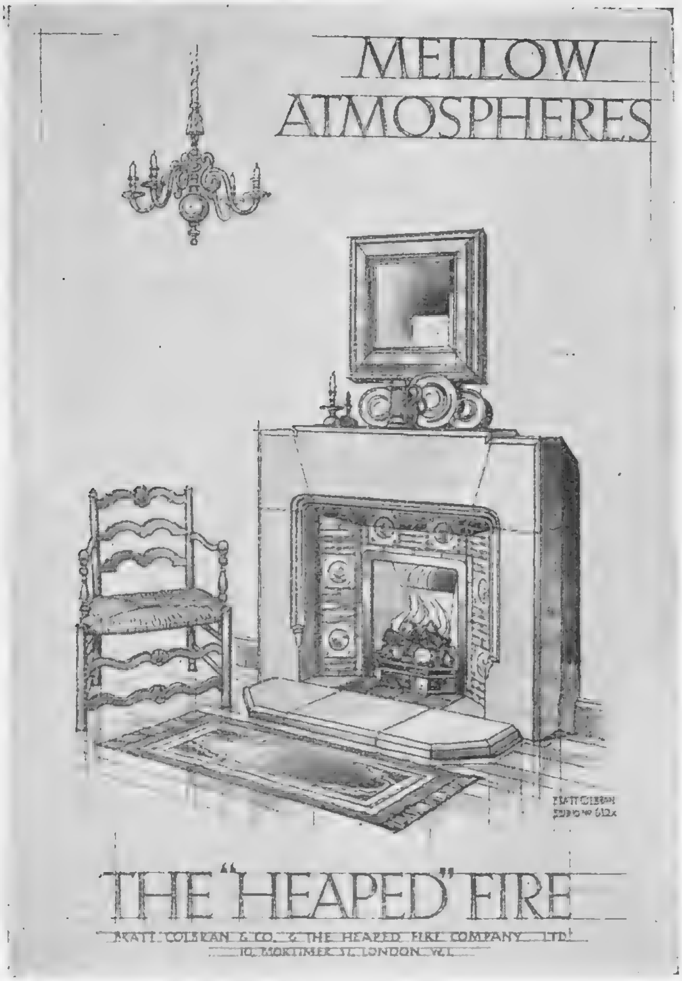
Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.* In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.



THE "HEAPED" FIRE

PRATT, COLBRAN & CO. & THE HEAPED FIRE COMPANY LTD.
10, MORTIMER ST. LONDON W.1.

Britain's Supreme Liqueur

Whispers Little Lady Liqueur to the Host—
"Mr. and Mrs. Bryson are now looking forward to your delightful way of concluding dinner with—

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

SWEET OR DRY

Other Liqueurs—GRANT'S SLOE GIN, GINGER BRANDY & KENT BITTERS

ALL LOVERS OF BABIES should read

the "LITTLE BUFFER" Leaflet describing the wonderful propelling chair which gives Baby great freedom and healthy exercise, yet keeps him under control.

Prices from 21/-

LITTLE BUFFER
(Dept. B.E.2)
82, Leighton Road,
London, N.W.5.

Send postcard to-day and we will also supply the interesting leaflet on Baby furniture—brimful of fascinating ideas.

BUY BRITISH

Give Your Dog a DOG BED

Reg. No. 726283.

"Goddards"

IMPROVED HYGIENIC

Keep him **CLEAN, COMFY, HEALTHY** out of ground draughts, and away from damp. Enthusiastically approved by Medical Fraternity as essential to health and cleanliness. Easy to disinfect. Fitted with strong, durable canvas, which is soft and comfortable. No woodwork to rot or harbour vermin. Other models with sides. Hundreds of Testimonials. All necessary sizes. From **7/6**

Write for full list. **F. GODDARD & CO., LTD. (Dept. B.1.)**
146-148, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1.

WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE MONEY !

LOTS OF IT — SHILLINGS, HALF-CROWNS, TREASURY NOTES, FIVERS, TENNERS, BANKERS' ORDERS, CHEQUES.

Why? Because we're terribly hard up.

Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

We are the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind, who for nearly a century have been providing accommodation, education, technical training and employment for sightless men, women and children from all parts of the British Isles.

Our youngest pupil is five; our oldest active worker is eighty-two.

Would you like to know more about this large Blind family—how they are educated, taught a trade and usefully employed so that they become self-reliant, happy and industrious citizens instead of remaining life-long burdens on the community?

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work: consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND,
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3.

Mark all his clothes *with*

Cash's NAMES

before he returns to school.

Prevents loss and confusion. Neat and permanent. Woven on fine cambric tape in red, black, green, gold, brown, helio, sky or navy blue lettering. The neatest and most efficient method of marking school outfits. Obtainable from all leading drapers and outfitters.

12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9
(It is most economical to order 12 dozen)

Send for SAMPLES NOW

To J. & J. CASH Ltd. (Dept. N.D.3) Coventry

Please send me free samples and list of styles, also illustrated booklet "Lose Less Linen."

Name ....

Address ....

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

only person who can tell him anything about my work. So that's why he wants to marry you!"

"Oh, no, father!" she cried desperately.

"Yes, I tell you! Yes! Whatever would he want to marry *you* for?"

She bowed her head and hid her face in her hands. Wuntzl stamped up and down the room.

"The thief! The blackguard! If a single theory of mine gets into any of his books, I'll expose him to every scientific body in the world! I've got my notes: I can prove it all. It's a conspiracy against me."

An uncontrollable tempest of grief shook the child. She rocked unsteadily on her feet. He came to her and put his hand on her shoulder. He stroked her hair, called her his poor little girl, and almost wept over her.

"Do not marry this man, my darling child," he begged. "How miserable you would be! How miserable! We know he's a blackguard. We know he is trying to deceive you. He would leave you in three months. It would break my heart. Don't do it! Don't do it, my little Hilda!"

Helpless as a butterfly driven to sea by a gale, Hilda was swept away.

Half an hour later she wrote to Markham saying that she had made a great mistake. She did not love him enough. She could not marry him; she could not leave her father, who needed her.

Wuntzl sealed it in an envelope and gave it to one of the native boys to take to Markham at the Planters' Club.

Hilda saw the boy go, and then went to her room, where she collapsed, fainting, on the bed.

"It is good. It is right. It is essential to do it," said Wuntzl in righteous accents, and he took out a large dirty handkerchief and wiped his neck and forehead with it.

EXPLAINING that Fräulein Wuntzl was ill so that he felt in the way at Wuntzl's bungalow, Markham got a room for the night at the Planters' Club.

He was just about to go to bed when her letter arrived.

He knew that she had written it under her father's influence, but that did not prevent him from feeling very angry, bitterly humiliated. Two hours before she had told him that she cared for him beyond words, and now she sent him this. Cruelly hurt, he felt that had she truly cared for him she could not have done it, and he cursed himself for having revealed the depths of his heart to one to whom they were so little.

He perceived that he must send some answer to her note, and wrote:

"*I understand. Good-bye. Arthur Markham.*"

And feeling that he did understand only too well, he gave the letter to one of the club-house boys to take to Wuntzl's bungalow.

He could not sleep; he was watching at his window when the sun rose, looking like the mouth of a furnace shining through a cloud of steam.

By daylight his hurt was even more painful, the situation appeared more impossible, and he made up his mind to leave Bulu at once. His trunks and his books were at Wuntzl's bungalow, and if he went for them there was a chance that he would see Hilda again; therefore, with the obstinacy of sore pride, he despatched one of the club boys with a barrow to fetch them.

He was looking drearily through a three months' old copy of *Punch*, with probably less appreciation than any one had ever looked through it, when the boy came hurrying back along the dusty road without his barrow or Markham's belongings, and stopped panting at the foot of the verandah steps.

"Missy say she want see *B'wana. B'wana* come quick!"

It was impossible to refuse, and Markham did not want to refuse. He was still angry and doubtful, but he was grateful for this opportunity to lower the sadly tattered rag of his self-esteem. So he set out to walk to Wuntzl's bungalow with the boy shambling along a few yards behind.

The battlefield of half a dozen conflicting emotions and not feeling any the calmer for it, Markham arrived at the bungalow. He was going up to the open door when the boy in the rear called out:

"Missy here, *B'wana*!"

And he pointed along the path which led to the monkeys' enclosure.

Markham hesitated, but the boy called out again, and he followed him.

Suddenly he became aware of a strange silence. He was not advancing into the usual babel of shrill chatter, broken by sharp cries, and dominated by the bellowing of Wuntzl. Everything was still. When he came in sight of the enclosure, he saw that the gate was open and the monkeys gone. Then he saw Hilda sitting before the hut, Wuntzl's pride, her face buried in her hands; leaning against its wall were two of the house-boys; in front of Hilda lay a long, bulky object—a fallen man.

He ran to her, and raised her and held her in his arms and gazed down at the dead Professor. He was an ugly sight, hacked out of all recognition. There was nothing to be done for him. He carried the broken girl into the house and revived her with whisky; his presence and his fond words revived her yet more. In broken accents she told him the story.

Her father had come out of his bedroom very cheerful, singing, and gone off at once to the enclosure. She had made coffee and one of the house-boys had carried the tray to the enclosure. She had gone too; she felt that she could not be alone. When they came to the gate her father was shouting at a monkey that would not work. He was angry, very angry. Then he snatched its spade from it and hit it on the head with the spade, the edge of the spade. It fell down and lay still, bleeding. She thought he had killed it. And all the monkeys were quiet, quiet, quiet, oh, for quite a while—nearly half a minute, she thought. Then suddenly they were screaming, and every one of them seemed to have a spade, and they were hitting her father, and her father was hitting them and shouting.

She opened the gate to go to him, but the boy caught hold of her and dragged her away, down the path and behind a tree. And her father went on shouting, but not so loud. Then he fell down and did not shout any longer, and she could not see him for the monkeys. Then just as suddenly as they had begun they stopped screaming. But two or three of them cried out, and then they all came running to the gate and through it and away in every direction. When they had gone the boy let her go into the enclosure, and she had found her father as he had seen.

Markham carried her into her bedroom and laid her on the bed and sat beside her, holding her hand and soothing her with endearments and kisses till she fell into a quiet sleep.

Gazing down at her pale and peaceful lovely face, his thought took an odd turn: was it instinct or intelligence that had shown the monkeys that new use of their spades, or was it merely imitativeness?

Perhaps the Professor now knew.

END

The Hag-minder

(*Continued from page 77*)

vivid shingled red-brown head. She looked like an elf.

"You look lovely," Miss Armitage said. "Now don't have all the men falling in love with you, poor dears!"

"Not likely," Pixie laughed jerkily. "Is there nothing I can get you? Is there nothing I can do before I go down?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Armitage. "Have a good time. Enjoy the fireworks."

WHEN she had gone the slow, difficult tears of old age crept down her face. And with them a certain anger grew, a certain bitterness.

How cruel youth was! How brutal youth was! That it could remember so little and forget so much. That it could be so ungenerous when so little was asked of it.

Pixie at eighteen! Youth triumphant.

Once Constance Gertrude Armitage had been eighteen. Once she had been beautiful.

The first anger that Miss Armitage had ever known grew in her slowly.

She wanted to humiliate youth back, to hurt it in return for her own unbearable pain.

She wanted to show youth, and she wanted to show Pixie Marshall that this was no halt on the road of life where she would stay; but just the moment of a long procession that led inevitably downhill.

She wanted something that would cry "Halt!" to that cheap pseudo-romantic young girl imagination. She knew how she could accomplish all these things.

Very slowly she climbed out of bed and went to a private box, and from the box she extracted a huge photograph that Pixie Marshall had never seen.

It travelled with her always, and she had not looked at it for years and years. She had not dared to look at it.

Now with the pain that Pixie Marshall had afflicted her with, she stared at it steadily. It was the enormous photograph of a most beautiful young girl.

It was the photograph of herself taken at eighteen.

She carried it to the mirror. She held it level with her own face, her hag's face on which Pixie had deliberately built for herself a part in a comedy. On which she had won out.

As the first rocket burst in the dark skies like a handful of flaming rubies, out of her bitter pain, Constance Gertrude Armitage looked at the two faces mirrored side by side. Herself as she had been, and herself as she was. And she laughed!

THE last rocket had been fired. Bells had been rung. She heard the orchestra playing "Auld Lang Syne." The sky which had been like a great black velvet tray of rolling jewels was quiet and dark again.

Still Pixie Marshall did not come to announce her engagement.

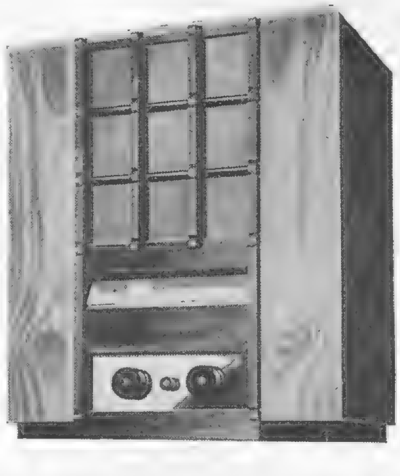
Downstairs, filling the stupidly futile child with champagne, the guests were urging her, giving her Dutch courage.

"Go and tell her now, darling. Go on, darling. If you don't, I shall."

"Oh, I couldn't! Not to-night."

"You must get it over."

"Go while the going's good, darling."



*An excellent wireless receiver. The Murphy type A*3. *A three-valve screened grid all-mains receiver. Priced at* 19 *guineas. This was inadvertently described in our last issue as the Murphy type B*4 *Portable Receiver*

"Don't be stupid, child. What can she do to you? She can't eat you, or bite you. Not with Eric here."

"All right. I will tell her. Only don't any of you come with me, or hang about."

"We'll be waiting outside with first-aid."

"I'm dying to know how she takes it."

"I'll bet she throws a thousand fits!"

"I'll bet she has the screaming meemies."

PIXIE MARSHALL pushed the bedroom door open. She came creeping to the bed. She felt unhappy as she had never felt in all her life.

She said, "Memsahib, I'm engaged."

"To whom, my dear?"

"To Sir Eric. We're to be married at once when we go home in January. I wanted you to be the first to know."

That was a lie. She was the last to know. She knew it, and something in her turned sick and faint and cold.

"That was nice of you, Pixie. I hope you will be terribly happy."

The child stood there. On her face that queer, stark look of puzzled frustration, of bewilderment.

"I ought to tell you," she said piteously. "I ought to tell you I'm a dirty little skunk." Then she gathered herself together with the queer, piteous arrogance of youth. A funny futility. "I'm a dirty skunk to leave you," she finished.

She had relinquished her little gesture of decency, of honesty. She had lost her moment and her hour, too. It was all spoilt, draggled untidy and unkempt. A handful of emotions that might have been so fresh, so fragrant.

Miss Armitage felt for her a clean and white healing pity. That brought her a quiet, renewed peace, deeper than any peace she had ever known, and more remote.

The child turned restlessly. She saw the photograph of Constance Gertrude Armitage propped underneath the big light, where the light streamed down on it.

Miss Armitage had meant to say, "Yes, you are eighteen. That is a photograph of me when I was eighteen."

She did not.

The child cried, "Oh! What a lovely, lovely girl. I've never seen that before. Who is it, Miss Armitage?"

Miss Armitage said gently, "It was my sister taken when she was eighteen."

"Oh! but she is lovely. Did she marry?"

Miss Armitage smiled.

"No, she never married, my dear."

"Oh, but it is a divine face! I never knew you had a sister."

"She died a long time ago, Pixie."

The child in the silver gown picked the photograph up in her pretty fingers.

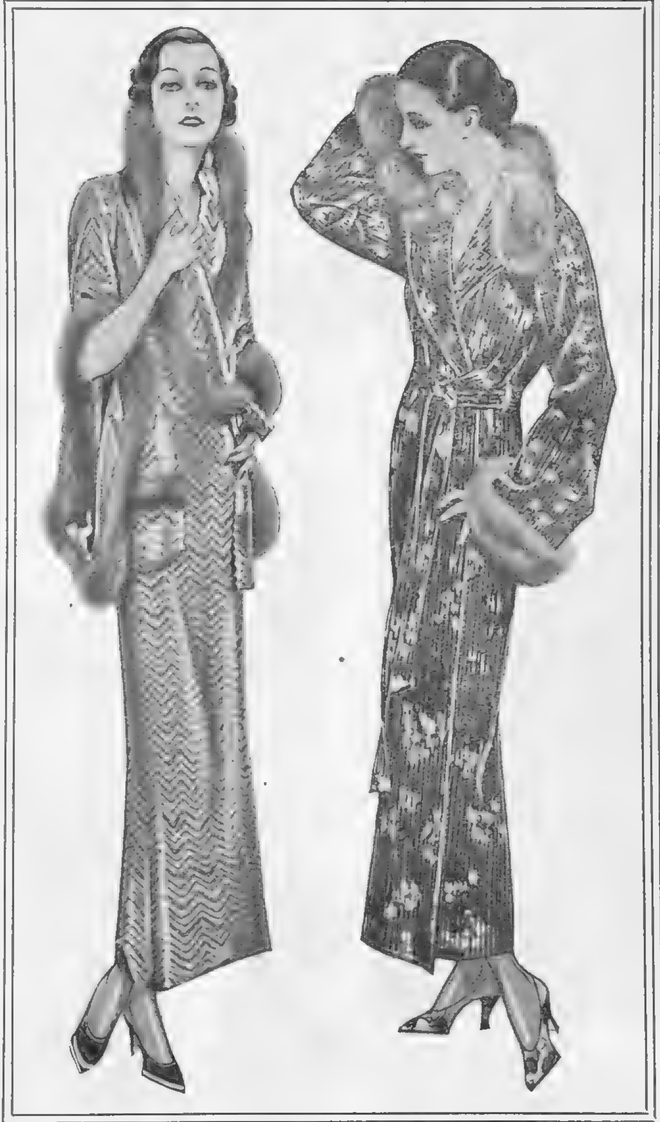
She looked at the old lady on the bed with unabashed candour and she spoke with the brutal sincerity of youth.

"She is not a bit like you, memsahib."

"No," said the memsahib. "She is not a bit like me."

END

Woollies—like babies—are again in fashion, and just as smart young matrons now proudly pose beside their offspring in the park, so do chic women discuss their woollies. And no wonder, for the difference between modern wool underwear and the horrors of the past is striking. The range of "Pesco" pure wool underwear is particularly worthy of note, for its beautiful texture and good workmanship are allied to admirable and up-to-date designs



WALPOLES
The Irish Linen House since 1766.

Dressing Gowns versus Winter

Now, with the cold weather about to set in in earnest, is the time to buy a Dressing Gown.

There's a most comprehensive and fascinating selection of garments in readiness at the new Walpole House. British made from British materials, and one and all with a quality of which the very name of Walpoles is a guarantee.

Two attractive gowns are featured above.

(Above) Charming Boudoir Gown of embossed velvet, with becoming "angel" sleeve and roll collar finished with dainty marabout. Lined with Japanese silk and interlined with nun's-veiling. In Peach, Nil and Lemon.
Price 6 Gns.

(Above) Good quality Corduroy Velveteen Dressing Gown in a pretty floral design, enhanced with trimmings of soft grey fur. The lining is of nun's-veiling. In shades of Saxe and Rose.
Price 69/6

Note.—The opening of the new Walpole House at the corner of Bond Street and Oxford Street places this old-established family business in the forefront of modern women's shops. A visit of inspection is cordially invited. The finest linen department in England also merits your attention.

3 SHOPS
87/91, New Bond Street, W.1.
108-110, Kensington High Street, W.8.
175-176, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD. Established 1766.

The CHILDREN'S

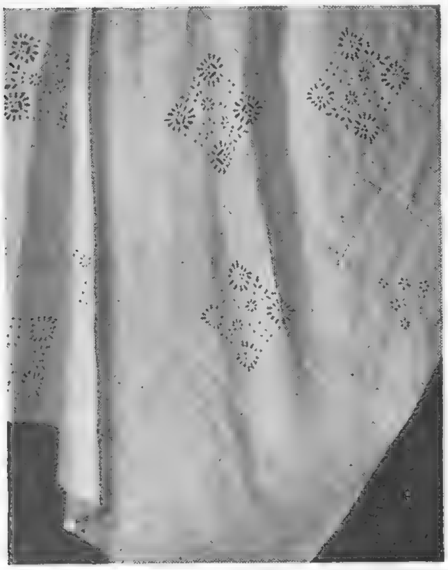
Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood; H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery: *Betty Metchim, whose entries in our Art Competitions show considerable promise*



Our "Community" Quilt, embroidered by over sixty different Saloners and sold for the benefit of the Cots' Endowment Fund. "All British," of course, and our hearty thanks are due to the "Old-Bleach" Linen Co. Ltd., and Clark's of Paisley, who supplied us with materials, as well as to all those who so kindly worked a square

NEWS of the MONTH

A Happy New Year to Everybody!

* * *

DONATIONS to the Cinderella's forthcoming visit to the Pantomime at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Monday, January 18th, have been coming in very well, but we are still in need of about £25 to enable us to fulfil our financial obligations in connection with this exciting afternoon. May I, therefore, ask all Saloners who intend to spare us something towards this sum, to let me have their donations as soon as possible. Meanwhile I acknowledge with most grateful thanks contributions from:—Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Beatrice Long, Pamela Bolton, J. and D. Alexander, W. Barnes, Margaret Hill, J. Marshlain, Kathleen Dixon, Ian G. Lubbock, L. G. Bourdas, V. Churchill, Marjorie Griffiths, Pamela and Mary Houghton, Jean and Brenda Willis, Joyce and Beryl Garratt, Pamela Eaves, Margot K. Crosse, Alice Janes, Jean C. H. Crawford, Honor Fielding, Eileen Comber, Jessie Wilkes, Lavinia and Diana Pearson, Olive Durger, Olwen Lawton, Mary Sitwell.

Awards; Annual Competitions

Pianoforte. *Associates.*—Prize "A": Betty Earle. Honourable Mention: Joan Boseley, Nancy Butler. *Members.*—Prize "B": Nancy Dean. Honourable Mention: Christine Skelton.

Art. *Associates.*—Prize "D": Veronica Price Harris. *Members.*—Prize "E": Sylvia Reed. Honourable Mention: Nora Reed, Beryl Tozer, J. Jackson. *Graduates.*—Prize "F": Marjorie Naylor. Honourable Mention: Nellie Hopwood, M. A. Simpson, Eveline Rhind.

Literature. *Associates.*—Prize "G": Moyra Hubbard. Honourable Mention: Joan Gatford. *Members.*—Prize "H": Alice Janes. By Post: Edith Bannister. Honourable Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, Norman F. Bunker. *Graduates.*—Prize "I" John Leigh. Honourable Mention: Joan Greenall, Audrey Tresidder Wills, Madge Turnbull.

French. *Associates.*—Prize "J": G. Anthony Hern. *Graduates and Members.*—Prize "K" and "L": Vivien Jameson. Honourable Mention: Trixie Ford, Angel Verschoyle.

Recitation. *Associates. Section "A."*—Prize "M": Mary Houghton. Honourable Mention: Pamela Houghton, Mavis Jacobs. *Associates. Section "B."*—Prize "M": Mary Wood. Honourable Mention: Anthony B. Mumford, Rosomund Barnes, Yvonne Bowran, Peter Palmer, Robert Lambkin. *Associates. Section "C."*—Prize "M": Fred Dayer. Honourable Mention: Jean J. Hall, Louise Rivière, Betty Slack, Joyce F. Wheeler. *Members and Graduates.*—Prize "N" and "O": Freda Silcock (1st prize), Jean Hastings (2nd prize). Honourable Mention: Betty Frame, Wendy D. Barnes.

Dancing. *Associates. Section "A."*—Prize "P": Angela Lawson. Honourable Mention: Billie Innes Brown, Phyllis Wright. *Associates. Section "B."*—Prize "P": Jean Pattinson. Honourable Mention: Sylvia Manuel. *Associates. Section "C."*—Prize "P": Beryl Ellis. Honourable Mention: Barbara Bentham. *Members.*—Prize "Q": Not awarded. Honourable Mention: Felicité Petters. *Duets.*—Prize "R": Gabrielle Carnell, with Desirée Carnell. Honourable Mention: Jean Hadland, with Alison Petters.

Needlework. By Post. *Associates.*—Prize "S": Mary Richardson. Honourable Mention: Joyce Garratt, Alison Petters, Joan Woolfe. *Members.*—Prize "T": Honor Fielding. Honourable Mention: Jenny Julier. *Graduates.*—Prize "U": Amy G. Haydon. Honourable Mention: Kathleen H. Bell, Mary Champion.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, October 16

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—First 300 words of novel entitled "The Spectre Up at Issingham." Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Amy R. Russell, G.C.S. 5743.

Needlework Competition.—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Isabel Jackson, M.C.S. 3191. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211; Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162. Hon, Mention: Norah Fletcher, M.C.S. 3248; Harold Cohen, M.C.S. 3274; Lorna Lloyd, M.C.S. 3288; Molly Roberts, M.C.S. 3263; Marie Hutchinson, M.C.S. 3250.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192. Hon. Mention: Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Group of Common Objects. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Lorna Banks, A.C.S. 1464.

Literature Competition.—Books I Mean to Read. Prize 5s. Awarded to Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458. Hon. Mention: G. Anthony Hern, A.C.S. 1407.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Dora Langley, G.C.S. 5616. Second Prize 5s. Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1354; Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Award of Prizes, November 2

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Calendar. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507. Hon. Mention: Madge Turnbull, G.C.S. 5847; G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573. Hon. Mention: Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291; M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Winifred L. S. Piper, G.C.S. 5880.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Sketch. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 1346. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2710; Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150. Hon. Mention: M. A. Macmillan, M.C.S. 3284.; Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683; Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Something Taken From Eve and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Prizes must be applied for.

6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Future Competitions

January—February

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Describe a Dinner Party on Some Festive Occasion. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Pincushion.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Design for a Poster Advertising a Beauty Cream. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Short Article on any Topical Subject.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

SALON and Competition Circles

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Design for a Dance Programme. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Anything Taken From BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Make as many words as possible from any and or all the letters in BRITANNIA AND EVE. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, February 15th. Anything White. Open to All. Age taken specially into account.

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, February 15th. Subject left to competitor.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS (October 16)

W. Reed.—A very good opening, arousing the interest at once. I suppose you were running near the limit, otherwise some further explanation of what happened at the vital moment should be given.

Clare Ackroyd.—In this connection I hope you will continue to indulge in a rebellious spirit. I am so sure you are right. But this argument strays a bit too far from the subject of the competition.

E. Hallis.—A reason should be given for Angus following his companion into the house—an unlikely proceeding as he was on his way home. Excellently told otherwise.

Margaret A. Macmillan.—Interesting, but too didactic. A more subtle statement of these facts is essential if you want to make a friend of your reader.

Sylvia Reed.—The narrative needs to run more smoothly. It is too jerky and the connecting links a bit clumsy. Worth working at again as the detail is fresh and bright.

Mabel Egan.—Your lino cut is artistically worked and well pulled. The subject is good though a bit complex, but the perspective of bridge buildings and barges is not quite consistent. Excellent feeling for black and white effect.

N. Hopwood.—Your pastel study is a bit hot in colour, but surprisingly well worked on a hard surface. There should be more projection in the actual objects. An amusing and clever bit of work, a little rubbed in the post.

Joyce Bidder.—Very colourful and sensitive work. The reflection of the foot in the bowl breaks continuity slightly, otherwise beautifully worked.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Admirable in drawing, colour and direct simplicity of treatment, but not quite pulled together as a whole. Needing careful accentuation and greater breadth of background. Sound work, brilliant in parts.

Marjorie Naylor.—Delightfully silvery colour and good feeling for air and light. The boat is too obviously in the exact centre for comfort and one would expect rather more tone in the nearer surface, still a very charming note.

Isobel McClure.—A study of sober excellence with real grasp of the colour of light and charm of textures. A really accomplished bit of water colour.

D. Mashiter.—Full effect of pastel is impossible on this surface on which a more sketchy impression would be more pleasing and a less complex group advisable. Colour on the whole good.

Peggy B. Tansley.—There is a great deal of cleverness in your ambitious picture. Here I can only give you small hints. Settle your point of view and perspective carefully. Never lose sight of the sources of light. And shade with complementary colour.

Isabel Jackson.—A sound, rather academic drawing, slightly engraved and heavy handed in parts, but solidly good work of high promise. Don't become laborious.

Pamela Searight.—An interesting sketch of much charm. The uniform hard light on the quay rather hurts a well suggested effect, and it's a pity you did not complete the frame or omit it. Some really vital work.

Nora Reed.—The human comedy in rigid outline loses some of its effect in this remarkably clever drawing; at least a more broken and modulated line might be used, though colour heightening would be better. You have all sorts of cleverness and wit; don't neglect perspective and building construction. Unusually interesting work.

Nancie Berners-Wilson.—The peep through the bars is, I am afraid, the best part of your oil sketch. The expression and go of the lions and their tonal effect are telling, but need a lot more study. The relative sizes seem odd and the wall does not help colour effect; welcome ambition however.

At Our 41st Annual Competitions

Above: Lady Alexander, who distributed the prizes, with little Pamela Houghton, one of the youngest competitors

Patricia Lawson (left), with Angela Lawson (centre), the youngest prize-winner, and Betty Burton (right)

Miss Vera Beringer, one of the Recitation Judges

Miss Phyllis Bedells, who, with Miss Unity More and Miss Margaret Morris, judged the Dancing

A group of dancing entrants

Rena Recaldin.—The old house on the right suffers from over-emphasis; so many hard and fast lines destroy the delicacy of the rest. A lot of excellent work otherwise.

Annie M. Waters.—There is just a touch of the guide book about this description, naturally a thing to avoid with such a title!

Edith Bannister.—A lively effort, which was doubtless much appreciated. It is a bit extravagant phraseology. Don't let this tendency get a grip.

Rosa Vine.—You attempt rather too much considering the severe limit imposed. Otherwise soundly constructed and an interesting principal idea.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Rather too stark in method. Let your ideas have more play. Read the "Essays of Elia," I think they would help you.

Florence E. McCoy.—This is excellent in matter, but the handling is not so successful as usual. I am confident you can improve it in this direction.

Jill Maunsell.—The right atmosphere is suggested, but the effort to bring the spectre on the scene so early is a little apparent. Still, a good beginning which ought to work out well.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Weak in drawing, but first rate in colour and style. . . . The literature entry scarcely suggests an opening chapter. This is the very heart of things, so to speak. An artfully constructed prelude was what was required.

Jennifer Skinner.—Take rather more care with your composition. That is your present weakness. What you have to say is fresh and interesting enough.

S. Christine Straker.—This reads like an article on the subject, not a story. I think you will at once see this on re-reading it.

Vera Hollingworth.—Well written, but the chief idea should be less baldly introduced. The eerie note should be sounded as soon as possible in a story of this type.

Sybil Corbridge.—Characterisation a bit extravagant, but in other respects well done. . . . Another time let me know well beforehand and I will certainly manage it. Delighted to.

Ian Rose.—Rather a matter of fact approach to anything so thrilling, but there is the germ of a magnificent story waiting for development in the fate of that murderer. Why not have a shot at that?

Olwen Lawton.—Most interesting and, considering how difficult it is to do a paper of this sort well, remarkably successful. The method is exactly right. Careful correction is practically all it lacks. The needlework entry could be better, but it is, I know, not easy to get a consistently good effect in a garment of this sort.

Patricia Appleyard.—This is a very considerable advance. It falters for a moment or two at the end, and a word or two should be devoted to the parting between the friends. All the rest—excellent.

Amy Read Russell.—A very sound beginning. The introduction of the subject is perhaps a little casual, but that is an arguable point. I should be interested to see the next instalment!

(*Continued on page 120*)

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Here is the way to treat a cold!

It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, in stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean, penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief, instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. A drop on each end of your pillow fights a cold during the night.

Always have a bottle of Vapex handy. Guard your own health and that of your children. A drop of Vapex on their "hankies" will protect them from the ravages of the common cold.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size)

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.

V.74

The Children's Salon

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Gladys Cumpstey.—To get the explanation so soon appears to spoil the interest. With so suggestive a title, the beginning can afford to be subtle rather than explicit.

Douglas Burton.—Admirably clear and precise; the right method for such a subject. But bear in mind that a less thrustful style might be necessary for another occasion.

Molly Roberts.—"Strangest" in the second verse could be improved upon, and "lonely" in the last isn't a satisfactory ending to the line. Apart from this the poem scores with its genuine feeling and its many interesting lines.

Olive Dwyer.—Good mastery of metre. With your technical ability you should now strike out for yourself on more original lines.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Make an effort to mount your work better. This is charming in other respects, but fails badly in finish.

Norman Bunker.—Decidedly interesting, but a bit lacking in point. A fragment of this type needs the help of some underlying idea. Possibly you had one, but failed to give it just that emphasis which would make a reader sure—and thus satisfied.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—Far too much is tackled here. It would have been better, considering the beginning, to have kept to a general survey. The particular cases analysed at the end destroy balance.

Mabel Sanders.—Thoroughly sound as drama. The opening needs rather better writing, but the plot is interestingly suggested. This should work out well.

Betty Crowther.—Very good indeed. Neatly suggested as to plot, and admirably handled as far as it goes. This good start is worth carrying on with.

Irene McCoy.—You have, I feel, been bothered by the difficulties the word limit offered. This might, of course, work out well, but it isn't quite up to your usual standard. Possibly you have led me to expect a lot!

Dinoo S. Bastavala.—Most decidedly the blue-eyed species exists! One of the first to be "called" has this colouring. Yes, I should like to know how you would develop it. A good suggestion, but showing some over-eagerness to get to the centre of the plot!

Lorna Lloyd.—A very interesting effort. The second line is the chief weak spot. You ought to be able to deal with this.

G. Anthony Hern.—That's a funny little way printers have! Only a few books need have been mentioned—those to be tackled in the near future. An interesting paper, but better in matter than manner.

Norah Fletcher.—Impressive work. I do not think "booming wash" is very happy. Both words are more or less onomatopœic and suggest very different sounds. Considerable ability is shown and I shall be interested to see your next entry.

Alison Ackroyd.—Line two verse two is a little ambiguous. Verse six is weak, and looks especially so in the centre of so much that is well done. Otherwise this shows interesting progress.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—You have seized the chance provided, to leave the reader anxious for more, in first-rate fashion, but a more simply worded beginning is advisable.

Marie C. Hutchinson.—Try for a better first line to the second verse. This runs charmingly, but technique is a bit ahead of matter.

Diana V. Wilton.—Interesting, but rather sketchy in construction. The skeleton should not show, of course, but it must be there.

Harold Cohen.—You have plenty of interesting things to say, but choose a rather complicated method by which to express yourself. Keep your sentences a bit shorter, and vary their length more. I think Edith Sitwell might have been mentioned.

S. Curtis.—A good suggestion, suffering, I can see, from the necessary curtailment. This was what competitors had to avoid making apparent!

S. MacLeod.—Too matter of fact, and missing the intention of the title, which demands a polt of a rather different character. Otherwise, very well done.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Dolly Davies.—A good lay in, but with your ability the thing should be carried further particularly with regard to the "green stuff." More than a clever hint is necessary.

Lorna Banks.—Most painstaking and accurate. The items are a bit too crowded together and your pencil far too hard to give a pleasing effect, but this type of exercise is magnificent practice.

H. L. Wigmore.—The hands are very small and facial peculiarities are tending towards unnecessary exaggeration, but the composition is charming and most skilful.

Betty Metchim.—The white moon and stars are a bit out of tone with the rest. A pale yellow effect would have been much better. Impressive as a composition, but give the giant a better skull.

Meg Vere-Hodge.—The very difficult foreground, on which the composition depends quite a lot, needs more study. The cottage is happily hit off and considerable artistic promise is shown.

Maureen Twells.—A bold attempt at a very difficult subject. You see colour well, but need to get anatomical facts right. Sketch from life as often as possible.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 15

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 29

Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post, January 15th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best six reasons, each beginning with "Because," why one should be hopeful or the reverse in 1932.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post January 29th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description in verse of mothers "seeing off" their sons on their return to school.

Results of 116th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to M. A. Jones.

Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, E. Greening, A. M. Waters, May Belben, Hilda Jackson, M. Scott-Morris, S. C. Straker, B. H. A. Jones, M Asher, Ruth Dobson, B. Gibbs, B. Paul, "J. A. S" Patricia Cookson, F. Peel, Julia Binfield, "J. A. B.," F. A. Edinborough, Edward P. Wells.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse in eight lines on the necessity of using "make-up."

Awarded to M. Scott Morris.

Hon. Mention: Jill Maunsell, Trixie Ford, G. M. Hudson, B. Paul, D. Mason, "C. A. P.," "Kirsty," B. Gibbs, "Miri," A. Davidson, Rosa Vine, Marjorie Bose, Julia Binfield.

Results of 117th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best prose transcription of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: Edward P. Wells, "Pete," F. Peel, Jill Maunsell, May W. Harrison, J. H. G. Gibbs, F. A. Edinborough, Doreen M. Hamby.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Katie Gandy.

Hon. Mention: B. Gibbs, B. Paul, May Belben, F. A. Edinborough, M. A. Jones, Julia Binfield, M. E. Young, Marjorie Crosbie, "V. C. B.," E. Madeleine Markham, E. Greening, A. M. Waters, "Pete," Harold Cohen, Rosa Vine, M. A. Jacob.

CARRY ON!

Don't be a martyr to headaches and other pains during your difficult days. Relieve the pain with Genasprin, the *safe* brand of aspirin, which is prescribed for women by doctors all over the world. Genasprin works quickly, surely, safely—and leaves no after-effects whatever.

FOR BACK-ACHE. *"I have tried several different forms of aspirin," writes Mrs. L. Brown of Reading, "for sleeplessness and back-ache. I find Genasprin most beneficial."*

MIDDLE AGE. *Mrs. Burnham writes "I have derived much benefit from Genasprin Tablets during middle age for Headaches, Nerve pains and loss of sleep."*

GENASPRIN

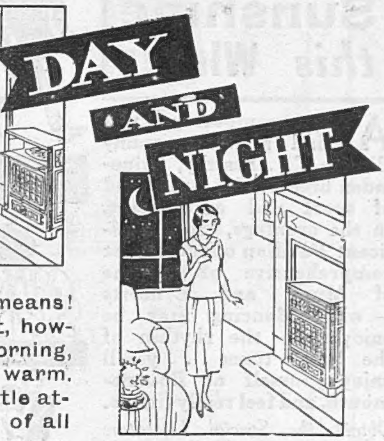
Brings Quick and Certain Relief in

SLEEPLESSNESS
RHEUMATISM
FEVERISHNESS
INFLUENZA
NERVINESS
HEADACHE
COLDS & CHILLS
NEURALGIA
TOOTHACHE
WOMEN'S PAINS

Bottles of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

ALWAYS ALIGHT



Think what a joy that means! However late at night, however early in the morning, your room is still cosily warm. The Stove requires little attention and the cost of all this comfort is only 6d. every 24 hours. Burns any kind of fuel either as an open or closed fire. Easy to install and most economical in use. The "SIESTA" is the ideal solution of the heating problem.

PRICES FROM £5 17s. 6d.
Made in Enamel and Other Finishes.

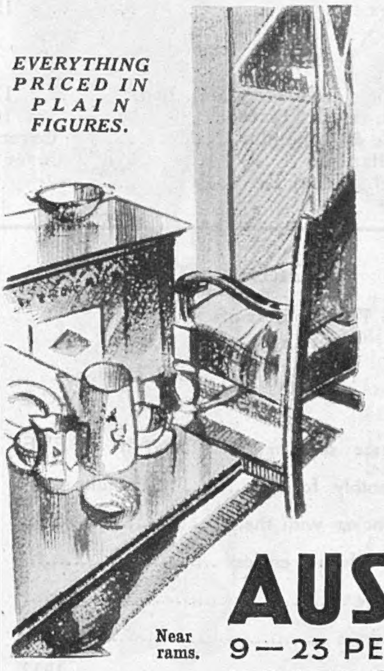
When fitted with a boiler it will provide all the domestic hot water required.

"SIESTA" OPEN FIRE STOVE

Send Postcard for Particulars of 'SIESTA,' "CHEER-EE-O" and "COURTIER" Heating Stoves.

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.,
(Dept. F.7), 156, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

where the BARGAINS in ancient and modern craftsmanship Jostle "Shoulder to Shoulder"



EVERYTHING PRICED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

IRRESPECTIVE of age or condition, priceless antiques—the finest work of ancient craftsmen—stand side by side with modern articles of varying value. Knowledgeable people rummage and ruminate in our three-floor Showrooms—discovering the captivating bargains which they have made a lifetime's search. Things rare and beautiful, others heavy but valuable because of age or tradition—these are some of the bargains always to be seen amongst our immense stock.

Call and wander round our Showrooms at your leisure—you will not be asked to buy.

AUSTIN'S

9—23 PECKHAM RYE
LONDON S.E. 15
TELEPHONE NEW X 3163

Near rams.

Electric trains to Peckham Rye station.

Convenient buses Nos. 37, 63, 78, 82, 112, 121, 621, 12.

FOR BARGAINS THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 64)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "BRITANNIA & EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, and at Berlin, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris VIIIe, and at 32 Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8 Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva.

British Sunshine *this* Winter

CRISP AIR & SUNSHINE

AT Bournemouth you will find a warm, sunny climate . . . healthy, pine-laden breezes and every kind of sport and amusement. In the evenings, the Magnificent Pavilion offers a most comprehensive programme of Music and Concerts — while dancing may be enjoyed to the rhythm of the latest tunes . . . you'll enjoy yourself at Bournemouth, and feel really fit, too.

Obtain the Special Literature from Town Clerk, Dept. 76a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

Through trains from all parts of the country.

Winter at BOURNEMOUTH
Where Summer Winters

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS

122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
Tel.: 0707 Kingston. Banker's reference.

THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles, from 2/6
2 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.1

Telephone. Byfleet 274.

Lt.-Col. Richardson's
Pedigree AIREDALES
(For House protection)
WIRE FOX, CAIRNS
SEALYHAMS, SCOTCH
WEST HIGHLAND
COCKERS black, also red.
For Companions or Exhibition.
Largest selection on view daily: Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey, or seen London.
Export all parts.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

LAUGH AS YOU READ

"ONE AT A TIME"

By R. S. HOOPER
(*Simple Simon*) Author of "And the Next"

"Mr. Hooper is no imitator or plagiarist. His gaiety is the genuine article and bubbles up naturally from its own source. In fact, the chief charm of his writing is its freshness and spontaneity . . . . irresponsibility of this kind is a young man's talent."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

6s. net.

JOHN LANE —— The Bodley Head

Index to Advertisers

JANUARY,
1932.

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to:
The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

Page

A

Allenbury's Diet .. .. .. Cover ii
Anzora 3
Ardern's Star Sylko 108
"Atora" Suet 107
Austin's 121

B

"Belling" Electric Cooking 104
"Belling" Electric Fires 96
Benbow's 122
Benger's Food 111
Bournemouth 122
Bratt, Colbran & Co., The "Heaped" Fire 115
Burberrys, Ltd. 95

C

Cancer Hospital, The 111
Cash's Names 115
Chilprufe Mftg. Co. 99
Clark's "Anchor" Stranded Cotton 102
Cooper Dog Products 106
Corot 1

D

Dunlop 85

E

Empire Big Tree Burgundy 109

F

Facktative 121
Field's "Nell Gwynn" Solid Dyed Candles 98
Franchon Laboratories 102

G

Genasprin 121
Goddard, F., & Co., Ltd. 115
Goddard's Plate Powder 122
Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy .. 115

H

Haig's Whisky 105
Halford's Curry Powder 115
Hamptons 99
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd. 3
Hassall, John, The, Correspondence Art School 106
Hawico 110
"Heaped" Fire, The (Bratt, Colbran & Co.) 115

Page
Horlick's Malted Milk 91
Hotel de Londres, Antwerp 109
Hystogen 102

I

Interoven Stove Co., Ltd. 121

L

Larola .. .. .. Cover ii
"Little Buffer," The 115

M

Maggi's Soups 109
Monte Carlo 103
Murphy Radio 89
Musterole 108

O

Ovaltine 4
Ovaltine Rusks 97

P

Patons & Baldwins, Ltd. 107
Pesco 3
Player's Cigarettes 103

R

Richardson, Lt.-Col. 122
Roxroy 114

S

School for the Blind 115
Serventi, R. 107
Shackleton, Mrs. 122
Shell Petrol 87
Spain .. .. .. Cover iv, 113
Spriggs, Wm., & Co., Ltd. 110

T

Treasure Cot Co., Ltd. 114
Turkey Rug Wool (Patons & Baldwins) 107

V

Vapex 120

W

Walpole Bros. (London), Ltd. .. 117
Willi, C. H. (Hystogen) 102
Wolfe & Hollander, Ltd. .. Cover ii
Woollands .. .. .. Cover iii
Wright's Coal Tar Soap 94

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/8	9/3	18/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

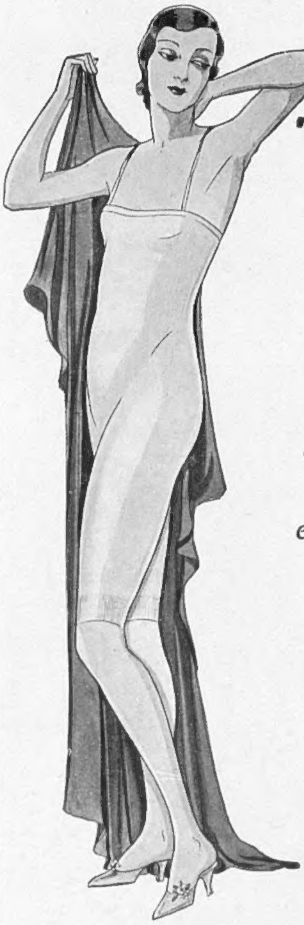
Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for.............. .....months commencing with the......................issue, for which I enclose ....

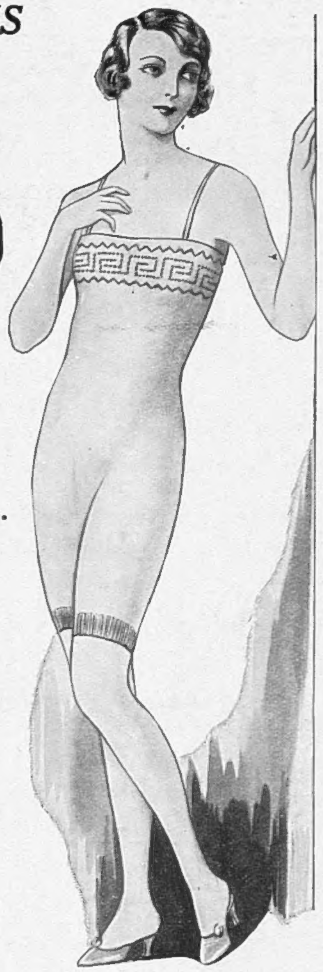
Name ....

Address ....

Date......................................1932

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397 P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.





REMARKABLE PRICE CONCESSIONS

TO-DAY AND DAILY

WOOLLANDS

Remnants
at Half Price
and Less
each Thursday.

Quality Sale

Bargain
Book
Post Free
on Request.

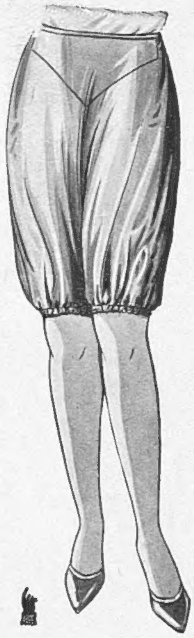
K.305.—30 dozen **Combinations** in Pure Scotch Wool in slender, women's, and outsize.

Usual Price 19/11. **Sale Price 14/11**

K.306.—40 dozen **Combinations** in fine white silk and merino, in all sizes, shape as sketch.

Usual Price 25/9. **Sale Price 16/11**

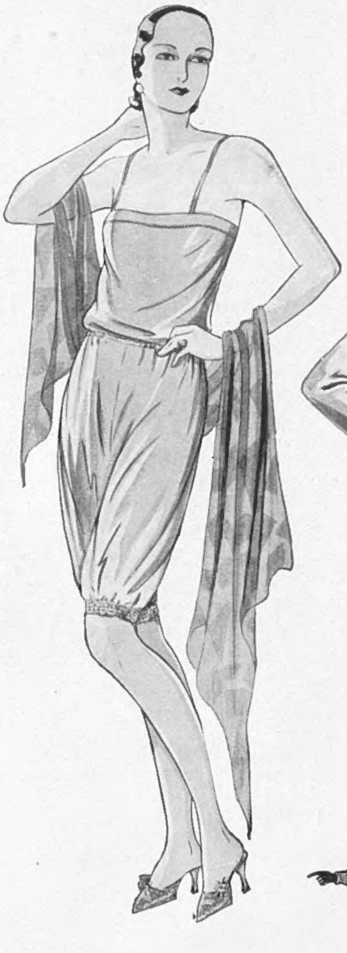
K.307.—Spun Silk **Combinations.** Superior quality, white or pink. Slender, women's. **Sale Price 29/6**

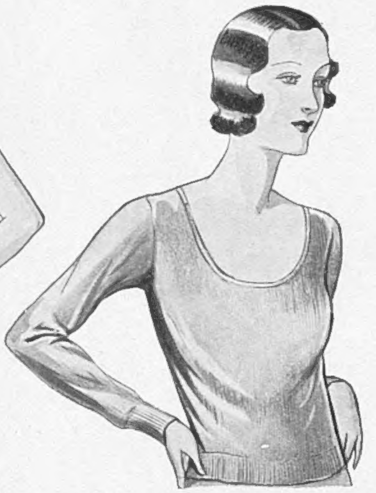


K.308.—50 dozen **Combinations,** with opera tops, *as sketch,* in medium & outsize, in white or pink.

	Sale Prices
Fine Indian Gauze	23/9
Medium Indian Gauze	21/-
Pure Scotch Wool (fine)	21/9
Cashmere and Silk	33/9
Silk and Wool	33/9
Spun Silk	21/-

K.60.—Spun Silk **Combinations.** Superior quality, white or pink. **Sale Prices,** slender and women's, **27/9,** outsize, **31/9**





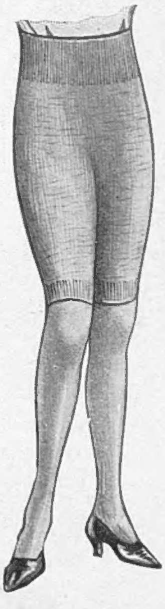
K.317.—Exceptional Offer.—Ladies' **Knickers,** shapes band in front and elastic at knees, in all good colours, in women's and outsize.

	Usual Prices.	**Sale Prices**
Artificial Silk (non-ladder)	7/11	4/11
Superior quality	11/9	8/11
Artificial Milanese	13/11	11/9
Pure Milanese Silk	21/9 & 25/9	19/11

K.311.—Spencers in slip-over shape, medium or outsize, short or long sleeves.

Gauze Merino, **Sale Price 8/11**
Indian Gauze, **Sale Price 15/11**
Pure Wool, **Sale Price 14/9**
Silk and Wool, **Sale Price 19/11**
Pure Spun Silk, **Sale Price 21/9**
Cashmere and Silk (light, but warm), **Sale Price 23/9**

K.309.—Pure Silk Milanese **Vests,** white, pink, or peach, medium size. **Sale Price 7/11. Knickers** to match **10/11**

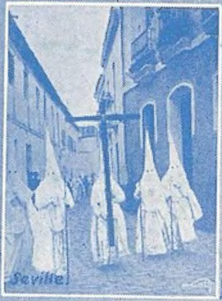


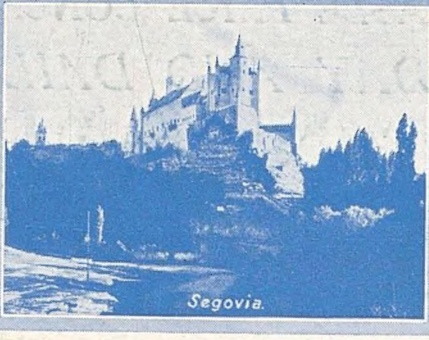
K.318. — Tight - fitting woven **Knickers,** ribbed at waist and knees, in all good colours.

	Sale Prices Women's.	**Sale Prices** O.S.
Pure Scotch Wool (exceptional value)	7/11	8/11
Superior quality	14/11	14/11
Art Silk and Wool	8/11	8/11
Spun Silk	12/11	12/11
Silk and Wool	19/11	19/11

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD. **'Phone : Sloane 4545.** **KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1**

Salamanca.


Seville.


Segovia.

Toledo.

Seville.

Come to picturesque Spain

Alicante.

Alicante.

Murcia.

Segovia.

Segovia.

Toledo.

Avila.

Avila.

Pontevedra.

Guadix.

Seville.

Seville.

Seville.

Asturias.

Toledo.

Seville.

Seville.

Toledo.

Aragón.

Aragón.

Aragón.

Galicia.

Galicia.

Where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

Comfort unexcelled by any other country in the world, and at a minimum price. Spain being an essentially inexpensive country.

For full information: PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; ROMA, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street; NEW-YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158. At London and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, American Express, Dean & Dawson, Compagnia Italiana Turismo or any other Travel Agency.